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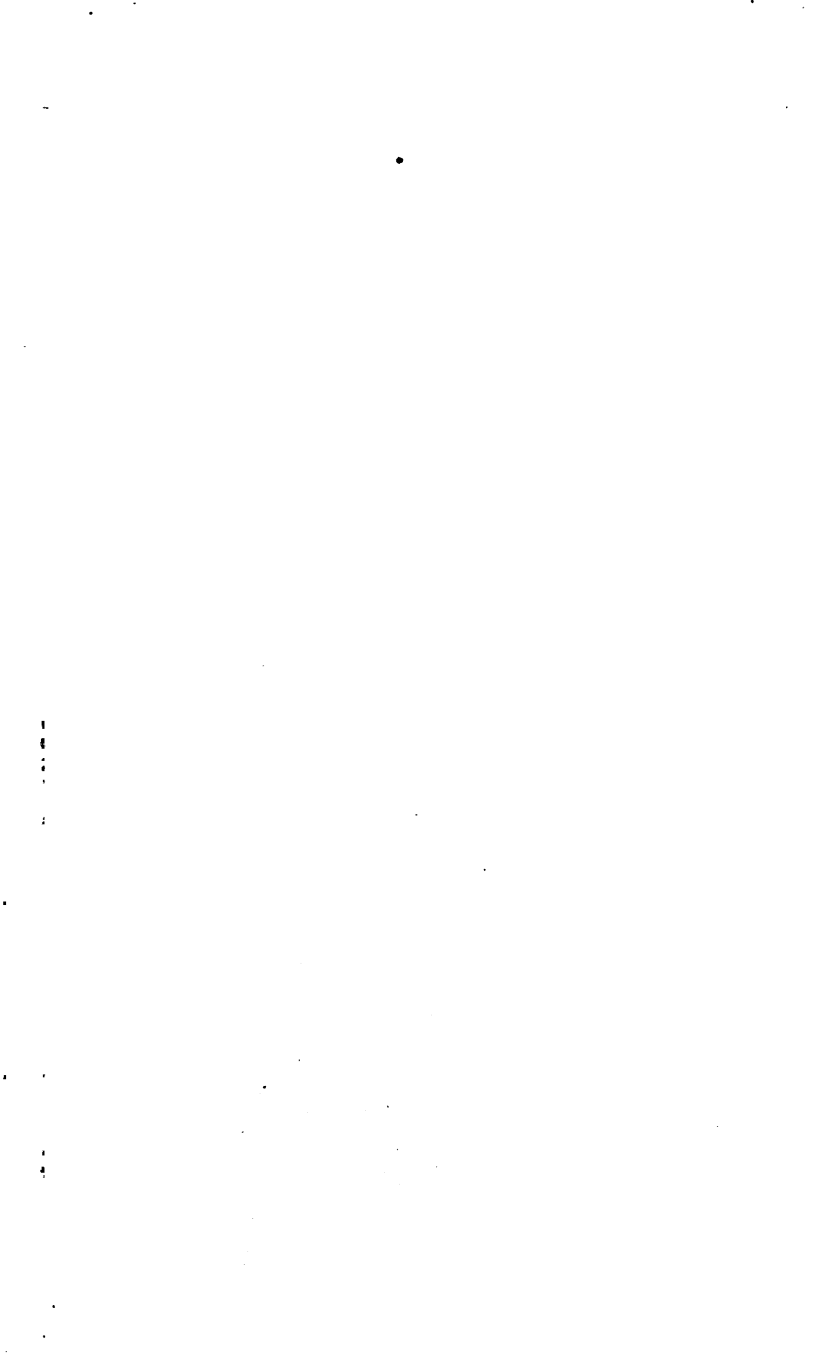
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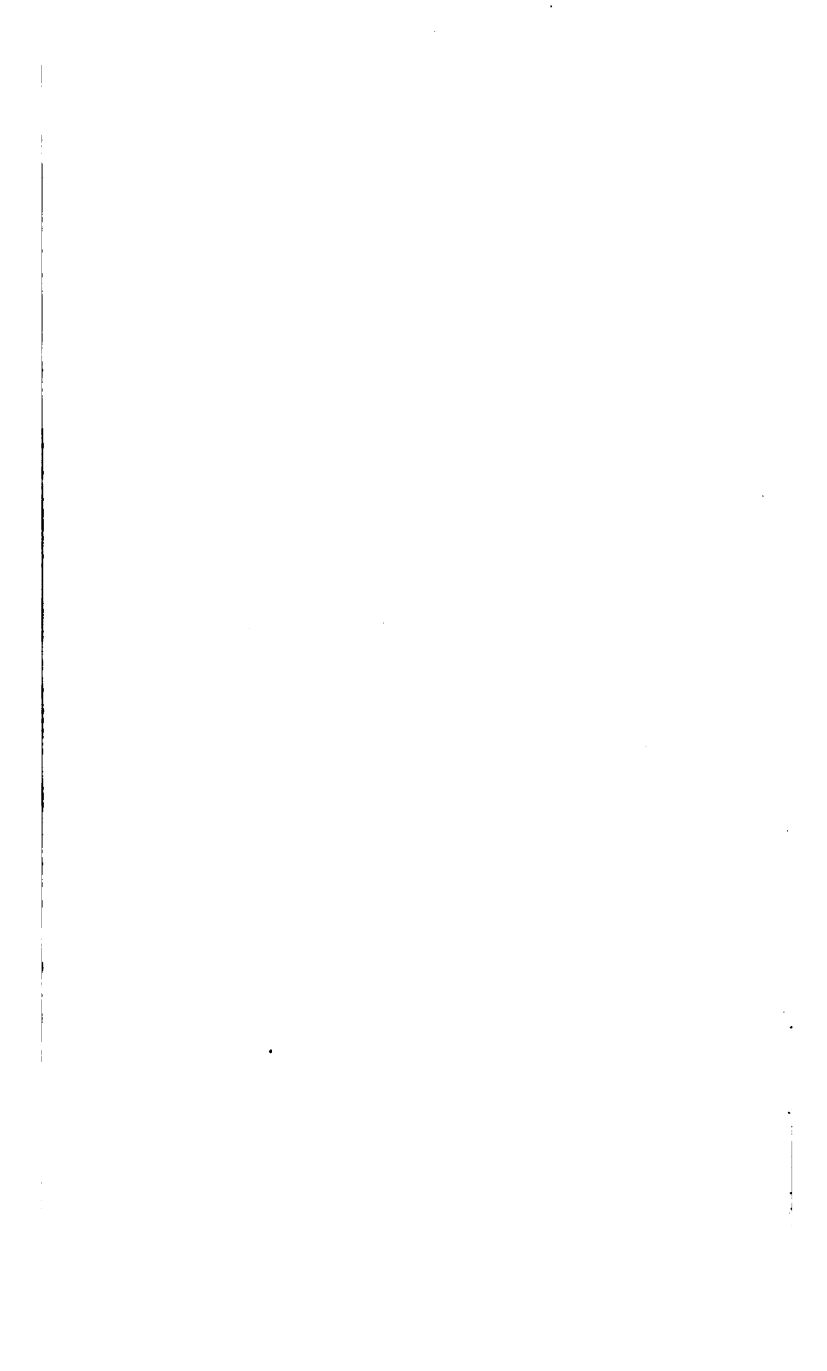
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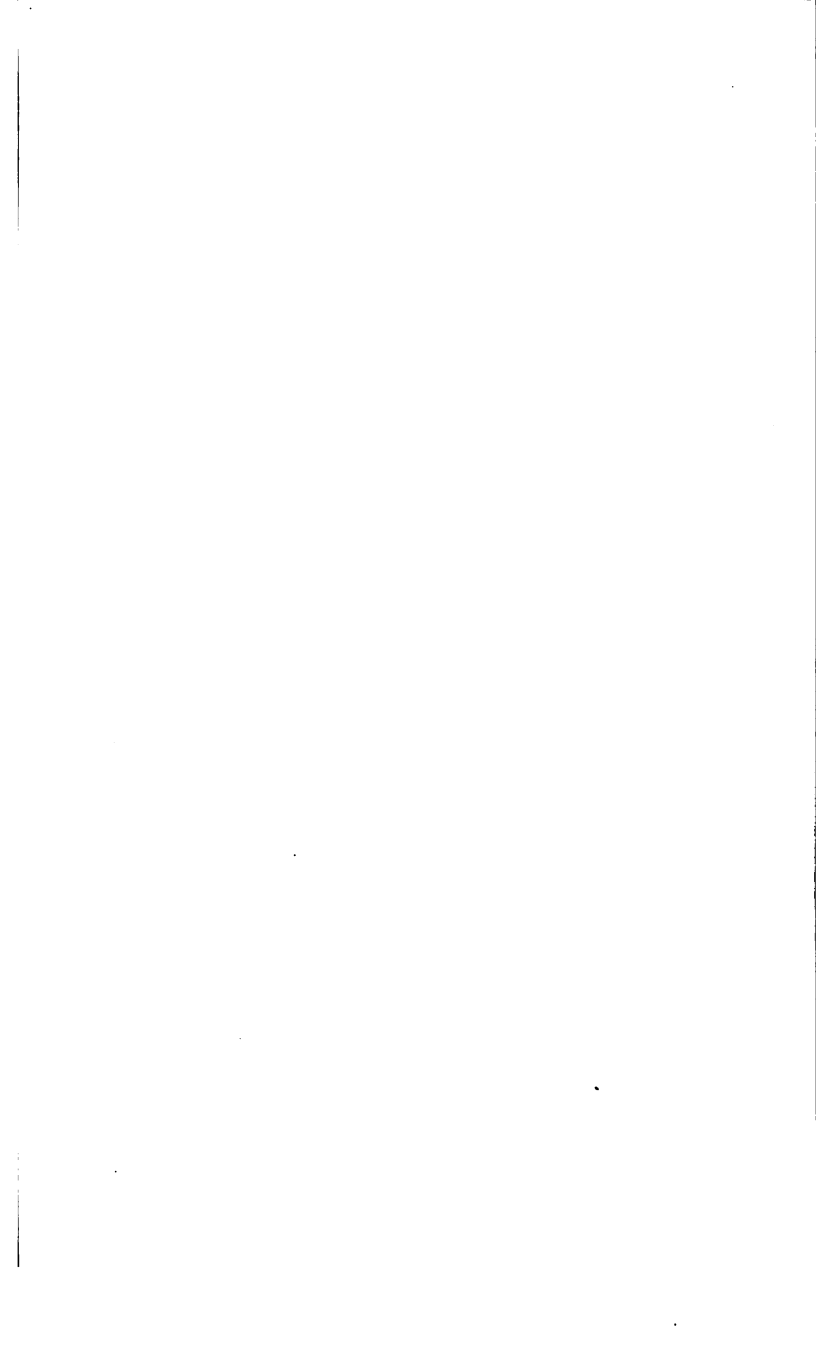


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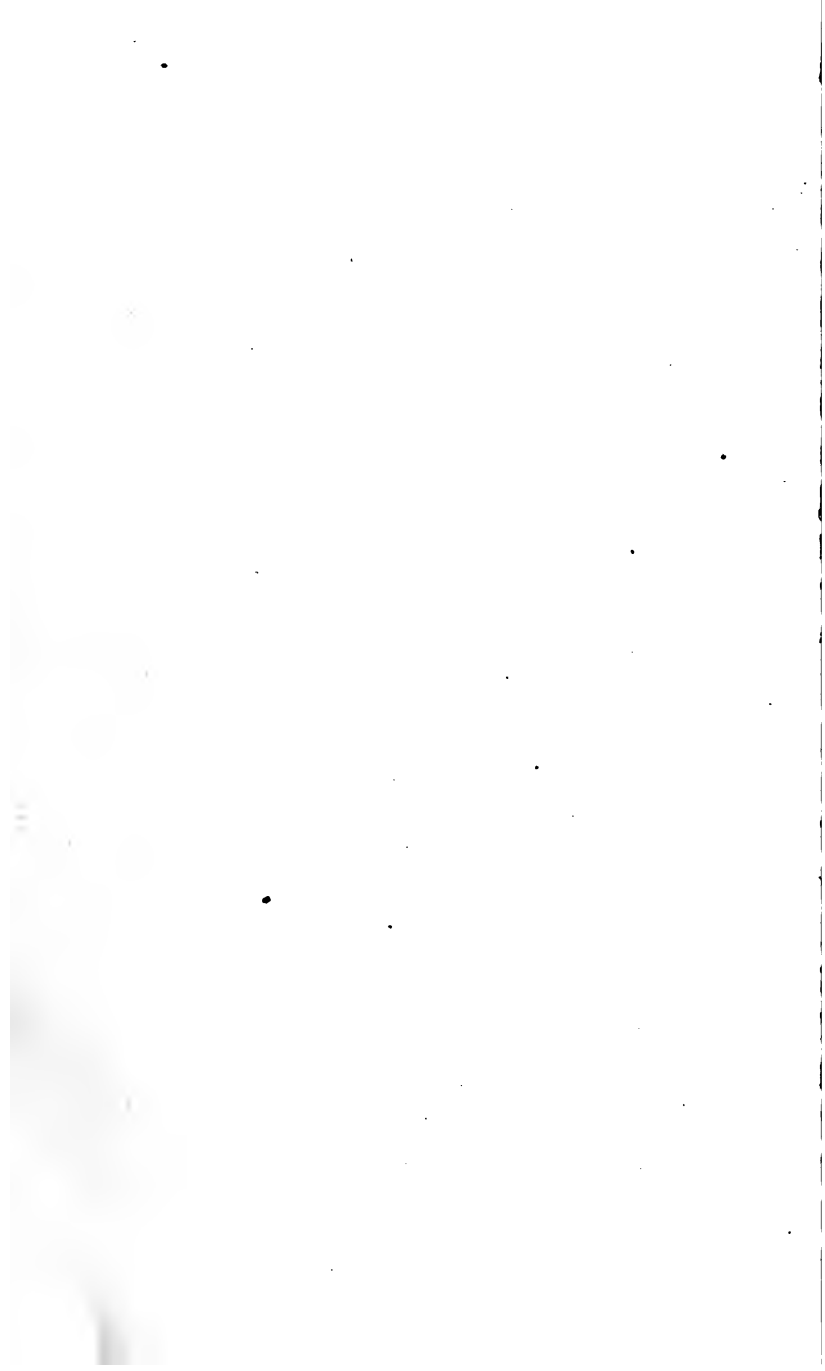


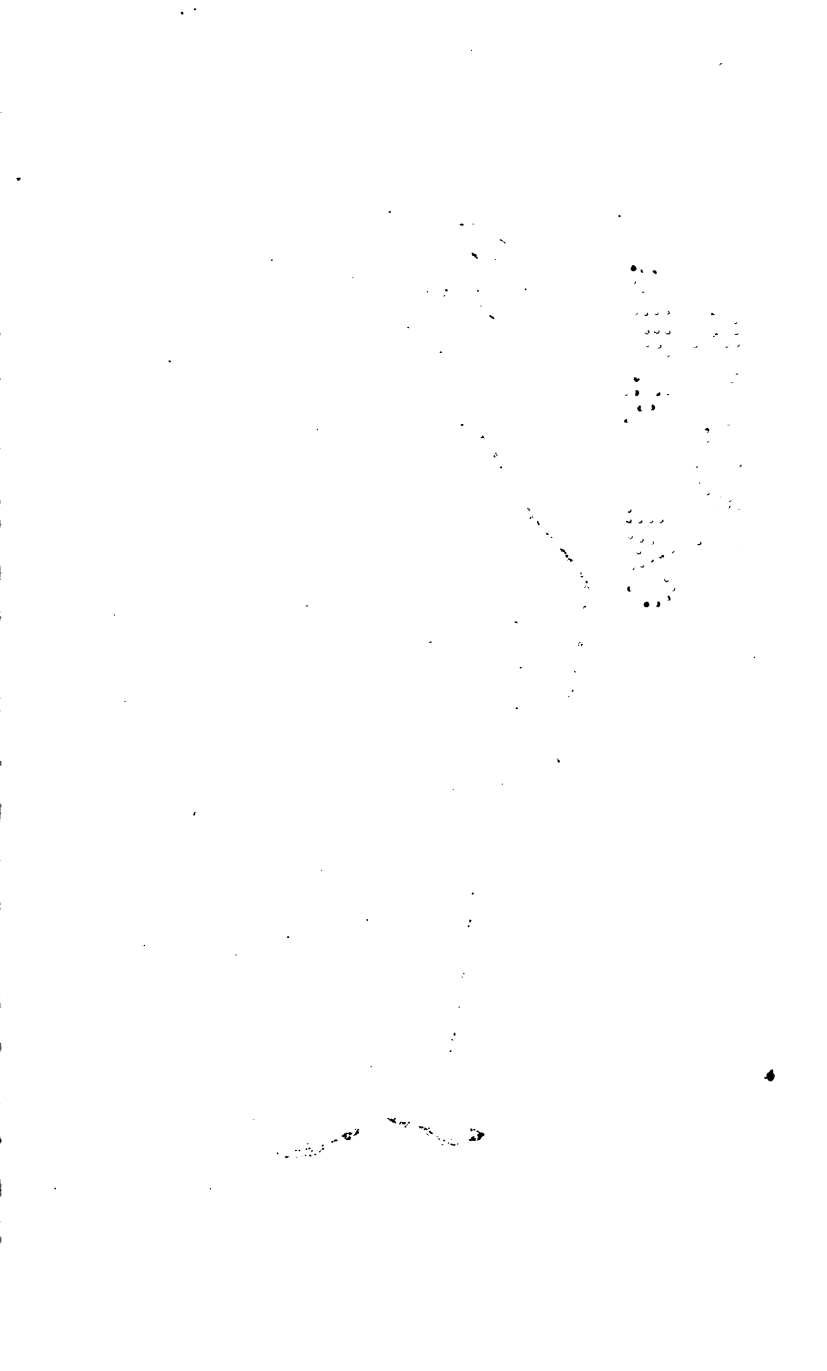






THE JEW OF VERONA.







BRESCIANI, ANTONIO
"

THE

JEW OF VERONA:

An Historical Tale

OF THE

ITALIAN REVOLUTIONS

OF

1846-9.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND REVISED ITALIAN EDITION.

VOLUME I.

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PREFACE.

DURING the painful hours of his tedious exile, the Sovereign Pontiff meditated in silence and in sorrow over the unhappy events which had defiled the face of Italy and of Rome. He saw, with feelings of bitter anguish, that his people had been deceived and misled by the intrigues and cunning artifices of the conspirators, and intoxicated by the cry of liberty, they had plunged into the vortex of anarchy and crime.

While revolving these things in his mind, he conceived the happy idea of establishing a periodical, as a medium of restoring sound principles to the minds of the Italians, and of removing the dark cloud of falsehood and misrepresentation which had been so assiduously thrown around the recent events, by the Mazzinian press. For this purpose, during his residence at the Royal Villa at Portici, he directed the Jesuit Fathers in Naples to undertake the publication of some periodical, which with the blessing of heaven, might accomplish these desirable results.

Father Curci was placed at the head of this literary enterprise, and he immediately selected Father Bresciani

as one of his associates, and committed to him that department of the projected Magazine, which should furnish those pleasing and attractive articles, so essential in a work which is intended to be made popular. The brilliant and comprehensive mind of the venerable ecclesiastic rose in proportion to the importance of the department committed to his charge. Soaring above the ordinary writers of fiction, he sought to unite pleasure with utility, and to adorn the pages of truthful history with all the gaiety of romance. The field of the recent convulsions of Italy lay before him—the sad and mournful recollection of the heart-rending scenes which had just taken place, was still fresh in the public mind. Here he determined to lay his plot.

On the evening of the 6th of February, 1850, during the course of a solitary walk along the enchanting Bay of Naples, and while contemplating a violent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, the happy idea of the "*Jew of Verona*," was conceived, its outlines sketched, and even before the author had retired, the first pages were committed to paper.

Father Bresciani, who was an eye-witness to many of the ~~events which he relates~~, and for the truth of which he vouches, even in the most minute particulars, gives a faithful history of the convulsions of Europe, and more especially of the scenes of devastation committed in Italy and in Rome, ~~from the death of Gregory the XVI.~~ to the attack on the Quirinal Palace, and the flight of

Pope Pius the IX. Owing to the combined efforts of the sectarian and secular press, and their emissaries, the most exaggerated misstatements of facts have been published and ingeniously circulated, and thus the most erroneous impressions relative to these transactions, have been made upon the public mind both in this country and in Europe.

That a rebellion took place in Rome, that the Sovereign Pontiff was compelled to fly from his dominions, that a so-called Republic was proclaimed in the metropolis of the Christian world, are well known and public facts, but how few are aware of the nefarious means by which these extraordinary events were accomplished. And for the want of better information thousands of well-disposed persons have been betrayed into false conclusions; they have been led to impute blame where none was justly due, and to applaud actions the most atrocious and unjust.

But the principal object of the author in preparing the work, was to expose the wicked tendency and the treacherous designs of the secret societies. Of these nefarious associations, he draws the most vivid picture. He removes the dark cloud which envelopes them, and exhibits them in all their hideousness. He shows from the writings of their leaders, that their avowed object is to force back civilization into a state of barbarism, in order, as they pretend, to lay anew the foundation of society, and to build up a system better calculated to insure the happiness of

mankind. These objects they pursue with unremitting energy, everywhere and against all opposition; in prisons and in dungeons, in palaces and in hovels; in the army and in the navy; in the halls of legislation, and even "under the altar of God."

But with a hypocritical air of sanctity they deceive the superficial observer; with religion on their lips and infidelity in their hearts, they diffuse the venom of their pernicious principles into every department of literature, and among all ranks and conditions of life; in silence and in secrecy they meditate destruction against the most cherished institutions of society, rebellion against law and order, and treason against God. They mislead the incautious, and corrupt the innocence of the young. And, alas! how many parents have had cause to exclaim with the present venerable Pontiff, when he saw the ravages they had committed among the noble and generous youth of Italy: "Ah! they have robbed me of my children."

The ultimate tendency of secret societies is everywhere the same. The truth of this remark may be gathered from the language of Mazzini himself, the arch-leader of the secret societies of Europe. In a letter or circular addressed to his followers in 1846, he says: "Secret societies give to the party on whose side they are enlisted, a power that is perfectly irresistible. Be not alarmed, if you see them split into several divisions; the more the better; *they all tend to the same end*, only they take different roads."

With such admissions from a source so reliable, how important is it for our own citizens, more particularly for the Catholic, to pause for a moment and consider these truths, especially at a time when secret societies overspread the land; at a time, when the aspirant to political honors, in order to attain the goal of his ambition, is frequently compelled to bind himself by the most solemn vows, to carry out the foul and impious designs of certain secret associations: associations whose open and undisguised object is hostility to the Catholic Church, and opposition to Catholic emigration: associations which, under the pretence of "liberty," "progress," "enlightenment," tend to supplant revealed religion, and, when developed, may re-enact upon the shores of America, the bloody deeds of the Red Republicans of France and Italy, and the Radicals of Switzerland. While we hear this warning voice raised from the plains of Italy against the dangers of secret societies, we should bear in mind, that those secret agencies are everywhere, and at all times, in active operation; and if it be only occasionally they give signs of vigorous action, and as it were by accident percolate through the disguises which envelope them, the final explosion of the mine is only the more to be dreaded. A key, therefore, to movements which may at any time, even in our own country, lead to the most fearful revolutions, cannot prove otherwise than acceptable.

But the warning which it raises against secret societies, is only one of the many merits of the work. The danger of bad books, their corrupting influence over the minds of the young, is distinctly marked out. They are the ready vehicles in the hands of secret societies for disseminating their pernicious doctrines, and of ultimately accomplishing their nefarious ends. On this subject the author holds the following language: "Be assured that bad books can teach you nothing whatever. There are innumerable histories which, with intentional malice, distort and misrepresent facts, and store the mind with a collection of falsehoods. The community is flooded with philosophical and moral treatises, written in a pleasing and attractive style, but poisoned with sophisms and fallacies, which fill the minds of those who read them with pernicious errors. These works are the more dangerous because they conceal the poison which penetrates the roots of fundamental principles, and corrupts the minds of youth in matters of the first importance. Lying histories, false and erroneous speculations, are in our days the murderous arms by which impiety seeks to corrupt the world. The followers of Voltaire, of the last century, were in the habit of interweaving with their errors the most disgusting obscenities; at the present day more craft is displayed: vice is concealed under the mask of virtue; they thus insinuate the venom into the first principles; they seek no longer to poison the fruit, but the roots."

It is superfluous to add a single word in reference to

the character and the evil tendency of this class of literature in our own land, where perhaps it has acquired a wider circulation, and is read with more avidity than in any other country in the world.

The true character of Mazzini, of Kossuth, of Lola Montes, and of other prominent actors in the late convulsions of Europe, and even that of "Father Gavazzi," is unfolded in the truthful pages of the Jew of Verona; and as many of these noted personages have visited our shores, and are at the present moment disseminating in our midst their poisonous principles, it is important that the public should know their history and understand their characters.

But while the "Jew of Verona" possesses all the merits of a truthful history, ~~it combines all the beauties of the most interesting romance.~~ The author, like an accomplished artist, relieves the narrative by introducing to the reader a number of interesting characters, who exhibit virtue in all its charms, and depict vice in all its deformity. In the person of Polissena, parents may learn to guard against the seductive influence of those, who under the cloak of piety, agreeable manners, and personal accomplishments, seek to poison the fountain of domestic happiness, to beguile the young, and to infuse into their innocent hearts the bitter portion of wickedness and crime. In the virtuous Alisa, they will learn to place a proper estimate upon the blessings of a religious education; in Ursulina, the lamentable effects of evil associations are vividly drawn: and in Aser, the

hero of the tale, we behold the noblest qualities of mind and heart degraded and debased by the fearful abominations of the code of Weishaupt, whilst in the circumstances which led to his conversion to Christianity, the reader, with mingled feelings of wonder and admiration, contemplates the infinite goodness and mercy of God, whose overruling providence directs all human actions, and often conducts the most untoward events to the happiest results. Thus a deep vein of religion and morality runs through the whole work.

The translation and publication of the work have been undertaken at the earnest solicitation of many eminent Catholics, who, having read the work in the original, were desirous of having it circulated among the Catholics of the United States.

Certain portions of the original work have been omitted or abridged in the translation, either to preserve a proper connexion, or because their interest was considered merely local. The work terminates with the death of Aser, the chief character in the scene, as the author could not conveniently continue after that event, which was literally true. The excesses committed in Rome, after the flight of the Pope, the author has minutely described in a subsequent work, entitled "The Roman Republic," which may at an early period be given to the public.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 1, 1853.

CONTENTS

OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| THE JEW OF VERONA, | 24 |
|------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER II.

| | |
|------------------|----|
| ALISA, | 39 |
|------------------|----|

CHAPTER III.

| | |
|----------------------|----|
| POLISSENA, | 44 |
|----------------------|----|

CHAPTER IV.

| | |
|--|----|
| THE FIRST DAYS OF THE PONTIFICATE, | 55 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER V.

| | |
|--|----|
| THE INSTALLATION OF THE LATERAN, | 73 |
|--|----|

CHAPTER VI.

| | |
|-----------------|----|
| ASER, | 77 |
|-----------------|----|

CHAPTER VII.

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| THE RURAL BANQUET, | 87 |
|------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER VIII.

| | |
|---------------------------------|----|
| THE SECRET SOCIETIES, | 96 |
|---------------------------------|----|

CHAPTER IX.

| | |
|---|-----|
| THE CONSPIRACY OF THE 17TH OF JULY, | 112 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER X.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| BARBERINA OF INTERLAKEN, | 129 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| EVIL ARTS AND TREACHEROUS DISGUISE, | 144 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XII.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| FRIGATE SAN MICHELE, | 155 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XIII.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| CESTIUS, | 167 |
|--------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XIV.

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| THE HARP, | 176 |
|---------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XV.

| | |
|---|-----|
| TO THE MOUNTAIN—TO THE SHORE, | 181 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XVI.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| DON SILVANA, | 193 |
|------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVII.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| THE CAFE OF BAGNOLI, | 197 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XVIII.

| | |
|------------------------|-----|
| LOLA MONTES, | 205 |
|------------------------|-----|

CONTENTS.

xxiii

CHAPTER XIX.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| VIENNA AND MILAN, | 212 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XX.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| THE ENSIGN, | 222 |
|-----------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXI.

| | |
|-----------------------------|-----|
| SISTER OMBELLINA, | 249 |
|-----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXII.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| DETRACTION, | 258 |
|-----------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIII.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----|
| THE FIRST HALT, | 264 |
|---------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIV.

| | |
|-----------------------|-----|
| THE LETTER, | 274 |
|-----------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXV.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| THE WOUNDED SOLDIER, | 281 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVI.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----|
| THE PIEDMONTESE CAMP, | 298 |
|---------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVII.

| | |
|------------------------------------|-----|
| Gossiping and Falsehood, | 308 |
|------------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXVIII.

| | |
|-------------------------|-----|
| THE CROATIAN, | 321 |
|-------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXIX.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| THE GOLDEN MEAN, | 337 |
|----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXX.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| LOVE OF COUNTRY, | 341 |
|----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXI.

| | |
|---|-----|
| ROME ON THE 1ST OF MAY, 1848, | 353 |
|---|-----|

CHAPTER XXXII.

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| THE UNDECEIVING, | 372 |
|----------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIII.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| THE VILLA OF ALBANO, | 380 |
|--------------------------------|-----|

CHAPTER XXXIV.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----|
| THE 15TH OF MAY AT NAPLES, | 388 |
|--------------------------------------|-----|

THE JEW OF VERONA.

CHAPTER I.

"There are fables which resemble truth,
And truths which resemble fables."—VOLTAIRE.

THE sides of Mount Vesuvius present a most delightful view to the spectator who stands near Portici, or on the Torre del Greco. The eye never grows fatigued, nor does the mind ever become satiated with the grandeur of the scenery; the heart overflows with the delight which those luxuriant heights everywhere breathe. The noble and delicate mind of the Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Pius IX., frequently contemplated the beauties of those hills during the sad hours of his tedious exile, and from the terrace or portico of the villa, watched the tranquil sea, and scanned the circle of the gulf from Posilippo to Sorrentum. On the one hand, he beheld the fertile shores, studded with villas and palaces, environed by well-cultivated lands; on the other, groves of orange trees and cedars, vineyards of the choicest grapes, gardens in the freshest verdure, and orchards of the most delicious fruit, crowned the declivities of the mountains. The softness of the climate, and the clearness of atmosphere, the placid sea, the gentle breezes, the scent of flowers, and

the splendor with which the groves of myrtle and laurel clothed the landscape even in winter, partly assuaged the sorrows of the Pontiff, and softened a heart overwhelmed with the most poignant afflictions. More than once he exclaimed: "Oh blessed land! Oh tranquil abode! Oh sweet refuge of peace!"*

On the 6th of February, upon the high summit of Vesuvius, was seen a dense column of smoke, increasing rapidly and extending into the clouds. The profound caverns of the mountain began to send forth groans resembling the rumbling of distant thunder, the heavens were darkened, the sun grew dim, and the sea raged with the violence of the wind. The horses, with waving manes and ears erect, neighed and pawed the ground; the dogs ran howling with terror through the streets of Ottaiano, Resina, and Bosco; the birds with doubtful flight escaped to the mountain of Amalfi; the ducks fled noisily from their ponds; domestic fowls uttering the most doleful cries, collected their young beneath the refuge of their wings, and the doves regained their retreats in silence and sadness. The hollow sides of the mountain redoubled their thunder; the clouds of smoke driven impetuously by the tempest overspread the plains beneath. The heights staggered and the mouth of the volcano yawned; rocks, flames, and ashes were vomited forth to the clouds with a threatening and dreadful sound, resembling the roaring of artillery. The fiery torrent, hurled by the fury of the internal tempest, darted forth with the noise

* During the sorrowful vicissitudes of 1848, the Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. retired to Gaeta, where he was welcomed with the most filial love and generosity by Ferdinand II., King of Naples. In September, 1849, he changed his residence for the Villa Reale di Portici, where he remained until 1850. The eruption of Mount Vesuvius occurred in the February of that year.

of thunder, heaved up red-hot rocks from the abyss of the crater, and rushed down the precipices into the valleys beneath. For three days and nights, fire and smoke, rocks and ashes, were vomited forth from this mouth of the infernal regions. The smoke, driven by the wind, moved in black masses over the bay, and along the mountains of Castellamare; then stretching over Sorrentum, it extended up the acclivities of Amalfi, and over the broad bay of Salerno, even to Pestum. Whirlwinds, darkness, and stench accompanied the stormy vortex; the sea itself seemed in flames, and sent forth exhalations which obscured the heavens.

Consternation spread through the surrounding country. From the middle of the crater, columns of fire like a swollen torrent launched into the air, and were precipitated down the ridges of the mountain in the direction of Ottaiano. The fiery lava, like another Phlegethon, descended flashing and blazing amidst the smoke and ashes, which increased the horror of this infernal flood. The unfortunate population of Ottaiano, beholding its ruinous course, fled terror-stricken from their dwellings to seek safety elsewhere. Mothers snatched up their children and pressed them to their bosom, and called aloud to their husbands, who tore their hair in desperation, as they saw the flood of fire devouring their lands. But the inexorable torrent rolled onward, burning and exterminating trees and buildings, until, roaring and foaming amidst sulphur and brimstone, it reached the plain near Sumo, where it stopped, having traversed a distance of nearly seven miles. Crowds of persons flocked from Naples to view this terrific scene; and while, from the opposite heights they stood contemplating the devastating stream, its lurid glare shone upon their horrified

countenances ; terrific explosions stunned their ears ; the roaring of the waves, the quaking earth, and rocks dashed against each other with fearful sounds, presented before them a horrible vision of the infernal regions. Whilst many, sensible of the danger, were reproaching themselves for their curiosity, others still more incautious ascended the opposite ridges of Vesuvius, to obtain a nearer view of the raging torrent of lava, which was hurled upwards by the fury of the volcano. What madmen ! Some of them fell crushed by the enormous rocks which fell from above ; others had their limbs broken, while the rest rushed headlong down the precipitous paths by which they had ascended.

Among those who were contemplating Vesuvius from the opposite side of the mountain, stood a Roman, named Bartolo Capegli. This man, striking his forehead at the sight of the sudden eruption, exclaimed : " Oh ! who that beholds this Vesuvius, does not see an image of the fortunes of Italy ! Italy, our beautiful, our generous country ! How pressing thy invitations, formerly extended to the pilgrim ! The traveller could never sufficiently contemplate the magnificence of thy sacred ceremonies ; the richness of thy scenery ; the sweet repose of thy cities ; the ardor of thy youth ; the enchanting beauty of thy women ; the industry, the valor, the genius and refined policy of thy citizens. How art thou thus suddenly convulsed ! How has a volcano thus broke forth in thy centre, scattering smoke and flames in every direction, and overwhelming thee in such immeasurable ruin ! Oh, my country ! Oh, dearest treasure of my heart ! Oh, sacred object of my gladdened hopes, how do I now behold thee, thus crushed and spurned, and robbed of every blessing ! Thou art humbled to the dust ; thou draggest

along thy lacerated and bleeding side. Look in thy death-struggles upon thy children; thy sons whom it was ever thy pride to see great among nations, but who were incapable of recognising the glory to which thou hadst purposed to exalt them. Such was the future with which I also had flattered myself, when a malignant influence corrupted and poisoned thy noble aspirations, and turned into ruin all that thou hadst with consummate wisdom devised for the liberty and honor, the virtue and power of thy people. Thy sufferings harrowed my soul, and unable to stem the fury of the vast conflagration which consumes thee, I tore myself from thy beautiful plains, and wandered into a strange country to weep over thy misfortunes."

Bartolo, inflamed with indignation at the remembrance of his country's wrongs, gave vent to these lamentations in the midst of a large circle of friends, whom he had joined in Naples, shortly after his arrival from Switzerland, and with whom he had come to view the foaming lava, which was now devastating the fertile plains, and destroying the delightful gardens of the luxuriant sides of Vesuvius.

I imagine that I still see the people asking each other, who could this Cato be, that, comparing Italy to the graceful and flowery borders of Vesuvius, had thus broke forth in loud lamentations over the volcano which had exploded in their midst, and which was producing such unutterable ruin, and who had been so pierced with sorrow, that he had abandoned Rome and Italy and taken refuge in a foreign land.

Bartolo Capegli was now in his fortieth year, tall and well formed; of a powerful and penetrating mind; affable to his friends, and in less unfortunate times an agreeable

companion, being full of jest and wit. He was kind and prudent in his own family ; he carefully attended to his private affairs ; was just, loyal, and of an excellent disposition. His father was formerly a member of the Curia, and appeared at the Courts of the Rota, or Monte Citorio, decorated with a full powdered wig, a purple cassock, rochet and mantle, and in everything resembled a Monsignore. This active, laborious, and venerable man was in the daily habit of taking his son Bartolo, when a boy, to hear mass at the Madonna di Sant 'Agostino, and to the ceremonies in which the Pope officiated ; above all, he never omitted to take him, at Christmas, at Easter, and on the festivals of St. Peter and St. John, to receive the Pope's benediction. There were appointed days for visits to the Madonna dell 'Archetto, to that of the Pieta in the Piazza Colonna, to the Bambino d'Araceli, and to St. John decapitated at the Cerchi. In the evenings, a select company of Concistorial Advocati, Judges of the Rota, Councillors of the Sant' Uffizio, and other distinguished personages, assembled at the house of Capegli. The majority of these were dignified old men, who still remembered the fortunate days of Pius VI. They described him to the young Bartolo, as the most handsome and dignified Pope that ever filled the chair of St. Peter ; tall and portly, with a countenance full of majesty ; grave and imposing in his deportment ; a voice clear and sonorous ; magnificent and kinglike in his movements ; but in giving benediction from the balcony at the Vatican, his manner was particularly calculated to inspire awe and admiration.

"Then," said one of the company, "came those dreadful times of the French Republic, when he was dragged from Rome and carried into France ! What weeping,

what lamentation through Trastevere and the Monti! What mourning through the entire city!"

"I," continued another, "was then at Viterbo, and cannot remember that, but I shall never forget the scaling of the walls of the Quirinal, to carry off Pius VII. Dear Bartolo! thou art but a boy, and wast perhaps not then born, but ask thy father how disastrous were those days! You remember," said he, turning to Bartolo's father, "when, for refusing to take the prescribed oath, you were compelled to fly and conceal yourself in some unfrequented place, and were perpetually haunted by suspicion. You recollect the assassinations, and the imprisonment of so many unfortunate Monsignori; some were sent to Finestrella or Alessandria, others to Corsica or the galleys of Genoa, Toulon, or Bordeaux!"

"For my part," added another, "I never moved from the Barberini palace; I had however, many narrow escapes, and was finally saved only by disguising myself as a stable-boy, and employing myself among the horses. In the evening, I occasionally stole forth to visit my friends and companions, who were even in a more laughable plight than myself, lurking about in holes and corners. They often climbed to the roofs of the houses by means of ladders, and after these were removed, there was but little danger of a discovery. Others secreted themselves in certain hovels of the Suburra, or at San Cosemati. It was lamentable to behold men of the highest talents passing their days without occupation, and wasting months among the wash-houses of Trastevere, and the gardeners of the Monti. In the Ruspoli palace, we were exceedingly diverted by the adventures of the arch-priest of Ariano, who sometimes secretly entered Rome

from the residence of a nobleman, where he had been concealed by the aid of the carriers and herdsmen on the estate. He would sometimes come on horseback in the dress of a buffalo-driver, called in Rome a *Buters*, wearing a sugarloaf hat, under which he wore a scarlet network cap, with its tassel dangling over his right shoulder. A silk sash variegated with green and blue and ending in a long fringe, encircled his waist, and with the addition of a dagger and pistols, he might easily have passed for one of the most valiant sbirri of the Corte Savella. His red doublet turned up with white, buttons like pistachio nuts, large boots buckled up the sides, two rusty spurs, a long club hanging on his arm, and his coat bound with lace, and interwoven on the back with the Ruspoli arms, he seemed to the French sentinels at the city gate a personage of some importance, and they saluted him with a good grace as he entered."

One lively old man, a member of the Sant' Uffizio, who attended the evening parties at the house of Capegli on Thursdays and Sundays, and in his time had seen Clement XIII., would exclaim from his accustomed seat in a low armchair of Cordovan leather: "Ah unhappy Rome! how it moved one's compassion to behold it without a Pope! How melancholy, how wretched! General Miollis used to say, that the Emperor Napoleon would soon be crowned in the Capitol! Crowned! The Capitol, since the crown of the Cæsars, never had and never will have any other crown, except the triple diadem! *L'empereur! L'empereur!* Whilst all this time Rome was so gloomy and miserable that it filled the beholder with pity. No foreign visitors, no arts, no commerce; grass grew over the Piazza di Spagna and on the Via del Babbuino. The people groaned in dismay and with-

out hope. The household followers of the Cardinals were scattered; the deans, the gentlemen 'di cappa,' the grooms, the coachmen, the masters of the palaces, all were sent abroad without support, and many had to live upon charity. Such was the scarcity in Rome, that in order to provide bread, and to prevent the people of Trastevere from breaking into open revolt, the French were compelled to build bakehouses and breadstores at the Ponte Sisto, at the bridge of the Quattro Capi, and at other places; otherwise 'L'empereur' might have seen more than one of his dragoons and grenadiers precipitated into the Tiber. As it was, I heard the Trasteverini, at the taverns of the Scala and the Santé Quaranta, shout with gnashing teeth: 'We *will* have the Pope! What! are we not Romans, and of the race of Troy? Without the Pope Rome is a corpse: that it is! And if the Emp'rор Bony don't free the Pope, he will catch the keys of St. Peter upon his head! St. Peter has done for finer heads than his. Hurrah for the Pope!'"

"Oh, my dear little Bartolo! what times were those! You might live a thousand years and never see Rome so wretched and deserted. Happy art thou, who hast never experienced our disasters! At present thou seest everything flourish; the city again wears the aspect of a queen; the Seven Hills are filled with a concourse of strangers, ~~and the arts have again taken up their abode in their midst.~~ There is a general resurrection. Dost thou understand the meaning of all the gold and silver, which the English, Germans, French, Russians, and gentlemen from every nation of the north scatter among us, during their prolonged winter visits to the sunny hills of Rome? When they were all Catholics, they paid their Peterpence, and now it is paid a hundred-fold, and all through

the Pope, for without him, they would not come to see anything here. Thinkest thou, that during the captivity of Pius VI. and Pius VII. Pincio, was as beautiful and delightful as now? Look at the terraces, the noble avenues, the shady walks, the marble steps, and the sculptured columns, the fountains, the antique statues, and the delightful pavilions. Would the Villa Borghese display so many carriages; such cavalcades of brilliant foreigners, such elegance among the ladies from every nation? Rome in those days, without the Pope, descended to the rank of a provincial city, even to one of the most decayed; to that of Venice, Milan, Genoa, Turin.

“Florence and Naples being commercial cities, although they had lost their nobility, suffered no depreciation in their arts or trades, nor in their local or foreign commerce; while Rome, deprived of the fine arts, had no other life, but that of its churches; Rome without a Pope, had nothing left but its monuments.”

~~From all this it may well be imagined,~~ that Bartolo was a strenuous advocate of the Pope. With such sounds continually greeting his ears, he beheld in the Pope, not only the Vicar of Christ, and the head of the Church, but also his sovereign, the father of the people, the glory and the light of Rome. With such lessons daily before his mind, the young man grew up; and they were imprinted still more deeply on his heart, at the schools of the Roman college. In this institution, he was the favorite pupil of the Abate Laureani and Graziosi, who frequently conducted him, together with a large circle of students, to divert himself at Monte Mario, or at the Villa Panfilì, or at other delightful spots in the neighborhood of Rome. Among other youthful sports

in which he engaged in these places, his favorite game was that of football, in which, owing to his remarkable strength and activity, he excelled all competitors. As he grew older, his chief amusements consisted in a walk in the Corso, or a ride on horseback, through the Villa Borghese. His gracefulness in the saddle, and the perfect elegance of his dress and demeanor, never failed to attract the notice of the young Roman ladies, and of the youth, who were on a visit to Rome from foreign countries. Even the Roman princes willingly admitted him into their company, in their evening rides, and in pleasant groups they galloped through the shady avenues of the Villa Borghese, crossed the meadows, passed through the middle of the forest, and round the small lakes and fishponds. The young ladies who frequented the delightful promenades, fountains, and arbors of the Villa, fixed upon him their approving eyes; even the Roman princesses were unable to conceal their admiration. Yet, however Bartolo might be admired, he could not ascend the steps of the great palaces to participate in the levees or soirees of Doria, Borghese, Piombino, or of the other Roman princes; at most, during the Carnival, he was admitted to the banquets which the Duke Torlonia gave to his foreign correspondents, and afterwards, the same distance was resumed.

Among the young Roman ladies who paid the most attention to the handsome Bartolo, was the rich and beautiful daughter of one of the chief directors of public edifices, who had become rich in a few years, owing to the magnificent undertakings of Cardinal Gonsalvo, Secretary of State under Pope Pius VII. This gentleman, whose great riches consisted chiefly in cash capital, had invested it in the city, in the purchase of houses

and palaces, containing splendid apartments, which he let to cardinals and foreign noblemen, who took up their residences in Rome. From these, he collected large rents, and lived in opulence. One of the Roman Monsignori had made a proposal for the young lady in favor of his nephew, and her father was disposed to accede to the arrangement; but the young Flavia resolved, under any circumstances, to give the preference to Bartolo, and persisted with such firmness, that the proposed match was broken off. The father, to whom fortune had not shown herself so propitious as to favor him with a son, gave his consent on condition that Bartolo should reside with him as his son; and Leonardo Capegli, having two other sons, readily agreed to the proposal.

Bartolo was a husband calculated to render happy his youthful wife; he never failed in that refinement, and those delicate attentions, which are so pleasing to ladies, and the honor and respect which he manifested towards her in public, displayed his tenderness and esteem. But the state of leisure in which he lived in the house of his father-in-law, was almost the occasion of his ruin.

Among the friends with whom he became acquainted in his new position, were some who often led him into paths full of peril and remorse. For although he steadfastly maintained those principles of fidelity to the most delicate duties of a citizen, which had been sown in his heart by the uprightness of his father, still there were many, others which had been neglected or forgotten much to his misfortune. The young are frequently involved, by their presumption, in difficulties, which at first appear easily overcome, and only when too late, find themselves entangled in the inextricable meshes of the strong net which has closed around them. It often

happened that Bartolo owed his safety to the advice and good sense of his wife; for after the first few years of her married life, she imposed upon herself the generous task of moderating the imprudence, and restraining the inconsiderate rashness of her husband, who, far from being naturally inclined to profligacy, generally listened with attention to her mild and discreet counsels.

From this want of experience, and the natural levity of youth, Bartolo was also materially protected by his constant friendship with the Abate Graziosi,* who aided him with his advice, and recalled him into the ways of prudence, and delivered him from the paths of danger, into which he was hurried by the indiscretion of youth. To this excellent man many of the Roman youth were indebted, and it would have been fortunate for all, if they had attended to his advice, under the circumstances which immediately succeeded the death of Pope Gregory. Among the good offices rendered to Bartolo by Graziosi, must be numbered the wise endeavors to instil into his mind a love for the study of antiquity. In consequence of this, he formed a habit of visiting, two or three times a week, the Vatican museum, where he became acquainted with Monsignore Mezzofanti, a great lover of youth, and possessed of wonderful power in attracting it to virtuous pursuits and occupations. Bartolo frequently enjoyed the pleasure of taking the Monsignore back into Rome in his carriage, and the opportunities thus enjoyed of conversing with a man of such eminent talents, proved a living source of knowledge and wisdom. After the latter was elevated to the dignity of Cardinal, the friend-

* The Abate Graziosi, Canon of the Lateran, was a man of consummate wisdom, and most active and zealous in the cultivation of every virtue among the Roman youth.

ship with which he had honored Bartolo, at the time of his visits to the museum and library of the Vatican, suffered no diminution. Therefore, on being privately informed by Flavia, that her husband frequented the evening assemblies of an English lady, characterized by conceit, prodigality, and deceitful flattery, and that he there engaged in play to a ruinous extent, the Cardinal, to preserve him from the loss of both fortune and character, ~~sought some method of removing him from so guilty a course, and at the same time of conferring upon him an honor.~~ It so happened that the Pope wished at this period to visit, in person, some of the remains of the Pelasgic or Cyclopiian walls of Latium, and the Cardinal appointed Bartolo, in company with several professional men, to examine these walls, and to designate those which were the most remarkable, and in the best state of preservation. He eagerly accepted this commission, and thus personally assisted at the discussions of the most celebrated antiquaries and architects of Rome, with Viscount Canini, Visconti, Campana, and the Marquis Melchiorri, and with all the other learned men who took part in these examinations. He hastened to Rieti, and visited all the summits of the Aborigeni, seeking remains of those gigantic polygonal walls; he examined Ameria and Spoleto, in Umbria; he saw the Circle of Preneste; he overran the territory of the Equi, then descended into that of the Volsci, explored Norba, Sequi, Sezze, Terracina, and Circei; but none appeared more imposing than the walls of Ferentino, and the citadel of Alatri.

He stood amazed at those immense stones, some angular and others irregularly shaped, yet joined together with perfect exactness; he took their dimensions, sketched their forms, and examined their variety. -In

the Porta Sanguinaria, and in the second great circle of the Acropolis of Ferentino, he sought to realize the faultless skill of the architect, and the well-regulated perseverance of the workmen; but when he saw the immovable fortifications of the rock of Alatri, nicely mortised, fitted with so much evenness, and so artfully turned at the angles and projections of the bastions, Bartolo was struck motionless with astonishment. When he completed his commission and returned to Rome, he gave such enthusiastic descriptions of these wonders of the genius, power, and skill of the aboriginal inhabitants of Italy, that the Pope resolved to visit the Saturnian citadel of Alatri.

CHAPTER II.

ALISA.

ABOUT the beginning of May, in the year 1846, on one of those brilliant mornings which offers so many attractions to the delighted eye of the foreigner who visits Rome, a travelling carriage drove into the piazza of the Quirinal, and having at a rapid pace reached the Quattro Fontane, turned up the street of San Dionisio.* At the sound of the bell the portersess was heard calling to another lay sister: "Call Alisa—quick! quick!—Alisa! Alisa! your father has come."

* The religious order of St. Dionisius, or Denis, is of ancient French institution. This monastery, in which are educated the daughters of the chief families in Rome, give great satisfaction by its success in the instruction of youth.

Then appeared a young lady of about fifteen, of slender form, of a gentle and angelic beauty, and ready dressed for the journey. Her rich deep auburn hair was arranged with perfect taste and elegance. Her beautiful countenance beamed with joy, when she heard that her father was waiting at the gate. Her eyes became suffused with tears as she separately embraced her dear companions, who clung to her weeping, while they bade her adieu. Then running to her beloved teachers, she took her leave with grateful thanks and many tender caresses, during which they vied with each other in their parting proofs of love and affectionate kindness. In passing through the work-room Alisa, stopped a moment to admire some work in embroidery; and turning to a companion: "How beautiful, Lauretta," said she; "how pleased your mother will be on her birthday! Happy art thou, who still hast a mother!" Seeing the piano, she ran her fingers lightly over the keys in a mournful and trembling cadence; then as she came to the corner of a passage where a picture of the Blessed Virgin stood, with pious affection she exclaimed: "Oh, my Mother! be thou my protectress. — Julia," said she to a companion, "remember the flowers every day; you know that from the appearance of the first violet in spring, to the latest flower in autumn, the Madonna never missed my daily offering. And mind, there is that beautiful vase of Sevres porcelain, take care of it now; you know it is for festivals; that burning heart which is painted upon it, is the counterpart of my own." She was still speaking when she arrived at the door. Again she affectionately kissed her companions, and amidst their tearful adieus the superioress consigned her to her father. He took her arm, and assisting her into the carriage, he drove off. For

awhile she seemed bowed down with regret; her head was bent on her bosom, and her eyes covered, while her father seated beside her, abstained from breaking in upon the first sorrow of his daughter, and remained contemplating her in silence. ~~This was Bartolo. Three years and a half before this, he had lost the amiable and virtuous Flavia, his wife, who died shortly after the birth of a son. The infant was seized with convulsions and, shortly after its birth, expired in the arms of its mother. Fever and inflammation supervened, and unable to resist the force of the malady, Flavia died. Bartolo was thus left alone with his daughter, Alisa, who had already, with his consent, been placed by her mother under the care of the superioress of San Dionisio while still very young.~~

She had grown up among these pious and skilful nuns, and had been early instructed in the lessons of virtue and modesty. She was now an amiable and accomplished young lady, endowed with every quality that could endear her to society, or render her an ornament to the domestic circle. Her beauty and personal accomplishments were only surpassed by the qualities of her mind. To a refined and cultivated taste, she added a most brilliant imagination, and was possessed of all the vivacity peculiar to her age. Her heart, open and generous, glowed with every tender emotion; and her ardent disposition was enthusiastic and sensitive.

After the death of Flavia, Bartolo, without abandoning himself to anything like a depraved life, had nevertheless allowed himself to be carried away by the attraction of certain societies of his friends, who in the midst of the pleasures of affluence involved themselves in political agitations, and discussed in their assemblies the most dangerous projects of state

policy. Gregory XVI. was far advanced in years ; but always great in the government of the Church ; always invincible in the contest, which he waged with every power hostile to the Holy Roman See ; always firm in his exalted position among the Catholic cabinets ; vigorous and determined in his resistance to the powerful attacks of heterodox governments. He was, moreover, a generous patron of the arts and sciences, and among the many institutions which shared his patronage, the rich and noble Etruscan museum at the Vatican received his special care and attention.

"All very well," said the friends of Bartolo, after he had been pouring forth one of his frequent encomiums on the aged Pope ; "but Gregory is too haughty, too intractable, and too much opposed to the progress of European civilization at the present time ; he has shown ~~himself an enemy to enlightenment~~ and useful inventions, and seems even to take delight in stifling the aspirations of Italian genius. He is, moreover, ignorant of the details of administration, introducing disorder into the state, and oppressing it without compassion with new debts and imposts."

"I agree with you," returned Bartolo, "as regards his aversion for what you call progress, which does not accord with certain notions which he entertains as Pope ; but as for the other accusations, I am of opinion that he is not the cause of the evil, it must be laid to the charge of the rebels in Romagna and elsewhere, who have forced him to take the Swiss into his service, as he formerly employed the Austrians. But, believe me, under another Pope, Italy will become united in one confederation, as ~~Gioherti plainly intimates in his~~ *Primato*. We shall behold Rome's resurrection, her reinstatement,

under the presidency of the Roman pontiff, in her ancient supremacy, and her restoration to her former flourishing state of magnificence. Think you that the Austrians will ever agree to this Italian confederation? What unsuspecting innocence! As for the Austrians, Cesare Balbo, in his 'Speranze d'Italia,' has become our security, and he points out a very simple method of getting rid of them. In a word, place the Pope at the head of the Italian confederation, and Rome will not only fulfil her engagements, but she will become great and opulent, and will scatter her treasures among foreign nations, as in the times past, when the Pope was truly Pope, and held in his hand the destinies of the Christian world."

Some admitted the justice of these remarks, while others thus expressed their dissent: "Bartolo is perpetually dreaming of Alexander III. and the Lombard league, and now he is bent on the Pope's heading the Italian league; but until we find a Pope in the vigor of youth, and ready, with the resolution of a Napoleon, to sally forth on his war-horse, your Pope, my dear Bartolo, will remain snugly enveloped in his robes, and instead of riding through his states on horseback, he will be carried by his throne-bearers to the Vatican, to bestow his benediction."

"Gently, my friends, Urban VII. was an old man, yet he was the first to mount his horse and march against Garigliano at the head of his warriors; and Julius II. was far advanced in years when he marched into the heart of Lombardy, led the assault, and triumphantly mounted the breach of the conquered city." At these fervent words the company smiled; but there were two who watched him sternly and remained silent.

CHAPTER III.

POLISSENA.

SUCH had been the life of Bartolo during the two preceding years; equally devoted to the Pope and the welfare of Rome, ~~he was loud in his predictions of the revival of the whole Italian nation.~~ His high sense of true liberty made him an enemy to all secret societies, and yet, through want of consideration or knowledge, he remained the friend of many of their members. After ~~the loss of his wife,~~ all his affections were concentrated on his daughter Alisa. He consoled himself with the idea of her brilliant entrance into society in Rome, and of the domestic happiness and youthful light which her presence would shed around him at home. They had passed through the San Giovanni gate, and were rapidly approaching Albano, where Bartolo possessed a beautiful country-seat, before silence was broken.

"Come, my daughter," said he to Alisa, "dry up those tears, and kiss your father. You cannot imagine how impatiently I have waited for this day, which, I hope, is the first of the many happy days yet to come. We will enjoy the beauties of May at the villa; and then I intend to take you into Tuscany, to see our friends there; then to Florence, Sienna, Pisa, and Leghorn, where you shall indulge in every enjoyment which these flourishing and elegant cities can offer—where your mind can be stored with every elegant accomplishment befitting your age. Moreover, that you might not be tired with living alone at home, I have found you an agreeable

and virtuous companion, who will aid you by her experience, and facilitate your studies by her kindness and instructions; you must make her your friend and sister, and, I doubt not, she will be both to you, my dear Alisa."

Accordingly, when they reached Albano, they met a lady, of prepossessing beauty, waiting their arrival in the garden fronting the Casino; she approached them with a smile of welcome, kissed Alisa, and with many caresses led her immediately into the house, where she untied her bonnet, and arranged her hair upon her forehead, and then seated her on a sofa opposite a glass door, which opened towards the garden.

This lady, who was to be at the same time her companion and governess, according to those who had recommended her to Bartolo, was amiable and virtuous, well qualified to form the mind of his inexperienced daughter, and to divest it of all impression of what they called the childish mummeries of the nuns, which were not, they thought, consistent in a young heiress, whose mother had left her a fortune of no less than eighty thousand dollars. Polissena (for such was her name) was born in Tuscany, and brought up to the profession of an actress in the Conservatorio of Milan. She was an opera dancer until the age of twenty; but by some accident she was taken from the theatre at Berlin by a Hungarian patron, and returned into Italy, where, for some time, in various cities, she professed to cure certain diseases by the Homœopathic system, and by magnetism. This adventuress was, however, a thorough Italian; and so ardent was her patriotism, that every faculty of her mind and body was consecrated to young Italy; and she pursued her course with the most inviolable secrecy. When she

removed from one city to another, she was the bearer of certain particular oral communications, which it might have been dangerous to commit to paper. Her dexterity was also successfully exercised in conveying secret advices. As paper produces a crackling noise, she had her communications written upon silk; these she concealed in the lining or in the folds of her dress. She could thus foil the searches of the police, in case their suspicions should induce them to attempt an examination.

Bartolo, as may be supposed, was entirely ignorant of all these exploits; he saw only that she was a lady of taste, with a countenance so open, and an eye of such sprightliness, that there was a pleasure in contemplating her; and that she was well versed in all the usages of polite society. From time to time she was in the habit of giving utterance to sudden exclamations relating to the resurrection of Italy, a subject at all times agreeable to Bartolo. It was usual for them, after dinner, to hold long conversations on the means of reinstating to its throne, that queen of nations, which was now sunk in ruin and misfortune.

During the first days of her sojourn at Albano, Alisa, sometimes with her father, and sometimes with Polissena, took long walks in the shady avenues which overhang the high banks of Lake Albano; she climbed the hill of Jupiter of Latium, visited the ancient wood of Ferentum, or the grove of Nemi, which still, with its profound and silent shade, brings back the memory of the bloody sacrifices of Diana Ericina; then she descended to the sanctuary of Galloro, in which the people of Aricia and all Latium venerate an ancient and miraculous statue of the Queen of Heaven, to whom our holy religion has substituted the offering of hearts instead of the cruel rites and

human victims, which were formerly offered here to Diana Nemorensis. A fortnight had thus passed, when Alisa one day smilingly requested the company of Polissena to the church of Our Lady of Galloro, where she wished to go to confession to a venerable Jesuit father, who had been recommended to her by her pious teachers at San Dionisio. At this unexpected request, the countenance of Polissena visibly changed, and it was with difficulty she concealed the violence of her anger. At length she said, with hypocritical mildness, and in a gentle tone: "What are you saying, my sweet angel? Go to confession to a Jesuit! You, so good, so pure, so noble, so intelligent. And to a Jesuit! Better to be buried alive. Don't you know that the Jesuits are the enemies of every virtue; ~~that with infinite art they pervert the minds of youth,~~ and stifle every energy and every virtuous affection? If you fall within their remorseless grasp, bid adieu to every affectionate feeling towards your father; they will make it your duty to hate him. God preserve you from ever confessing to them; your faults would be sent by post, to be opened every Saturday under the eyes of the Father-General, who always, on the evenings of those days, holds a meditation on the sins of young girls who have confessed to them. Before a young woman is married, ~~her future husband confidentially asks the General for a list of all her sins, and is informed of the most secret thoughts of his unfortunate bride.~~ The Jesuits," continued she, "are treacherous and cruel wolves, under the hypocritical cloak of piety; do not trust yourself to them, if you value your soul's welfare."

Alisa remained stupified at such a novel lesson; "Yet," said she, "my dear mother used to go to confession to Father Bonvicini, and she was so pious, so kind, and so

patient, that she was considered an example for the ladies of Rome. And, I assure you, that at the convent of San Dionisio, where some of the windows gave a distant view of the gardens of the noviciate of the Jesuits, we could, without being observed, see the young novices walking about, three or four together, in silence, or reciting the rosary, and although they thought no one saw them, still their posture was that of the most pure and attentive devotion, and we could not help comparing them to so many saints. Indeed, I was frequently so much moved by this beautiful sight, that I ran down to our dear Madonna in the corridor, and prayed to her to make me as good, and I even shed tears of pious jealousy."

"Oh, you're too good and unsuspecting. The Jesuits excite ~~their young men to these impostures~~, to allure the simple, and to draw people to their devotions, for they are as cunning as serpents; in fine, never let any one again hear you mention the Jesuits."

Poor Alisa thought it was better to say no more. She had, among other books, brought from the convent several works of piety, all of which disappeared, one by one, she knew not how, and Polissena, in their place, gave her books of a very opposite nature.

"In these volumes, dear Alisa," said she, "you will see how virtue may be allied with love of our dear country. They, who do not feel the blood of Italy flowing in their veins, are not worthy to breathe the vital air which animated the first Pelasgi. Look at Alba, Cori, Ardea, Laurentum, and, still nearer, at Aricia; there the Opici, the Ausoni, the Rutuli, and the Aurunci, burned with the most ardent patriotism."

They generally read these books in the morning, under the shade of the green oaks upon the banks of the lake,

and Polissena was an apt commentator upon those passages, which were the most passionate in their allusions to the future condition of Italy.

One day, while Alisa was reading a touching passage in Marco Visconti del Grossi, a young gentleman on horseback passed rapidly through the Avenue of the Capuchins, and was struck with the animated features of Alisa, who was at that moment stirred to the most lively pity for the sufferings of some heroine in the story. She was motionless, and seemed not even to breathe. Her color, heightened by excitement, came and went alternately, and her whole countenance denoted the rapid emotions which succeeded each other in her mind. The horseman, on reaching the end of the avenue, turned and passed again at a rapid pace, and Alisa scarcely raised her eyes to see him. Polissena finding that it was near time to return, and unwilling that the stranger should again overtake them, broke off their reading, and returned to the house.

Two days after, they were again seated in the shade, near the banks of the lake, when Alisa saw through the branches, at a short distance, a young artist, seated, pallet in hand, engaged upon a painting of the deep circle of the lake, with its steep borders, and Monte Laziale; and as the whole district is much frequented, on account of its many delightful views, by German, Swedish, and Belgian artists, they took no further notice. Alisa, however, raising her eyes from time to time, observed that he was a youth of handsome appearance, and at last discovered him to be the same who had passed them a few days before, in the avenue.

On their return home, Bartolo hurriedly entered, and throwing his straw hat on the piano, turned with an air

of abstraction to the window which faced Rome; then, suddenly addressing the two young ladies who stood before him:

“Well,” said he, “Pope Gregory is dead!”

“Dead!” exclaimed Polissena; “dead! Long live Italy!”

Bartolo walked about the room in great excitement, then stopped abruptly, and passing his hand over his forehead, rested it on his chin in a pensive and disquieted attitude. He then threw himself into a seat, and with his eyes turned to the ceiling, he spoke half aloud, as if reflecting:

“How can they elect a Pope in the present agitated state of Italy? Piedmont is reeling with excitement; the provinces of Romagna are agitated like the sea, when it threatens a tempest; Tuscany, immersed in luxury, fixes its eyes upon the future victims of its treachery; Naples, with outward simplicity, secretly sharpens its sword; Sicily lies prostrate, like its own Enceladus, under Etna; woe to Italy, if it should arise! it will tear up the hills, and vomit forth fire and flame! The Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, in the midst of ease and opulence, is watching for the appearance of signal-fires beyond the Po, or listening for the trumpet to re-echo among the Apennines. Elect a Pope in such times! Is it possible that the cardinals can be so daring as to meet in conclave?”

“Yes, Signor Bartolo,” said Polissena, with an impertinent wink, and in a beld and jeering tone; “we shall have a conclave and a Pope; without either, we shall never see the resurrection of Italy.”

“So it ought to be, at least,” replied Bartolo; “but I doubt if all will embrace your opinion.”

“Unanimously!”

“You speak with great assurance to-day;—I know upon what grounds.”

Here a servant entered to announce dinner.

On the 6th of June, Count Pompeo Campello arrived in Rome, by the coach from Florence, and hearing that Bartolo, and several of his friends, particularly Polissena, were at Albano, he joined them, with the intention of holding a conference with them, and of enjoying a few days' repose among those delightful hills. He was welcomed with many demonstrations of affectionate respect, and a number of friends having assembled to dine, the Count related the particulars of his travels in the north of Italy.

“I am in hopes,” said he, “that our star will at length rise to the zenith; already it gleams upon the horizon, and its first rays are cast over the heavens. At the time of the death of Pope Gregory, I was in Florence, where the brave friends of our cause in Tuscany were in close council, and I there communicated the intentions of our partisans in Piedmont. I afterwards explained the same to Pietro Giordani, at Parma, and to the other members in Placentia, Reggio, Modena, and Bologna. All are of one accord, and they have despatched letters to that effect, where it was not dangerous to write, and where it was, oral messages have been sent, more especially in Lombardy and Venice.

“My friends, by open conspiracies and rebellions, tumults, or sudden outbreaks of mutineers, or by bloody contests, Italy cannot be restored to its rightful position. In vain fires may be lighted here, while they are extinguished elsewhere; the sovereigns are on their guard; suspicions are rife; our strongest champions are priso-

ners, and buried in prolonged misery in dungeons, or under the bastions of fortresses and citadels. We need only to look at the dungeons of Bologna, Rimini, and Cosentia, for proofs of this. We must therefore seek another line of action. We must imitate the mice of Venice. While the Lion of St. Mark lay asleep in his gilded cage in the court of the Ducal palace, they crept silently on his back, gnawed by gentle degrees through his skin, and penetrated the flesh, gnawing and licking at the same time. The lion, tickled, rather than pained, by these gentle bites, opened his sleepy eyes, but their honeyed tongues soothed his irritation, and, resting his nose upon his paws, he sank again into a deep slumber, during which the mice reached his heart, and he died. My meaning then is clear, that the friends of Italy, having failed in attaining their object by violence, must try the opposite course of gentleness. The princes are prepared, sword in hand, and their artillery is drawn out ready for action. For ten of ours they have a hundred, yes, a thousand men; and unlike ours, they are trained and disciplined to war. Flattery is the dagger with which alone we can reach them; no mail of steel can turn its point; timely praise, opportune applause, will pierce them were they of adamant.

“Our first experiment has already been made at Turin. On the sixth of last month, one of our champions, on the arrival of the king at the review in the Field of Mars, incited the soldiers to shouts of, ‘Long live Charles Albert I., King of Italy.’

“The Piazza Keale, the Via Nuova, and the Piazza San Carlo, as far as the Artillery Park, were crowded with people, among whom we scattered numerous partisans, echoing, during the king’s return, the joyful shouts

which had resounded in the Field of Mars. Gaily dressed young ladies stood upon the balconies, and at the windows; some threw crowns of laurel, others showered down flowers wherever he passed, and waved flags with the motto of the King of Italy embroidered in gold, such as in ancient tournaments the ladies presented to the victors. The King was sensibly moved; already the royal groom held his horse ready at the foot of the palace stairs, and the field-marshal's were assembled in the great hall of the throne, when two infernal renegades, envious of the glory of Italy, rushed into the royal presence, and by their importunate representations, succeeded in breaking up the arrangement, and thus our plans were defeated. ~~The impression produced, however, upon Charles Albert, is indelible.~~

"Believe me, it is an infallible method, and will encompass the noble and exalted end which we have in contemplation."

"You don't know the Popes," said a stout old gentleman at the head of the table. "The Popes are generally advanced in years, and are not to be caught with that sort of chaff; and if the choice should fall upon a monk, I should be little surprised if he should turn out another Sixtus V., and roll more than one head into the moat of the castle. Pope Gregory, after all, was too mild; he was even kept in awe by the Carbonari, for when they were taken and secured in St. Angelo, Civita Castellana, the towers of Spoleto, or in the Rock of Ancona, he still gave them their lives, and had he lived a while longer, depend upon it, he would have dismissed them in safety to America, as was done in 1837. But if that bearded old man at the Triton of the Piazza Barberini,

should hold the Papal chair, were it but for half a year, Pope Sixtus himself will be eclipsed.”*

“The race of Popes, like Sixtus, my dear Pantaleone,” returned the Count, “has long ago run out, and no such mischievous weed will ever again take root in the field of St. Peter. But if, in the present conjuncture, there should arise a Pope possessing deep insight into the present state of affairs, he may find means, on the one hand, to ward off the tempest which now threatens all crowned heads, and on the other, to raise up our oppressed Italy from the dust in which it lies grovelling. In short, we must have a Pope, and quickly; and if the cardinals have not lost all judgment, they will give us neither an old man, nor a monk, nor a politician, but a man of God, of profound wisdom, not of the age of Gregory VII., but of Gregory XVI., and not blind to the fact, that for ten liberals in chains, there are a thousand who are free, and who have sworn to restore their country, or die in the attempt. He will understand the nature of the Caudine Forks, through which he must pass, and the necessity of submitting; that the only course to be pursued, is one dictated by a generous policy, despising the old ideas of the past state superstitions, and dealing bountifully with the people, who are longing for an extension of their freedom. Give us such a Pope, and I wage my head he will be our idol.”

“It remains to be seen,” replied Bartolo, “if this idol will give as much to the liberals as will satisfy their hunger, or whether they will not resemble a furnace, which crackles, and roars, and consumes the more it receives.”

* An allusion to the Capuchin Cardinal, Micara, a man of invincible resolution.

They rose from the table and walked into the garden, where coffee was served beneath the cool shade of a bower of creeping plants and flowering vines; and on a sign from the Count, Polissena left the company, and was shortly joined by him in a retired part of the garden. He took her hand, and said in a low voice,

“‘*Even unto death* ;’ Italy beholds thee; Bartolo will be in Rome during the approaching election: help thy brethren; everything is in good order; ‘*Even unto death*.’”

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST DAYS OF THE PONTIFICATE.

ANGELO BRUNETTI, one of the Roman populace-called by his compeers *Ciceruacchio*, was a gambling, quarrelsome character, tall and muscular, ready for every kind of disorder, and looked up to as a model by all the ruffians in Rome. His usual dress consisted of a high-peaked hat, knowingly thrown over his left ear, and adorned with a feather, a short jacket and knee-breeches; a scarf of vermilion and sea-green silk bound his waist, and a vest of skyblue velvet, shorter than his jacket and laced in front with a saffron-colored cord. On festivals at the taverns, he threw off his jacket and wore it hanging from his left shoulder. His frequent broils, in which he made an unsparing use of his knife, had brought him repeatedly in contact with the officials, but his deep cunning, concealed under an open and frank demeanor, had

generally shielded him from punishment. He was a carman and was chiefly employed in furnishing the taverns with wine, in those parts of Rome which lie between the bridge of Sant' Angelo and the Piazza di Spagna, and down through the Babbuino, as far as the Popolo. He was bound in the strictest league with the boatmen who brought wine, wood, and charcoal to the Ripetta on the Tiber, and especially intimate with the carmen of the worst and most ferocious character; and by frequently treating them at the taverns, he had acquired among them the reputation of a clever and open-hearted young man. No worse character lived in the city; his hypocrisy and cruelty he concealed under a kind and sedate appearance, and even so far back as 1830, he was a sworn partisan of the Carbonari, who charged him with the task of corrupting and depraving his followers by leading them into every species of vice. Such, however, was his skill in the art of dissimulation that the authorities never suspected his connexion with the enemies of order.

Such a character was not likely to be overlooked by those who had conspired in favor of Young Italy; his craftiness and unscrupulous depravity rendered him a fit instrument to aid in carrying out their secret designs.

The Cardinals in the middle of June, had returned Cardinal Giovanni Mastai as the elect of the Conclave for the Sovereign Pontiff of the Holy Church, under the title of Pius IX. This event was hailed by the societies a propitious occasion for the execution of their plans for the ruin of the Italian princes, by intoxicating them with deceitful praise and flattery, and thus bringing them to favor their own course. In fact, the Roman Pontificate, against which the hatred and rage of the

impious had so long been exerted, instantly, on the elevation of Pius IX. became the idol of Catholics, the envy of Protestants, and the admiration of Mahometans.

In July, the Pope proclaimed a general amnesty, and those writers who had heaped every species of obloquy upon the See of St. Peter, were most extravagant in their praise and admiration, nor could they find words to express their exultation. Under the beneficial influence of the Popes, tyrants had become the fathers of their people, despotism was mitigated by equitable laws, and justice softened by mildness and clemency. Laws promulgated by oppressive cruelty, the statutes of Gothic and Vandal ages, were repealed and replaced by the emanations of love, discretion, and charity. The Pope had become the support and counsellor of kings, but he would also curb and chastise them. He was the guardian of the people's rights and the defender of their liberty, the advocate of the poor, the protector of widows and the supporter of orphans. The papal authority was made the guarantee of the liberty and peace of Christian nations, the umpire between the people and their rulers. The true liberty of Christian nations remained intact so long as their rulers recognised the authority of the Pope as sacred, but when that authority was diminished and defied, nations, by a just retaliation, withdrew their obedience from their rulers. These and innumerable other such rhapsodies, were poured forth both in prose and verse from the pens of men notorious for their insatiable enmity to the papal throne, as well as to the whole order of the priesthood.

The white and yellow colors of the papal flag, hitherto the colors of scorn and degradation, suddenly became objects of admiration, and mingled their rays of gold

and silver with the refulgence of the sun. These colors shone in the tapestry of saloons, under the curtains and hangings of windows and balconies; the boxes in the theatres were resplendent with white and yellow, with gold and silver. They became the sole fashion; the shawls and dresses of the ladies, their plumes and ribbons, their bracelets and earrings would admit of no other color.

And what had become of Bartolo during this revulsion of popular feeling? He was in an ecstasy of joy! If from his education, his good sense, and his innate piety he loved the rule of the Popes as identified with the glory and wealth of Rome, his devotion and affection for Pius IX. knew no bounds. He was present at every festival and every demonstration in honor of the Pope. He undertook a subscription for the liberated prisoners, and such was his ardor and eloquence in this charitable undertaking, that he obtained not only ample succors, but so moved the feelings of both rich and poor for his protégés, that they were frequently unable to restrain their tears. He canvassed the most frequented places in the city; the hotels and restaurants; the saloons and stores; at the theatres he went from box to box; at the churches he raised contributions in the sacristies; in the colleges he moved the hearts of the students, and in the convents he excited the tears of the young ladies, and raised among all a charitable emulation, even among the monks and nuns in the different monasteries and convents of the city. For this object he labored almost day and night. He attended to the arrangements for the holy communion, which the same prisoners wished to receive from the hands of the Pope; he prepared the benches, provided the wax tapers and candles, and vases filled with every variety of flowers which grew in his gardens.

A few days after this, on the festival of St. Peter in Vinculis, this remarkable communion took place.* In the Piazza di Santo Spirito, Bartolo met an aged curate of St. Peter's, and taking him affectionately by the hand, he said :

"Oh! my dear Don Alessandro, what happy days, what new honors for Rome! What an unexpected triumph for the church of God! What a wonderful and joyful change in our affairs in so short a time! When we were expecting nothing but outbreaks of popular violence and rebellion! it seemed as if St. Peter's was about to crumble in ruins, and that we should behold the demolition of the Holy See and the total abolition of the Papacy. Lo! this our new Pope, like an angel from heaven, has suddenly changed the face of things; everything seems to be restored to youth and prosperity; everything is bright with smiles; even Protestants themselves are in an ecstasy of delight; even those to whom enmity of the Sovereign Pontiff seems an indispensable element of their religion. Then the revival of virtue and religion among ourselves. It is something prodigious. The churches and confessionals are full to overflowing, and those who were formerly most notorious for irreligion and immorality are now foremost in works of piety and repentance. And the poor prisoners; did you see their ardent devotion and their tears of repentance at the communion? Even the Pope himself shed tears of joy as they kissed his ring." . . .

* On this festival, the chains with which St. Peter was loaded by Herod in Jerusalem and by Nero in the Mamertine prison in Rome, are exposed to public veneration. There the liberated prisoners received communion from the hand of Pius IX., and the greater part of them two years later joined in the rebellion which overthrew his government.

"Say rather scalding tears, which will not fail to raise blisters where they fell," interposed Don Alessandro. "That the young men, who parade themselves in the Corso, should indulge in such idle theories, is not a subject of astonishment; but a man of the world and of your sound judgment ought to know better. What real piety do you expect in those deceitful renegades, by whom God and every divine law are held in detestation? Don't you know that more than one of them boasted of having breakfasted on steaks and outlets before that very communion! Such a mockery is a fine proof of piety!"

"Gently, gently, Don Alessandro mio," cried Bartolo, in an altered tone; "those are downright calumnies, and you priests should be the first to welcome those poor penitents with the kiss of peace, to forget their faults, and to clothe them, as did the father of the prodigal son, in the richest and most noble mantle of the Church—that of charity. Look at the fatherly love of Pope Pius IX."

"Yes, my friend," replied the old man, "Pius has the heart of a father; but the hearts of these men are not those of sons. Believe me, the Pope knows them better than any one; in pardoning, he thinks there may be a chance of their amendment; but God grant that they may not act like the viper of Esop, which stung to the heart the compassionate bosom which had warmed and cherished it! Don't talk to me of the conversion of such; you are an enthusiast."

"And you a disparager."

"And you a poor innocent. Addio!"

And the venerable curate departed, shaking his head, and with his hands joined behind him, muttering as he went, "Yes, religion, piety; wait until the claws of the cub grow! Yes, religion!"

Bartolo was not, however, so weak in judgment as not

to foresee that some commotion was about to take place in Italy, chiefly by the instrumentality of the liberals; but as he himself was upright in his intentions, he hoped that the revolution would be brought about by such open and honest means as would lead the princes voluntarily to the reforms necessary for the interests of the nation. He fixed his eyes on the Pope, from whom he justly expected everything great and noble; he argued that if he had shown a disposition to march at the head of the other princes towards a restoration of popular rights, it was through a desire for the happiness of his people, and to put an end to the threatened commotions of the Carbonari; it was thus he sought to smother every germ of revolt which had been so long fostered in the cities in Italy, menacing the existence of the Church, and of every civil and human institution. Bartolo was not mistaken in thus interpreting the intentions of the Pope; but, on the other hand, he could not measure the deep treachery of Italian "Carbonarism;" hence he flattered himself that the demonstrations of joy, which he beheld in Rome, were the dawn of the fulfilment of his hopes.

"Dear father," said Alisa, about the beginning of September, "do you know that Ciceruacchio, of whom you spoke as a good man, seems to me very far from it. Yesterday, I was returning from the Villa Borghese, and stopping the carriage at the foot of Pincio, near the Meloni Hotel, I passed through the crowd to obtain a closer view of the beautiful triumphal arch preparing for the passage of the Pope ~~on the festival of the Madonna~~; and while I was looking up at the workmen, who ~~were~~ drawing up the framework of the frontispiece, there was Ciceruacchio cursing like a Turk, and using language that made my blood run cold."

"What would you have, my dear? They are all tavern people, and, after all, he is but a carter."

"And if he is a tavern-keeper, how does it happen that the gentlemen make so much of him; treating him with such strange familiarity, and shaking hands with him on the open piazza, absolutely as if he were a friend and brother! I saw a certain Roman noble link his arm in his, calling him 'Tribune of the People;' another took him in his carriage just as he was, without a coat, down the Corso to the Caffè Nuovo."

"You see, my daughter, that Ciceruacchio makes himself very useful, and he has a great deal to do in the preparations for the festival of the eighth. It requires a perfect army of people to decorate the Corso with the splendor required for such a triumph. The fine yellow sand, which it is customary to spread upon the streets through which the Pope must pass from the Quirinal to the Popolo, takes a great many carts; for the myrtle and laurel branches he sends out the grass-gatherers of the Montí; then from the Ghetto he collects the materials for the banners and flags; the damasks is used for the windows, the white and yellow muslin for the hangings, and for the screens placed round the illumination lamps upon which the papal arms and devices are painted. Then there are the torches and the taperholders, along the walls of the monasteries, and a thousand other objects to be prepared. Ciceruacchio looks to all, knows all, and urges everything forward with an activity, a tact, and a precision that is quite astonishing. So you see, Alisa, that even the nobles show him great attentions for all this, to incite him by kindness to be active in preparing for the festival."

"You will take me there, will you not, father? I

should like to be at a window in the first story, for I wish to have a good sight of Pius IX., and that he should see me, when I waive my handkerchief and cry 'Viva!' with all my might. Then he will give me his blessing with that celestial smile which he always wears. If, at the moment when I cry 'Long live Pius IX.!' he raises his eyes, then, you know, he gives me a special blessing, and I shall obtain the indulgence, shall I not?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Very well, I intend to apply it to the soul of my dearest mother. Ah, if mother could but be present on this joyful occasion, what a consolation it would afford her!"

After this triumphal procession of the Pope to "Nostra Signora del Popolo," Alisa and Polissena went, in October, to the exhibition of the paintings, which were that year offered for prizes in the Academy of St. Luke. In that great gallery were seen the different styles of the Roman school of art. The bold, spirited manner of Podesti, with his gay and lively countenances, his draperies full of light and fanciful. Velvets, with their deep lustre, others with their ever-varying and reflecting tints; satins of voluptuous softness; cloth of gold, and silver tissue, with glittering strokes of light, all prove the painter to be a man possessed of a cultivated taste, in addition to a vigorous and life-like execution. Then the severe style of Overbeck, full of calm and sweetness; that comeliness in his countenances; those peaceful eyes, and those serene smiles, and those delicate features, awaken in our remembrance the heavenly pencil of the blessed Angelico, the moving touches of Perugino, the tender delicacy of outline, observable in the Florentine school, from Ghiotto to Ghirlandaio. There, also, is the spirit and

truthfulness of Coghetti, rivalling Titian in the warmth of his coloring, and in his powerful motion. On the other side appear the imitators of the grand and magnificent manner of Minardi, reminding one of Leonardo's purity of design, with the bold foreshortening of Michael Angelo, approaching Raphael in sublimity of movement, Correggio in the splendor of figure, and Domenichino in warmth and proportions.

Alisa could not exhaust her admiration in beholding these magnificent paintings. In one place she would stand gazing at a beautiful copy of Albani, or a soul-inspiring Madonna of Dolci; in another place a Titian, a Pordenone, a Vandyki; copies of Guido, Andrea del Sarto, and Annibal Caracci, drew her wondering attention; or she smiled at a graceful or mischievous boy of Gianbellini, or Tribolo. Polissena was conversing on some exciting topic, evidently not relating to paintings, with two artists of a strange and gloomy appearance, when Alisa came upon a country scene representing Lake Albano and its environs. She stopped to examine it. Under a fine group of green oaks was seated on a stone a young country girl, dressed in the fashion of Ariccia; a lamb, with its head resting on her knees, was looking up affectionately in her face, while the beautiful girl, in reward for its love, was crowning it with a garland of flowers. "What's this?" thought Alisa, as she discovered, or imagined she discovered, in this country scenery her own portrait. She changes position; then removes to one side, and looks again: "That, certainly, is my own face!" Then shutting her hand in the shape of a tube, she looked through it in order to see the face by itself, isolated from the rest of the painting. "It is myself exactly; there can be no mistake about it." Near her was a window,

with large panes, and half open; the dark tint of the door behind caused it to give a reflection of her countenance, and turning to it, and examining the reflection carefully, she again turned to the landscape, and was at length convinced that it was indeed her own portrait. Then came a thousand conjectures; her heart beat rapidly, her temples were moistened with perspiration, her face was suffused with blushes. "Who can have done this? When and where could any one get my portrait? Oh, if it should be some one that loves me! Who can it be?" In her excitement, the innocent young girl never thought of the youth who, in May, had passed her on horseback in the avenue at Albano, and who had fallen deeply in love the moment he had seen her. She did not see, while she was thus examining her portrait, a young man, with his elbow resting upon the pedestal of a statue of Zeuxis, at the end of the gallery, and who, pale and motionless, was absorbed in watching all her movements. There was a small ticket in the corner of the painting, on which was the name "Aser," and underneath, "First premium for landscape." "Aser, who is he?" said she to herself, and taking a small ivory tablet, which she used for memoranda, she wrote the name by itself on a single leaf, and tremblingly closed and replaced it.

Polissena now joined her, with many highflown eulogiums upon the surpassing genius of Italy in the production of all those wonders of art. On their return home, she again poured forth a torrent of pompous and vapid phrases on the imperishable glory of Italians, as they passed in succession the remains of ancient Rome scattered round the Capitol. But Alisa looked with an absent air upon all those temples, and arches, and columns;

Aser had banished every other thought. For several days she continued revolving in her mind the subject of the portrait. At last, however, the festivals and unceasing rejoicings in Rome banished it from her mind, or rather confined it to the deep recesses of her heart. Her father, proud of his beautiful daughter, took her with him to every public and private entertainment; an evening never passed, on which she did not accompany her father to the theatre, or to the gayest "conversazioni," and assemblies of the most elegant Roman and foreign ladies. In the morning Alisa was always among the first in the Piazza di Monte Cavallo, to be present at the Pope's benediction from the balcony, and in the evening she went on foot or in the carriage to the Porta Pia, to see him return from his drive, admiring and applauding him with the crowds that collected round the Quirinal. Having observed that he often went out at the Porta Maggiore, and alighted from his carriage for exercise on foot, she and her father waited for him on the road, and then she would throw herself at his feet, with such ardor as to bring smiles on the countenance of the Holy Father. One day, as he held his ring for her to kiss, and asked Bartolo, whom he knew before, if that good young lady was his daughter, Alisa absolutely wept with joy, and for several days this little incident was the subject of her conversation with her friends, as the happiest moment of her life.

From the time when our Saviour invested St. Peter with the dignity of head of the Church upon earth, history does not instance a similar commotion of minds on the election of any Pope. In the glorious epoch of the pontificate, when Europe was one fold with one shepherd, there may have been more pompous and impo-

sing triumphs, illuminations, processions, arches, and other extraordinary display ; but Rome never beheld and perhaps never ~~will again behold such heartfelt gladness, as was diffused throughout the world~~ immediately succeeding the election of Pius IX. Herein God exhibited a ray of his divine glory, to show how in the end of time he will revive in the hearts of men their almost exhausted faith, and how by his divine light he will draw them again into one fold, which will submit with docility and meekness to the guidance of one shepherd. It pleased the Almighty, on the 71th of June, 1846, to raise up Pius IX., and one man alone was found able, at a time when the pontifical dignity had fallen so low, to resuscitate it and carry it to a position so exalted that the world was amazed.

The assertion, that all this enthusiasm was the result of the operations of the secret associations, is but a proof of weakness of judgment in those who have advanced it. Such an idea is worthy only of commiseration. As if the whole world constituted one secret society, or as if in these days the extent of their power were not thoroughly appreciated. ~~They are the parents of anger, hatred, treachery, inhumanity, and desolation, how then from such can arise peace, joy, admiration, and the sublime sentiments of the soul ?~~ What they could not erect they had, however, sufficient influence to corrupt and destroy. There were many generous and sincere men, who beheld in the Pope the security and foundation of the revival of Italy, and fell at first without being aware of the consequences, and afterwards, for want of fortitude, yielded to the outcries of demagogues, who meeting with no resistance rushed on in their headlong course. They did not perceive, that instead of heaping reproaches

and derision upon the heads of princes, and laying to their charge the mistakes of some minister or magistrate, it was their sacred duty to stand up in their defence before the people, and make known the goodness and fatherly disposition of their nature. Italy was never, perhaps, governed by sovereigns of greater mildness and clemency than those of our own times; none were ever more disposed to make the reforms needed to raise Italy to its natural rank among nations. Statesmen proved themselves incapable of turning this to advantage. The virtuous and loyal among the Italians were defeated, not by the power but by the craftiness of the conspiracy. Treason, with its accustomed worldly wisdom, attacked every weak point, and profited by the supineness of its adversaries. It is by no means true, that all who had been for so many years crying out for a revival of Italy were either traitors or irreligious; there were many great and pious minds, men of sterling excellence, who would have sacrificed everything in the cause of justice, but they were wanting in that wisdom which teaches us, that the first sacrifice to be made for one's country, is the union of prudence with the exercise of power, the avoidance of municipal strife, a noble disinterestedness, generous liberality, activity in operation, energy of language, a holy fearlessness in encountering obstacles, and the exposure of life itself, if necessary, for the country. The societies, on the contrary, practised and continue to practise all this: though under different names, in the nature and object of their machinations they are so intimately connected, that they are governed and guided by a single mind. To this head they commit the formation of their plans, and each member contributes according to his station. They include persons of every dialect,

and are dispersed through every province of Italy; nobles fraternize with tradesmen, townsmen with peasants, and treat each other as if they were all members of one loving family. They are subtle and crafty, full of feints and disguises, quick and daring, patient and constant. The eye of justice does not deter them; the imprisonment of their brother does not discourage them; they increase and multiply in the face of the chains and the axe, which are prepared for their treason; they rush undauntedly into the most dangerous enterprises; lavish in their contributions to the general treasury, they involve themselves in debt, impoverish their children, and consume their estates. Put down in one province they spring up in another; patient in exile and hopeful in prisons and dungeons; even with their heads laid upon the block, they mock at the executioner, and turning their treacherous eyes upon their fellow conspirators they stimulate them to revenge.

Let not Italy be deceived; let it not suppose that peace is restored. At this moment their fury and ferocity are greater than ever; at this very moment they meet in small numbers, to discuss and form new designs in the most obscure corners of the city. They communicate their information, they encourage their dupes, they excite the lukewarm, they inspire the timid, they restrain the rash; and ever bearing in mind the objects they have in view, they snatch every opportunity, and watch the errors of governments. Dissimulation and hypocrisy introduce them into the confidence of princes, make known to them the secrets of cabinets, the dissensions among ministers, and the mysteries of the police; they find their way into the ranks of the army, the vessels of the navy, and the heart of every fortress. They know

everything, they profit by everything; every weapon is lawful in their hands. In the day they are all activity, in the night, all watchfulness; among them fatigue is unknown.

Such tact and ingenuity are worthy of a better cause; and if patriotic and sincere Italians do not exert a similar activity and vigilance for the attainment of good, Italy will ever be the prey of the factions, and instead of recovering its ancient glory, it will sink into the abyss of destruction.

I have been led to this digression from witnessing the festivals in honor of Pius IX. in Rome, and have been forced to lament the blindness of those who, in their simplicity, closed their eyes to the employment of the conspirators on those occasions. For while those good people stood on the Monte Cavallo, looking in ecstasy at the Pope as he came out on the balcony, and prostrating themselves and striking their breasts, made the sign of the cross, as they received the papal benediction, the traitors were laughing in their sleeves; while with their pious gestures they surpassed even the notable Fra Cipolla at Certaldo.

One day as Bartolo was returning from the Quirinal, he joined a young silk-mantled Monsignore.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, "Don Achille mio, what a touching sight! Did you see Rienzi, Sterbini, Galletti, how devoutly they crossed themselves?"

"What would you have?" returned the foppish little Monsignore; "it is a miracle; it is the triumph of religion!"

"Yes, and the feast of the devil!" exclaimed an old keeper of the palace, who was passing at the time.

"Those old fellows," said they to each other frown-

ing, with their ruby-colored hose and their purple doublets, "are like the owls in the ruins of Caracalla's baths; the brighter the sun the more it offends their eyes."

"It is such priests as you, who by your negligence disgrace your character, that are the owls," muttered the old man, "and the day will come when the bats will not have holes enough to hide you from the talons of these vultures, that can be satiated only with the flesh of priests! Alas!" And chafing and fuming he continued his way up to the Quirinal.

"Like a deluge they crowd up here for the Pope's blessing, and if he keeps them waiting a minute or two, they bawl out their 'accidente,' and are for bringing him by force. Benedictions from the balcony, and then maledictions on Pope Gregory, signs of the cross and the next moment, 'Death to the Cardinals!' It will drive me mad! Instead of blessings from the balcony, I would give them a blessing from the tower of the Swiss, with two cannons loaded with grape."

"Softly, Signor Pacifico. Grape! Among whom would you fire your grape?" asked the Dean of a Cardinal, who was coming out of the palace. "Ha! your grape, I suppose, would be the pipeclay comfits used in the Corso in the time of the Carnival! What is the matter, what has thus raised your indignation?"

"I am enraged at those hypocritical blessing-hunters. If the Padrone only knew them, oh, glory to St. Peter! he would make them keep a respectful distance."

"Do you suppose, Master Pacifico, that the Pope does not know them? Depend upon it, he reads their very hearts. One day the Cardinal, my patron, had at his table an aged Monsignore, one of those who lived in the

time of Pope Leo. The old man was lamenting the frequent disturbance offered by these people to the Pope, when the Cardinal, seeing that the footman was not present, and that I myself was busily engaged in arranging the plate upon the sideboard, addressed the old man, saying:

“Monsignore do not distress yourself; the Pope has often told me that he has excellent reasons for such paternal government. Moreover, if on the one hand such bounty should move their consciences to a repentance of their misdeeds, and should lead them to maintain tranquillity in future, the Pope would have accomplished at a cheap rate the pacification of his own states and of all Italy; if, on the other, abusing such clemency, they should obstinately persevere in their treasonable course against legitimate authority, and, in their revolt against God and his Church, heap burning coals upon their heads, Italy, Europe, and the whole universe will be convinced of the manifest stubbornness of these impious men, and of the sordid baseness which governed their entire generation; every honest man will seek to exterminate them from the earth which they contaminate and set in flames with their rebellions.”

“I quite agree with all that,” was Pacifico’s reply to this just and natural reasoning; “and I sincerely hope,” he continued, “it may turn out exactly as your Cardinal predicts; but, mind me, if the second part ~~should come to pass, these fiendish rebels, whether they heap coals of fire on their heads or not, will take good~~ care to put the treasures of the Church into their own pockets; and upon us poor fellows they will bring unutterable terror and misery.”

CHAPTER V.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE LATERAN.

THE Pope had returned from his autumnal vacation among the hills of Albano and Frascati, and in the midst of joy, festivity, and triumphs, November set in, bringing with it from the north a crowd of strangers, who were impatiently awaiting the installation of Pope Pius IX. in the Basilica of the Lateran. The Pope's master of ceremonies, Monsignor de Ligny, had made every preparation for this solemnity, and the Pope wished to restore the ancient procession on horseback, which, after the fall of Clement XIV. from his horse, had grown into disuse, and ordered the Court to ride in advance of his carriage.

A squadron of mounted dragoons opened this magnificent procession. Their high bearskin caps were surmounted with white and yellow plumes, beneath which were suspended cords and tassels of brilliant white; they wore buckskin gloves turned high over their wrists, and high boots; their saddle-cloths were of brown sheepskin. At a short distance followed the Swiss trumpeters in their steel breastplates, their coat-of-arms embroidered with ornamental foliage and party-colored strips of cloth, their trumpets carrying flags of white brocade with gold fringe, and the device of the keys and triple crown worked in the centre.

Then came the honorary chamberlains, dressed in the Italian fashion and flat caps of the sixteenth century, mounted on splendid horses with richly ornamented

trappings. Their rich mantles were of black velvet with slit sleeves, puffed out at the shoulders with satin. Round their necks they wore gold chains supporting the palatine cross. Their caps, also of black velvet, were adorned with delicate black plumes hanging gracefully on the left.

The ecclesiastical chamberlains followed, in large purple cloaks, with hoods lined with rose-colored silk on their heads, and the ample folds of their cloaks covering their horses.

After these followed the colleges of Prelates in their large purple mantles, attended by their clerks, who wore green hats tied in front with long cords and tassels. The saddles and saddle-cloths of those Monsignori consisted of velvet of the color of the amaranth, and the trappings were of scarlet, and fastened with gold buckles.

Next in order were the chaplains, ecclesiastics, and other personages of the papal household, in purple gowns; each bishop and prelate attended by two grooms. Last rode Monsignore Sacrista, mounted on a white mule and bearing a processional cross.

The Pope's carriage, drawn by six horses, with riders in ruby-colored cloaks, was of such richness of design and execution, in relief, and of such splendid brilliancy, that it seemed a mass of solid gold moving through the streets of Rome. The Swiss marched on either side of the carriage, a part on horseback and a part on foot, with morions or steel caps on their heads, steel breastplates delicately relieved and inlaid with gold, and coats of arms embroidered with devices.

After these came the papal carriages, some with six and others with four horses, followed by the carriages of the cardinals, with rich and magnificent liveries, The

Roman senate closed the triumphal march, preceded by a band of trumpeters on horseback ; after these followed the standard-bearers, with the standards, on which were the ancient S. P. Q. R. in letters of gold.* The mace-bearers marched on foot at the heads of the horses. In the front carriage was the "Senator," in magnificent robes of cloth of gold ; and in the others the "Conservatori," in black velvet. The pages of the Capitol walked on foot at the sides of their carriages, in yellow liveries and short crimson mantles, the seams of which were covered with lace embroidered with the arms of the Senate.

The whole of Rome had flocked on that day to see the Pope on his passage from the hill of the Quirinal to the Lateran Basilica. Pius IX. in rochet, cassock, and stole, saw on all sides thousands of hands raised to applaud ; he heard thousands of voices shouting his praises, and saw himself surrounded by thousands whose radiant smiles bespoke the joy that overflowed their hearts. He answered these demonstrations of the love of his people with paternal and celestial smiles, and invoked upon them, as he passed, the blessing of God.

Alisa, from a window opposite St. Sylvester, watched the procession, as it moved from the Quirinal, extending from the Fountain of the Horses of Phidias as far as the Villa Aldobrandini ; but as soon as the Pope had passed, eager to obtain another view of him, she was so urgent that she prevailed upon her father to take her to the piazza of the Forum of Trajan, to the house of one of her friends. In spite, however, of their efforts they were too late to turn the front of the advanced guard of dra-

* S. P. Q. R. Senatus Populus Que Romanus. The Senate and People of Rome. (The.)

goons which was pressing back the crowd ; and Bartolo, greatly annoyed, retired with his daughter as near the wall as possible while they passed. The horses took up the greater part of the breadth of the street, and the people were so crushed together that mothers were compelled to hold up their children above their heads to save them, when a white handkerchief fell from the hand of a lady who stood upon a balcony above. This frightened one of the horses of the dragoons ; he reared and bounded aside, and in another moment Alisa would have been crushed beneath his hoofs. She gave a cry of terror, and in instant a young man threw himself under the horse and snatching her up, pressed rapidly with her through the crowd, and after placing her in safety under the arch of a doorway, disappeared.

The horse, however, in his plunging had struck him upon the left shoulder, and he hastened in the most acute pain to regain his dwelling. He had reached the corner of the street which leads to the Santi Apostoli, when, overcome with agony, he fell to the ground. Two persons from the crowd conveyed him to the house of a physician, who at first thought that the pressure of the crowd was the sole cause of his suffering. He soon discovered from the difficulty of his breathing, that he was seriously injured ; his coat was removed with difficulty, as his shoulder was already exceedingly swollen, but by various applications, he was somewhat relieved. The bystanders observed, suspended from his neck, as they opened his vest, a miniature richly set in gold, and on examining it, a priest who was present told the doctor that it was the portrait of the daughter of Bartolo Capigli. On the back were written in blood the words, "Without hope." The first subject of anxiety of the

youth, on being restored to animation, appeared to be this portrait, which he hurriedly replaced out of sight, and giving his name, "Aser," directed them to remove him to his place of residence in the Via delle Vite.

CHAPTER VI.

ASER.

WHILE every order in Rome seemed absorbed in these festivities, there were not wanting men of sagacity and judgment, who perceived certain signs that gave them considerable inquietude for the future. Ciceruacchio redoubled his activity in leading astray the people, and in exciting them to excessive indulgence of their passions. He multiplied himself by means of his subordinates, whom he had collected from the worst dens of the city. The idle and dissolute, who are always ready to snatch at every method of living without labor and fatigue, ran about the city predicting the arrival of a new era, a new *Queen*, said they, who would restore the golden age: and the people listened in stupid amazement.

Bartolo, with his Utopian ideas, was in an ecstasy of delight at the sight of so much agitation, such exaltation of spirits among the people of Rome. In the excess of his delight he exclaimed to his friends:—

"Look at the stirring activity of people! See how they have awakened from their long trance! Believe me, the Roman people, emulating the virtues of their

forefathers, shall yet arouse Italy from its long sleep, to magnanimous deeds. What are the broad States of Italy in comparison to the Cantons of Switzerland? I do not speak of the smaller Cantons of Uri, Schwitz, Unterwald and Glaris; but of the largest and most populous; Lucerne, Lausanne, Argovia, and Berne, which altogether are not equal in extent to the half of Piedmont, of Tuscany, or Lombardy. Yet united in a confederacy, they form the invincible and noble Helvetia, which with an undaunted and sovereign countenance, ranks itself as the sister of the most powerful kingdoms and empires of Europe. Form an Italian league, elect the Pope its President, and appoint Rome the seat of its Diet, and the modern Rome from its Capitol will vie with the ancient. Let each State in Italy maintain its independence; let it be governed by its own laws, its own usages and customs; let it be bound solely by the federal compact; let it have conformity of weights, measures, and coins, of tolls and customs; let each one maintain its own army, always in readiness to succor its neighbors; and let the Diet possess full power to declare peace or war, under the orders of its statutory councils, approved of by the sovereigns."

"Fine castles in the air, these," said the Abbate Palma, who was one day present among a number of friends at one of these speeches; "but the establishment of confederations had better be left to the monarchs of Italy. I cannot understand how it is that in every caffè, every druggist's, salt-dealer's, and tobacconist's shop, so many talented statesmen should suddenly have sprung up, so many politicians and diplomatists, all spouting eloquent speeches on public affairs of the gravest importance. I tell you, that during all this idle prate among

the Roman men and the Roman women, who seem all at once turned into Sempronias, Cornelias, and Hortensias, I have seen a number of morose and savage faces, which I don't like at all. In December last, on the anniversary of St. John, which is the Christian name of the Pope, and on that of Pius V., his assumed name in the Pontificate, the people marched about the city in uniforms, under banners, each body of them headed by their corporals. From what quarter do they look for their support and that of their families, if they thus continually leave their business? Does some secret hand pay them their wages on those idle days? Who supplies all this money? Where does it come from?

"My friends, last year the demonstrations made in honor of Pius IX. were spontaneous, they came from the heart; all concurred, all joined in the universal jubilee. But now this same people, who on the least pretence troop together in the daytime, are seen also in the night running from tavern to tavern, shouting and yelling and singing certain vile and impious songs, which, you need not be told, were not taught them by the Collaroni of the Caravita.* We begin to hear cries of parties, of cabals and conventions, and especially the partisan nicknames of 'the blacks' and 'the whites,' 'progressionists' and 'retrograders,' 'mustaches' and 'pigtaills,' 'liberals' and 'papalists,' 'enlightened' and 'Jesuitists.' What has the confederation of Italy to do with all this clashing of Guelphs and Ghibellines? In Romagna again, there are midday assassinations in the streets, and even in the open market-places of men

* An oratory held open at nights in Rome, the brotherhood of which, called the Collaroni, move through the streets, singing, in procession, to invite the faithful to go and hear the discourse of the missionary.

of acknowledged excellence; and the murderers are surrounded by a mob of accomplices who studiously screen them from justice. Signor Bartolo, let me hear you unravel this enigma; pray enlighten me also respecting the reports against the Cardinals, which have brought upon them the public hatred, by spreading against them every kind of base aspersion. Why are they proclaimed the enemies of the Pope, friends of darkness, and the paricides of their country? What sort of liberty do you call that, which forbids a citizen to please himself even in the arrangement of his hair? which prevents him from showing himself in the daylight unless with a beard and whiskers? which prescribes the shape of his mustaches, and decrees that his beard shall be pointed, or rounded, or square, according to the caprice of the champions of the Caffè Nuovo: and if some poor snuff-taker finds mustaches uncomfortable and gets them shaved off, he is ridiculed and cut by his acquaintances. I expect nothing less, than that next we clergymen should have to wear majestic beards like Bembo, Sadoletto, or Monsignor della Casa. I suppose that our three-cornered hat will also fall under the popular ban, and we shall have to put on some newfangled affair in its place. I'll tell you what; it is my opinion, that we shall finish with the 'red cap of the reign of terror.'"

On the departure of the good Palma there arose among the company every expression of violent disapproval and contempt. He was an enemy to enlightenment, a "retrograder," a calumniator of the Roman people. "Our clergy," say they, "are behind the age; they cannot keep pace with the progress of modern civilization. Canon Law, the Decretals, and the Council of Trent, embrace the whole of their acquirements. As for

the affairs of this world, they, especially the aged, are in utter darkness."

The spring of 1847 was advancing with renovating steps, scattering its flowers over the lovely hills of Latium, and pervading every place with delightful fragrance. The noble Roman villas had unfolded the splendors of their verdure, the beautiful serenity of their lakes, the gaiety of their meadows, and the magnificence of their gardens. Towards evening, Pincio and the Villa Borghese were open to the crowds of noble foreigners and Romans; the Villa Panfili, the Villa Albani, the Villa Patrizi, and others, were frequented by parties of pleasure, composed of the citizens, who in some pleasant retreat, on the banks of the lakes, or on the borders of the flower-beds, seated themselves in circles and enjoyed a frugal feast. The seasoning of the conversation at these rural entertainments was invariably politics; the praises of Pius IX., the hopes of Italy, the means, arts, and plans by which the resurrection of their country could be effected with the least danger.

As the assemblies were partial in their nature they did not fully answer the designs of the more impatient, who had their own objects in view: it was resolved that public banquets should be held, at which every class of people should meet on a footing of equality. This idea was immediately acted upon. Ciceruacchio, Sterbini, and Masi were without delay set in motion, and from the month of May, the rural festivities, the monster "picnics," and the public dinners in the villas round Rome, rivalled the royal feast of Assuerus, which lasted, in the gardens of his palace, one hundred and eighty days without intermission. One day Doctor Sterbini, who was

Bartolo's family physician and on terms of intimacy with him, called to see him.

"You see," said the Doctor, "how all Rome is in joyful commotion, what animation there is among the people, and that the time of our ransom is at hand; these festivities may be compared to the public dinners of ancient Sparta, from which the Spartan youth arose with souls inflamed with the love of their country, with ennobled views, and renewed courage for the magnanimous enterprises of war. This is perfectly clear to you, who never absent yourself from any of our entertainments, and who have so generously contributed to the supply of wine and bread and cheese for the Roman people. The popular commission does not ask you for money on the present occasion, but that you would, on next Monday, throw open to the people your splendid vineyard near Ponte Molle, for a grand banquet, which it proposes to offer to its friends. You will not need to put yourself to any expense; everything is in order; the tents, tables, and utensils; wines, fowls, vegetables, and meats, all are prepared, and we shall have waiters and carvers in abundance."

Bartolo answered, that he accepted as a very great favor the opportunity of giving so small a proof of his devotion to Italy and Rome.

"Good," replied Sterbini, "the matter is settled. Pray, keep your seat, don't let me disturb you: you rich gentry have always plenty on your hands. I am going in to see the Signora Polissena, who has been troubled with headache. Sit still, I pray; with friends there is no need of ceremony." And leaving Bartolo, he went to Polissena, closed the door carefully, and looked round before he spoke.

"Well, you see we are not satisfied with the usual mode of progression on foot, we are flying with outstretched wings. Everything is in our favor. The impatience of our brethren in Switzerland can scarcely be restrained; those holy water dupes and the pilgrims to the Madonna of Einsiedeln will soon get their thick skulls broken. At Vienna all is ready to spring the mine; nothing more is needed but to apply the match. Germany is prepared; France will blow up Louis Philippe, with his Macchiavel in his hand; Piedmont, Tuscany, and the whole of Italy, are like a pond surrounded with an impervious net, and not a fish of them all can escape. England scatters its baits, which are eagerly swallowed; the Jews of Italy, Germany, Poland, Bohemia, and Hungary, will lend their aid in various ways. They are our treasurers and our printers; they supply us with books and every kind of prints; and what is infinitely more important, they have men of every condition, old and young, travelling apparently for purposes of trade, who render us, with perfect safety, the most faithful services. They pry into every corner, and through every keyhole; they thrust themselves everywhere: in a word, they are our electric telegraph."

"What! do you trust to Jews!" exclaimed Polissena; "to the sordid, ignorant, covetous, cowardly Jews, who, for two quattrini, would outdo Judas?"

"Exactly! and it is neither magnanimity, nor generosity, nor courtesy, which binds them to us: it is the madness of Judas. The resurrection of Europe would crucify and bury again the Nazarene, and for this they would give the last drop of blood. You measure the ultramontane Jews by those of our own despicable Ghetti in Italy. You deceive yourself; they are liberal, enlight-

ened and rich; they crowd the universities; they move in the highest circles; they have merchant vessels in every port; they are mixed up in the affairs of every government; in short, they are excluded only from the most influential places in the palaces of kings. Be of good heart, Polissena. You will soon see our friends from Leghorn. We are now waiting for a few members of the 'Legion of Death' from Romagna, some half dozen Calabrians, the 'Lion of Ancona,' the 'Leopard of Rieti,' the 'Dragon of Perugia,' and the 'Desperate Soul' of Viterbo;—those four alone are worth a thousand. Fear nothing, Polissena, true daughter of Italy! How have you got on with Alisa? I would have you to leave nothing undone. She is rich and beautiful, and full of spirit; she must be a good Italian. We need ladies; they have an infinity of arts to bring over their lovers, their husbands, and their sons."

"What would you have, Sterbini mio," answered Polissena, smiling; "there is little to hope from Alisa; she remains, in spite of all my attempts, devout to the Blessed Virgin, and proof against every attack. I have placed in her hands books such as you approve of, the 'Journals of Young Switzerland,' the 'Wandering Jew,' the 'Religion of the Future,' by Fuerbach, the 'Poems of George Herwegh,' the discourses of Weitling and of Marr. I have gained little more than to corrupt her heart somewhat, and inspire her with a love for the amusements with which our party has inundated Rome. On the occasion of the Installation of the Pope in the Lateran, she narrowly escaped being crushed by a horse, and was only saved by the interposition of a young man, who received a serious injury on the shoulder. On being carried insensible into the house of an apothecary, a

miniature was found upon him which was recognised to be the portrait of Alisa. He is some foreigner of the name of Aser; Alisa knows this, and since this occurrence she seeks solitude, she is absent and thoughtful, and has lost all taste for amusement. I believe this foreigner is desperately in love with her; he follows her everywhere; at the theatre he waits at the door; then takes a box which looks down upon ours, and from behind the curtains he never takes his eyes off her. At the benedictions of the Pope, he is always close by in the crowd; at the shows in the Corso, he stations himself opposite the balcony of Alisa, always alone and silent. He is handsome, has a high forehead and piercing eyes; dresses in the Italian fashion, and wears in his hat a black plume somewhat inclining to the right. Do you know him?"

"This Aser, my dear Polissena, is a mystery even to us; but the determined soul and the resolute bearing which he has displayed in our affairs in Italy and Rome, by no means partake of the same character of obscurity. There is not another youth of such intrepidity as he; none who have adopted our cause, are more deeply engaged in all our practices and secret plans: he is a captain and duke in the 'Sacred Cohort.' He raises our boldest and most efficient levies, he is vigilant and active both in public and private. His recruits are idle or fraudulent young debauchees and malefactors, worthless fellows and spendthrifts, who have abandoned their wives and families and squandered their property, who are loaded with debt, or who have pawned everything, but the honor of their wives and daughters. These dregs of society we need for a thousand purposes; they are our 'food for powder,' our breastwork in time of danger, into which

they rush headlong, and whether they conquer or perish, they are still but a vile slavish throng, fit only to receive the blows intended for ourselves, and whose blood may flow the streets in torrents without exciting compunction.

Aser, in these respects, is invaluable; and already the members, whom he has enlisted in Rome, overreach the suspicions of Nardoni or the fears of the Cardinals. Who this Aser is no one knows; he wraps himself in an impenetrable disguise. He is generally supposed to be a natural son of some great prince in the north; it is, however, certain that he came to Rome with a passport from Hamburgh, that he brought letters of introduction from the first bankers of the Hanseatic towns, that he was recommended to several consuls, and that he was always in the company of Lord Minto; but he avoids the Minister of Russia, and more than any other the Ambassador of Austria. He scatters money with a profuse hand, and is still always well supplied; his house is furnished like a nobleman's; he is a generous patron of all the artists, particularly to the Prussians, Hanoverians, Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians; he speaks several languages with fluency, especially French, English and Italian, and pronounces the latter with a softness and delicacy unknown in a German. He plays on the harp and on the piano, sings well, paints like a master, and rides with inimitable grace."

"He certainly is," interposed Polissena, "a youth of great courage, and it is positively a crime not to know his origin."

"Of what advantage would it be to know it?" said Sterbini, "if we desired it, our police would not be long in discovering it, and we should soon be informed of his father, mother, and parentage four generations back."

But that which to us is of real importance—he is our friend and ally. He is a friend of Mazzini, Ruffini, and Rosales; he keeps up an unbroken correspondence with Scharpff, Breidenstein, Barth, and Stomeyer, the leaders, as you know, of Young Germany. I need not mention the Swiss, or that he is well acquainted with all the regenerators of Lausanne, Berne, Geneva, Zurich, and the other Cantons. In short, he is for us a real jewel. Polissena, keep up your courage, and exert your whole strength to raise up this degraded Italy from its debasement.” With these words Sterbini retired.

CHAPTER VII.

THE RURAL BANQUET.

BARTOLO now busied himself in embellishing his vineyard for the banquet; he set his men to work in every part—on the walks, the paths, the flower-pots and shrubberies, the fountains and seats, everything was renewed and beautified. The casino was delivered up to painters, cabinet-makers, and upholsterers; everything underwent thorough repairs. The meadows below were alive with tradesmen and artisans, who seemed to have brought with them the stuffs, the damasks, tapestries, and curtains of half the Ghetto. In the middle was planted an immense Persian tent striped with white and yellow. Over the tables in the interior were suspended innumerable magnificent chandeliers, which in the evening would illuminate

the entire space with the brightness of midday ; festoons and garlands were tastefully mingled with the curtains and entwined about the mirrors, which hung round the sides and supported three-branched chandeliers, the light of which they vividly reflected. In the middle of the tent was raised, to serve as a buffet or sideboard, a large pyramid of steps, terminating in a grand trophy composed of flags and warlike emblems. From the centre of this ascended the high jet of a perennial fountain, which fell back in spray into a splendid antique cistern, from which, by hidden passages, it escaped into the garden. The highest steps were crowned with bottles of choice wines, on the middle steps were the richest preparations of creams and confectionery, and on the lower steps were arranged the more substantial contributions to the banquet, with pyramids of fruits and flowers of every season and climate, and finally, on the broad table round the base were arranged vases and dishes of porcelain, and the stands and cases of the silver plate.

Round this rural temple were ranges of tables resembling the Pantheon of Agrippa, with covers of the finest and whitest linen. Upon these were placed, at intervals, vases of flowers, the citron, the orange, the lemon, and olive trees. Four long galleries had been constructed within the circle of the tent, forming platforms adorned with magnificent curtains. These were designed for the use of the ladies, who, instead of sitting down at the great tables, were provided with beautiful marble stands, upon which were arranged silver baskets and dishes filled with fruits, sweetmeats, and flowers. Bartolo had caused bouquets of flowers to be brought from his Alban villa ; these were distributed in vases over the tables. From the gardens of the vineyard, and from the villas of his

friends, he had collected a great number of earthen flower-pots, containing the richest native and exotic plants; moreover, every variety of trees and shrubbery were collected for the occasion. These were arranged in tasteful lines and groups in different parts of the pavilion.

On the appointed day, Ciceruacchio and his satellites drew the people up in ranks and led them with songs and shouts through the Porta del Popolo to Bartolo's vineyard.

They were followed by long lines of carriages containing the artists of every nation; painters, sculptors, engravers, carvers, workers in mosaic, coral and cameo cutters, artists in bronze work, pattern-makers, and even the workers and grinders of colors. Then came burgesses, officers, and magistrates, every description of merchants and tradesmen, men without recognised occupation of every order, nobles, and patricians, and princes of every grade and dignity. Such a commingling of all ranks was never before witnessed in the city. Ciceruacchio was the golden link, the "*funiculus charitatis*," which bound with its chains of love every grade and position; here he shook hands with a prince; there he walked arm in arm with a duke, or he embraced a marquis or a count, or he playfully jested with a banker, or caressingly curled the mustache of a colonel; and by way of greeting, he shook the Judges of Monte Citorio and Presidents of the Wards by the shoulders. The next moment, saluting with a blow of his heavy fist the shoulder of some porter of the Ripetta, or some carter of the Piazza del Oca, he would utter some horrible curse: "Ho! shout, Hurrah for Pius IX. Hurrah for Italy!" "Long live Misther Angelo, our *Tribute* o' th' People,"

replied a number of tinkers from the Regola. "Viva," repeated the costermongers of the Monti.

A company of elegant young gentlemen had assumed the task of receiving the ladies, and escorting them to the platforms erected for their especial use. These youths were dressed in the Italian fashion, in tunics and trousers of black velvet, plumes in their hats, and a belt in which they wore daggers with cross-hilts. Aser on this occasion appeared more brilliant and handsome than ever. His tunic was of the velvet of the celebrated manufacture of Bracchetti di Ala in the Italian Tyrol. His belt was fastened by a gold buckle in the form of an escutcheon deeply engraved, and holding in the centre a magnificent emerald. The hilt of his dagger, instead of being in the form of a cross, like those of the other young men, was fashioned in the shape of a serpent entwined in triple spiral folds, with its erect crest forming the guard for the hand; the sheath was of glittering steel variegated with tracery of gold; the point, likewise of gold, terminated in a ruby. His hat was adorned with a large ostrich feather; round his neck he wore a gold chain of almond-shaped links, which sustained a medal representing, in relief, Italy crowned by genius, with the motto, "Arise and Reign." His canary-colored Grenoble gloves hung at his belt near his dagger; and his wristbands contrasted their snowy whiteness with the black velvet sleeves over which they were turned. Pointed mustaches, beard à la Vandyke, his hair in the fashion of the Buondelmonti of Cimebue, made him a living representation of an ancient Italian. After conducting each lady to her seat upon the platform, he again rapidly descended the stairs and hastened out of the

pavilion; he seemed thoughtful and absent, and often turned his eyes towards the gates of the vineyard.

When Bartolo arrived with Alisa and Polissena, Aser was in a moment at the carriage door, and offered his assistance to Alisa as she descended from the carriage, she felt his hand tremble as if he were shaken by the ague. Polissena went in advance with a young man from Rimini, and Aser followed with Alisa, of whom he merely asked, if her ride there had been agreeable. "Perfectly so," she answered; "the distance is short, and this is one of the most beautiful days of this delightful season! Oh, this festival will be most pleasant." As she said this they reached the ladies' platform.

The gentlemen were already seated at the tables of the grand pavilion, and the military bands placed at the foot of the galleries, and another composed of the great masters in the Rotunda played alternately, and enlivened the feast. The refreshments were circulated among the ladies; beautiful young girls, who waited upon them, moved rapidly to and fro with watchful activity, and offered to each one the varied delicacies of the feast. In the mean time, Aser stood behind the seat of Alisa to see that the attendants did not pass her by, and he himself would remove her plate, and if any pistachio nuts or almonds remained upon it he stealthily took possession of them, happy to preserve some memorial of such a day. While he was thus silently paying his attentions, a certain Casemirsky accosted Aser with intentional insult. This man was a Pole of furious and ungovernable temper, constantly on the watch for every occasion of quarrelling, and who, notwithstanding frequent chastisements, still indulged his fractious disposition.

"What are you doing here? I wish to attend to this young lady myself."

Aser turned upon him a look of burning contempt, and kept his place; but Casemirsky proceeding to elbow him from it, Aser seized him by the arm with an iron grasp, and dragged him rapidly out to the open green. There three other Poles came to the assistance of their countryman, with drawn daggers; Aser had also drawn his dagger, and was warding off their blows in silence, when several Romagnuoli and Sicilians threw themselves between and separated them. Casemirsky cried with impotent rage: "I expect you to-morrow with pistols."

Elsewhere every one was delighted with the perfection of the arrangements of this great banquet. The foreigners pay their compliments to the Roman magnificence, which manifests itself on every occasion. But this festival was looked upon by a majority of the spectators, simply as a demonstration of public happiness under the auspicious government of Pius IX.; but it was clearly manifest to those who did not walk with their eyes shut, that it was designed by the revolutionists as the first movement of the conspiracy against the most paternal of Princes, and the most mild and generous of Popes. From time to time, while the wine circulated, silence was proclaimed by the heralds, and the Tiberine bards intoned from an elevated platform the hymn of Italy. The poets Guerrini, Gherardi, Sterbini, Meucci and Tomassoni, boldly proclaimed in every species of metrical composition the future triumphs of Rome. The Roman people were the sons of heroes; Rome had been the mistress of the universe; the Capitol was the rock of liberty, whence the eagle of Quirinus had taken its flight to civilize the world; it was the rock to which the triumphal

cars of their forefathers had tended with so much applause. "Arise, people of Rome, arise; burst your bonds and reign." "Ye are the sovereign people; ye gave the Vatican to the Popes, but the Capitol must still be your own." The ancient names of Mucius Scaevola, Cocles, and the Horatii, were invoked to inspirit the men, while the ladies in their turn were exhorted to emulate the hatred of tyranny displayed by Clelia and her companions.

At the end of every recitation, Ciceruacchio scattered his heralds through the galleries, to excite the people to shouts of "Rome for ever! Italy for ever!" And to blind the well-intentioned to their evil designs, he spread a report in Rome on the following day, that a man from Leghorn had unfolded a revolutionary tricolor, and that the people were ready to tear him to pieces, with cries of, "Down with those colors; white and yellow for us; woe to them that touch them! Long live Pius IX."

These poetical effusions were printed and dispersed through the city. One admired them as noble conceptions, while another pronounced them sheer theatrical ranting and the ravings of lunacy. "Very likely!" said they; "show us your Cocles and Scaevolus now-a-days! They have exchanged the Aventine for Monte Testaccio,* and in its wine-caves they find it more interesting to handle bottles than burning coals. Pshaw! Old Meo Patacca sang better in the piazza Barberina, and at the crossways of the Suburra."

But men of judgment, the sterling and virtuous Ro-

* The Monte Testaccio is a high mound or hill, composed of the rubbish from the ruins of Ancient Rome. Inside there are wine vaults, to which the common people resort in the month of October to drink and amuse themselves.

mans began to look around in alarm. "If matters proceed at this rate, the Pope had better at once take shelter in San Giovanni, as its arch-priest. These strangers who are crowding into Rome like flocks of rooks, make a croaking and din that is perfectly deafening." They saw gathering over Rome dense and dark clouds, which foretold the approach of a terrific storm. "Already," said the more clear-sighted, "we have seen the lightnings flash, and we hear the distant muttering of thunder."

On the other hand, the ladies, who on the preceding day were on the platforms in the pavilion, had held a grand parley that evening at the theatre, on the subject of the occurrence which they had witnessed behind Alisa. Although Alisa herself had scarcely been aware of the short but angry altercation between the rivals, the envious young ladies and jealous mothers had not missed a single movement:—"So young," said one to another; "and already so artful. Already she is mixed up with adventurers. Ah! the silly coquette! how delighted she was to have so handsome an admirer at her back! And yet what an air of innocence and simplicity!"

"She is even younger than my Virginia," said another, "and already she is puffed up with her eighty thousand pounds. They say that young man with a diamond clasp, is a Swedish duke; at any rate he has a fierceness in his eyes, that carries fear wherever he fixes them."

"If Lady Flavia were living," remarked a third, "we should have none of these scandals. It is truly astonishing! A young girl, just loosed from the convent, running to every festival; dressing with such elegance, and frequenting every society! Again that lady companion, or tutoress, or female mentor, or whatever you may call

her, is not the one for me. She affects reserve, but I understand the malice of those hawks, which force themselves into dovescots; they are more cunning than magpies. Was she ever seen at church? When Alisa goes to Father Ventura she always has a headache, and sends a waiting-maid to accompany her, or Signor Bartolo takes her himself. As for Alisa—why, at least, she is the daughter of an excellent mother. Enough! may she have much joy with her Swede. Who knows what difficulty he will have yet with that Pole with whom he quarrelled yesterday?"

Casemirsky, enraged against Aser, was not satisfied with the verbal defiance on the green; but he sent him a note at the theatre, challenging him to a meeting at noon on the following day, among the old ruins behind Santo Stephano. Aser had, for seconds, a friend from Palermo, and another from Leghorn. Casemirsky was accompanied by a Hungarian, and a Persian. They left their carriages on the green of the Navicella, and chose a level space at the foot of Monte Celio, where the seconds loaded the pistols, and the combatants made their preparations. But Polissena, who had received intimation of the duel, sent in great haste two Romagnuoli, to beseech them not to throw away their lives at a moment of such vital importance to their country; to reserve their ardor and daring for their enemies, and for the deliverance of Italy from its chains, since for that alone both had abandoned their native soil and devoted themselves to its cause; but let them remember their oaths, and consider, which ever should fall, would be one champion the less in the ranks of the brave.

Aser coolly answered: "I have already devoted my life to Italy; tell the generous lady who sent you, that I

forgive Casemirsky, notwithstanding his insult and defiance: but my blood is of some account, and if he be resolved to fight, and I fall, it shall call down vengeance upon the enemy who uselessly sheds it on the Roman soil, instead of leaving it to flow on the plains of the Adige, or the Po."

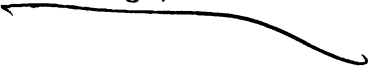
Casemirsky grew ferocious. "'Tis fear that makes you thus play the hero. Fight, coward, and die!" and approaching Aser, he wished to fight breast to breast; but the seconds interposed: "No," said they, "it shall be according to our rules of duelling, at five paces."

So saying, they bandaged the eyes of both. The first shot fell to the lot of Casemirsky. He fired, and the ball grazed Aser's temple, carrying away a lock of his hair. Then, instead of pointing his pistol at his adversary, Aser raised his arm and fired in the air, with a cry of "Viva l'Italia."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SECRET SOCIETIES.

WHOEVER examines, with a discriminating eye, the condition of our age, and having read the recent history of European nations, and having recalled to mind the events of which he has been an eye-witness, and seeks to discover the cause of so many revolts in so short a period, ~~will clearly find, from their effects,~~ that they have one common origin, viz.: *secret societies*. Although they



exist as a common principle among nations of different race and country, the constant effects which flow from them, prove them to be perpetually the same. Whoever entertains a different opinion, is either unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Europe, or he lives at home, secluded from society.

The very soul of all the unlooked for and rapid changes in the states of Europe, is the *Pandemonium* of the secret societies. This is the mysterious *demiurgus** of the Oriental religions, which animates everything in the physical and in the moral world; which shows itself in every form; which warms all life with its hidden fire; which gives intelligences to the invisible spirits dispersed through the universe. This supreme *protogoneus*, the first cause of all things, was the active and passive principle of the world, symbolized under the figure of the *serpent* by pre-eminence, which, among the Egyptians, was the *Pftà*; and, among the Greeks, *Apollo Pythoneus*.

The secret societies could not have imagined a more appropriate emblem than this. The serpent glides noiselessly under the grass and beneath the flowers; it winds its coils in secret into the innermost recesses of mouldering ruins—into the crevices of rocks and the holes of the earth; it broods beneath foundations, under the roots of trees, and even under the altar of God. It dwells in solitude, in the depths of wells and cisterns, in the empty vaults of sepulchres, and in the most profound caverns. In its loneliness it meditates carnage, it accu-

* *Demiurgus* (*δημιουργός*), the supreme magistrate in some free states in Greece. (*Livy*.) Here it holds its natural signification—a mechanic, artist, or builder; one who constructs. (Tr.)

mulates venom, wets its fangs and sends forth threatening fire from its blood-red eyes. Issuing forth into the sunlight, it rolls forward in proud and menacing undulations, casts off its skin, unfolds the splendor of its new colors, and with crest erect, it darts its forked tongue, and sends forth its horrible hissings. But if its silence strikes the heart with fear, the shrill sound of its hissing fills it with horror, and is the knell of death.

But that property of the serpent which more especially resembles the secret societies, is the fascination of its eye; that motionless, piercing and searching eye of the serpent, which infuses horror into the object upon which it is fixed, while the wretched creature is seized with a mysterious spell, and without thinking of flight, or unable to move, suffers itself to receive the blow of death. Thus the world holds in detestation those associations; it dreads their horrible mystery, mourns over their ravages, and yet lets itself sink paralysed into their deadly embrace. These secret societies also hide their head like the adder, which coils and knots its folds round itself in such a manner, that its back and tail are only offered to the blows of its enemies. Though frequently discovered, and so often wounded and cut to pieces, it revives again by degrees; its head having been preserved, it collects its folds, and with renewed vigor and increased subtlety, it concocts venom more murderous than ever.

Kings know it; the ministers of every government know it; yet at every new outbreak they raise their eyes in astonishment and ask: "What now? Did you ever hear of such a thing? Who would have thought it?" But they have scarcely recovered from their first amazement, before they hear the thunder of fresh outbreaks, of the

gumbling thrones, and the ruin of every order, civil and religious.

We have seen these things in the short revolution of a few years. In 1830, in France, at a single blow, they overthrew the throne of St. Louis. Charles X. was driven into exile; Louis Philippe d'Orleans usurped his place, supported by the few against the many. Spain, after quelling the commotions of 1820, was still governed as a monarchy under Ferdinand VII., who on his deathbed cancelled the Salic Law and assigned the crown to a female. ~~His~~ brother, Carlos, had recourse to arms to vindicate his claim; wars, agitations and changes without end ensued. Don Miguel of Braganza reigned in tranquillity in Portugal. Peter, his brother, Lord of Brazil, being expelled by the Brazilians, sailed with a small armament, more in the guise of a freebooter or pirate than of a warlike prince, landed at Oporto, met his brother, who was at the head of the entire force of the kingdom, defeated him and expelled him from the country. From 1831, Italy has despairingly struggled in the grasp of the conspirators; it snatches up its arms and shouts *Liberty*, while it is trampled on and suffers every indignity. Austria appeases without extinguishing the rage of this conflagration; it bursts forth at Bologna, then at Rimini, and is subdued only to break out again with increased violence. Switzerland, which has remained longer undisturbed than that of any European nation, raging with commotions since 1830, has finally exploded, and like the bursting of a shell, has mutilated, torn and destroyed everything within its reach; and while it consumes itself with its own fire, it inflames and consumes the countries that surround it. They whose position made it a duty to foresee the conflagration which would

follow at the first gleamings of those furnaces, fed by the secret societies, were stupified at the result. Then they exclaimed: "Ah, the felons! Ah, the assassins! Ah, the worst, depraved of men!" Yet it is well known these men only follow their natural trade; and they follow it with profound artfulness, and the utmost refinement of subtlety. They deceive none but the inattentive, for they proclaim in a thousand ways that they will have no Christ, no church, no kings, no governments; but that they will pursue their designs until they have overturned the thrones of kings and the altar of God. And when they have accomplished their threats, we hear exclamations!

Even after the triumph of Druey and his partisans in the overthrow of the legitimate government of Lausanne, they stupidly continued to wonder; after they had heard their yells of "Down with God! Death to Christ! Death to all that pray! Death to the Methodist pastors, to the Momiers, to the ministers of the Reformed Church!" At Echallens the doors of the Protestant deaconesses were burst open, their furniture broken and reduced to fragments, all that was precious plundered, and the Bible was torn up and trampled under foot. The Protestant ministers were hunted as Jesuits, and took refuge among the Catholics of the Vallese. The rabble shouted through the streets: "Death to the rich! Death to all that have domestics!" Treichler, Fournier, and Considerant, preached in Lausanne the Communism of the *Phalanx*, which Proudhon himself pronounced "*bestial*" and "*infamous*;" such is its ferocity and the horrible deformity of its villany. Berne, in the Constitution of July, 1846, threw down the impious Neauhaus, to replace him with the impious and still more inhuman Ochsenbein, who

called to the theological chair of Berne, the atheist Zeller of Tübingen, whom even the journals of Berne styled, "Antichrist descended in disguise into the University of Berne, under the mask of the disciple of Strauss." The perfidy of the "Free Corps" has become notorious; they war indifferently against the Catholic Church and against the Protestant Confession; they threaten with slavery the Free States of the conservative cantons. After their recent examples developed under our own eyes, can we continue to wonder at the power, the direful and treacherous intentions of the secret societies?

We had reached July the 17th, 1847, and Cicernacchio was at work on the Piazza del Popolo upon a great trophy for the annual commemoration of the amnesty of the state rebels. All Rome turned its eyes upon this new festivity, and had no other thought but to surpass in magnificence every other demonstration. Triumphal arches, gigantic statues, magnificent galleries and platforms, all were to concur in forming as it were an immense temple of immortality. But while the people were flocking to these public demonstrations, young Italy was preparing in secret other machinery to triumph over the liberty and happiness of Italy. According to the decisions of Mazzini at the Convention held in Paris on the 4th of March with the Socialist chiefs, Rome was to be secretly the head-quarters, and afterwards the public workshops of the conspiracy against the ancient institutions of the Italian States. No other capital afforded the same advantages and inducements as Rome; it was the centre of Christianity, the sovereign seat of Faith, the august residence of the Head of the Church, and the queen city of the whole Christian family; it

would shake by its example all the states of Italy and nations of Europe.

One by one the most ferocious and subtle of the conspirators of Young Italy, Germany, Switzerland, and Poland had crossed the Alps and dropped into Rome, under the orders of Mazzini, Ruffini, Dybowsky and Zalesky, Marr, and Weitling. Among them were the assassins of Emiliani and Lazzareschi at Rhodes, the murderers of the commissaries of the police and other officers of the government, in the piazza at Ravenna, and at the bridge of Faenza, under the colonnades of Bologna. There were desperadoes of Leghorn, who for several years had been keeping themselves in practice by the midnight assassinations of those who had been pointed out to them by leaders of the society. All these ruffians, under innumerable names, in the disguise of artists, merchants, printers, and gentlemen, by prearranged signs and the marks appointed by the society, executed its orders, its messages, and decisions; they introduced themselves into every assembly and society; they sat at the same table as the people in the taverns; they mixed with the frequenters of hotels and inns, and by interrogating and observing every one that fell in their way, they sounded the disposition of the Romans. Here they threw out a joke, there they invented a lie; ~~at one time they were papalists, at another republicans,~~ according to the place they were in, or the company they met.

To elude the watchfulness of the police, they constantly changed their place of abode. They sought the most obscure alleys of Rome; one night would be passed in that of the Pavoue, another in that of the Cinque; the next behind the Piazza Padilla, then near the Ponte Rotto. One day they appeared dressed in the Italian

tunic, another in a blouse, or a Lombardy sack ; another, they would personate a fop, with hair elegantly dressed and perfumed, and with a miniature comb between their fingers arranging their mustache. They appeared even in the priest's cassock and mantle, with the three-cornered hat, and the buckles of his shoes. Others turned pedlers, and with a show-case suspended before them containing looking-glasses, braces, false jewelry, scissors, razors, &c., they entered every shop, the dye-houses, the mills on the Tiber, the slaughter-houses outside the walls, the tanyards and among the blacksmiths and locksmiths, and while talking and answering questions (the Romans are full of curiosity), they made good use of their time.

But the great den of every iniquity was behind the Lungara ; there, in those concealed and solitary vaults, they held nightly conventicles ; they hatched plots, and planned revolts and assassinations ; there they casts lots to determine the murderer of their next victim ; there it was said to the incendiaries—“ Go you and set fire to such a hayloft ; you set fire to this granary, or that warehouse, which belongs to the infamous wretches whom our brethren of Switzerland have enjoined us to punish.” Some were appointed to poison those females of their society, whom they feared as being too communicative ; others to drop a dose of morphia into the wine of certain poor unfortunate girls, who, rendered insensible by the effects of the poison, were removed to the hospitals, where in delirious paroxysms they miserably breathed their last. There were the presses on which were printed the infernal productions, which to the surprise of the good appeared in the morning, on every post and wall in Rome, and which stirred the populace to every act of villany. There was the depository of creasote and vitriol

which they used in accomplishing their nefarious ends* (C)

This den was the seat of every depth of depravity and sacrilegious impiety. Here the very altar of Satan (by the permission of the Omnipotent and All-merciful God, for the ineffable ends of his infinite wisdom) was erected to the rival of the Almighty! Here actual adoration was paid to the devil as to a supreme deity; here he received incenses, tremendous vows, obscene sacrifices, and execrable offerings. Round this altar twelve infamous females danced every night, and as its priestesses offered the execrable sacrifice. Can I express it? Can I guide my pen to write it? These wretches came forth in the morning with piety in their countenances, devotion in every lineament; they approached the sacred table of the Immaculate Lamb, and receiving the Most Sacred Host in their polluted mouths, they bent their heads upon their handkerchiefs, and therein deposited the host, to carry it at night to their horrible orgies. The altar being prepared, the fire kindled, incense sprinkled over it, and the Holy Hosts placed in a goblet, these villains drew round with drawn daggers, and the high priest, chosen from among themselves, prayed—"Thou God, our Supreme Lord, accept the homage of the body and blood of thy mortal enemy. Here we lay Christ at thy feet, dispose of him as thou wilt. Thou formerly crucified him by the Jews; 'twas well! This accursed being would have precipitated thee from thy throne; thou hast rewarded him according to his deserts. Here are we Christians, make use of us to turn him into a laughing-stock; we renounce him, we

NB (C) In 1851, these horrors are no longer mysterious. Various trials have brought to light far more infamous devices practised by the secret societies.

abjure him, we count him ever as our slave. He threatens with hell-fire them that do not believe in him; we do believe in him, yet we do not fear his hell; we join in every curse which the damned hurl against him, and which they and we shall howl forth for all eternity! This cowardly and vile God has fled into the heights of heaven, but we can drag him down to the earth by his own priests, and we grasp him in our hands. Now let him pay the forfeit for preaching obedience, poverty, and the pardon of enemies! Death to the priests! Death to Christ!" Then each one brandishing his dagger, grasped the sacred Host, pierced it, gashed it, and mangled it, and cast it into the fire on the altar, as a holocaust to the fiend. Every night almost, these horrors took place in Rome. In that Janiculum, where Peter was crucified in testimony of his love and fidelity to Jesus Christ, our divine Lord and Saviour; on that soil bathed with the blood of so many legions of martyrs; close by the august seat of Truth; under the very eyes of the Sovereign Pontiff, who, while those demons were sacrificing Christ, himself before that same Christ passed the night kneeling and prostrate, imploring his compassion and mercy upon Rome; beseeching him to enlighten the minds and touch the hearts of so many impious men, who contaminated the metropolis of the Christian world. And Rome, meanwhile, blind and pitiable, was delirious in its festivities, dancing over the infernal volcano ready to burst beneath it.*

* This horrid picture provoked many comments in Italy: many were scandalized and pronounced it a ridiculous mockery to introduce these witch's abominations in 1850. But whoever will take the trouble to examine into these matters, will find the very house in which those sacrifices were perpetrated, and that several of the females above alluded

One evening Bartolo, as it not unfrequently happened, went to the College of the Propaganda to attend upon Cardinal Mezzofanti, and accompany him home. It was a daily amusement of the Cardinal to converse in the Oriental languages with the students after they returned from their evening walk, particularly with the Peguans, in the Birman tongue; with the Indians of Madure, in the Tamulic; and still more frequently with the Chinese, in the Mandarin, and the dialects of the Scian-Si. After this recreation, finding Bartolo at the foot of the stairs, he took him in his carriage towards home. On the evening in question, Bartolo appeared somewhat silent and thoughtful, and seemed to be debating with himself whether he should submit some doubts which he had formed, to the profound learning of the dignitary who had honored him with his confidence. The Cardinal remarking this, kindly asked him what was the matter.

"I desire," returned Bartolo, unable to resist any longer, "to lay before your eminence, a singular case, which occurred to me an hour or two ago. I was just coming out of the druggist's, opposite San Pantaleo, where I had been to get a restorative preparation compounded for my daughter, who has lately been subject to slight attacks of convulsions, when I met Monsignore Morini.* I have been for many years on intimate terms with him, although in several matters we differ somewhat in opinion. He took me aside under the portico of the Braschi residence, and showing me a sort of red

to are yet in prison. More of this will be found elsewhere, and it will be known that the author has not related a hundredth part of the horrible crimes which then took place in the locality mentioned.

* Monsignore Morini was waylaid and assassinated in 1850, near Faenza.

bag, full of various little objects, 'Look here,' said he, 'my dear Bartolo, see here, you, who obstinately persuade yourself that religion is in a more flourishing state than ever in Rome, and that all those old Carbonari are sincere in their repentance of past treasons: these diabolical objects were brought to me this morning before daylight, by an unfortunate wretch, moved, I can't tell whether by the stings of conscience or by terror.'"

"I looked at him steadfastly," continued Bartolo, "and said, 'Well, Monsignore, what do you mean by that?'"

"'I wish,' said he, 'to communicate to you, in strict confidence, what that stranger told me. 'Monsignore,' said he, 'I last night, with my own eyes, saw the fiend, and I adored him; I heard his voice, which encouraged all my companions (we were six), to labor manfully, assuring us that he would be with us, and that we should be happy if we served him boldly, and as sincere brethren. That horrible spectre is always present before my eyes; that voice resounds unceasingly in my ears; my soul is weighed down by a mortal horror, and my body is exhausted with unspeakable fright. Sprinkle me with holy-water, and sign me, Monsignore, with the cross.' When I had somewhat calmed him, I told him to come this evening, to receive the salutary remedies of the Church. 'Bartolo mio,' said he to me, 'he told me things which made my hair stand on my head; be wise and faithful to your religion; do not grow cold in piety. Believe me, these impious wretches menace us with rueful calamities.'

"So saying, he went his way. I consider this a mere freak of imagination; or, rather, I refer this matter to your eminence. Can it be possible that the devil should

appear in obedience to conjurations? Can there be in Rome a society so detestable as to adore the devil as God? who hold with him a compact and covenant so openly as to second, promote, and encourage the plots and plans of conspirators? This is a serious matter, and hard indeed to believe."

Then the Cardinal replied: "Bartolo, what can I say to you? You lead me into an interminable labyrinth, of which it is difficult to see the wanderings, the windings and intricacies, or to find the egress. That there is really in Rome such an image of hell, I cannot assert, but no one who is at all acquainted with the mysteries of human iniquity, will deny but that, in Europe, there is a dark association, which animates and inspires its votaries with the most nefarious deeds. From levity and folly, the greater part of mankind on hearing or reading such facts, turn them to ridicule as old women's tales. Nevertheless, St. Leo seriously says, speaking of the Manicheans, 'To such, falsehood is the sole law; the devil their religion; turpitude, their sacrifice.' Tertullian also says, 'The devil is the counterfeiter and the ape of God, imitating him even in the sacraments.' Moreover, note what Haller declares in his letter to his family, 'The organization of the secret societies gave me a presentiment of the Catholic religion long before I embraced or even studied it.'

"I remember to have heard from the lips of a well-known gentleman of Lyons, of great power of intellect, that Satan has upon earth also his Catholic Church, itself at war with other diabolical sects. He compared the two churches, of Jesus Christ and of Satan, to a palace built upon the tranquil and transparent waters of a lake, which casts an inverted shadow of its façade in all its

proportions reflected upon the limpid sheet, which bathes its foundations. Hence, also, Satan, in his impious churches, has constituted a hierarchy, a priesthood, sacraments, ceremonies, relics, a calendar, festivals, ferial devotions, fervent adorers, his temples, his missionaries, his religious vows, orders, congregations, the Bible, dogmas, precepts, councils, the liturgy, the ritual, and the liturgical language; all of which, in meaning and object, are diametrically opposed to those of the church of God. For these impious men, the devil is God; the damned are the saints. Their Messiah has not yet come, but they are expecting him, and he is Antichrist. ‘*To die in his faith,*’ as they continually say, is the same as to die in the faith and love of Satan. If they are asked why they consider it a fundamental article never to admit Jesuits, they answer, ‘Because they could never be *good.*’”

“If they mark any one for death by the dagger or by poison, they seek first to draw him into sin, that he may die in sin, and be lost for ever. In this sense they pray for our conversion as we pray for theirs: they aspire to the seven mortal sins, and to the infernal Spirit, as we do to the Holy Ghost and his celestial gifts. I knew one who studied the course of moral theology of St. Alphonso Liguori, to find new sins, and new ways of committing sin, as we read the lives of the saints to imitate them. They give to the most nefarious crimes the names of the most celestial virtues. Pride of life, they call *pu-rity*; shameful love, *charity*; the enervation of a mind which is immersed in every uncleanness, is *humility*; the debility of the body dissolved in every contamination is *self-denial*; voluptuousness is *divine wisdom*. All this is clear enough if you read attentively the writings of

Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, George Sand, Fourier, Victor Considerant, and the works of the latest German Socialists. But that which, in my opinion, reveals most openly the formal worship of the devil, which pervades even the marrow of their bones, is what the above authors depict with strokes of fire in their Satanic men. The demon gleams forth in the eye, in the smile, in the wrinkled face and grinning teeth, in the abrupt nervous motion of the body, in the nervous bitterness of their sarcasms, in the irresistible vigor of the fiendish likeness which plants itself before you, and like an enraged dog strikes into the soul a trembling and consternation which enervate and rivet it to the spot. Let one of them say to you, 'I will,' and you obey; 'Stand,' and you are motionless; 'Silence,' and your words die on your lips; 'Come,' and you follow their guidance, even were it into the mouth of a dragon.

"My dear Bartolo, these are flashings that gleam forth in every line of those tragedies and novels. But in the 'Spiridion' of George Sand, change that mysterious word 'Ideal' to that of 'Satan,' and the veil is torn away; you behold hell open wide before your eyes. That Spiridion, represented by an old monk, is an astrologer, who boasts and glories in every iniquity; two-thirds of the book are taken up in giving a fervent novice instructions in every kind of depravity, until, at last, hearing so many blasphemies, he exclaims: 'But, father, on these terms we are no longer Catholics!' 'How Catholics?' says the infamous old man; 'How Catholics? Not even Christians; not even rationalists; not even Pagans. Yet we also have a faith, a worship, a dogma; we believe, we hope, we love.' 'But what?' cries the horrified novice; 'What?' repeats the

sorcerer, 'The Ideal!' And notwithstanding all the wrappings and circumlocutions in which he entangles and envelopes himself with such prolixity of argument, it is clear that this 'Ideal' is no other than Satan!"

Bartolo, while he listened to these words, was gloomy and thoughtful; and if at first he had been in doubt, he was now disheartened by the great and profound wickedness in human nature. But the Cardinal, taking him gently by the hand: "Bartolo," said he, "we must not be confounded or dispirited when we behold the war which Satan wages against God; we must bear in mind that he is a rebel indeed, but laid prostrate and enchained by Jesus Christ; he may bark, but he cannot bite; and although it may seem, at times, that all hell is let loose upon earth, he cannot, by even one hair's breadth, pass the limits which God has imposed upon him. Bad Christians are snatched away by him, only when their own guilt brings them within his reach. God permits so many assaults upon his Church that it may be conducted to new triumphs, and deserve new crowns. Ours are sad times, but he who is faithful to God ~~will not be scandalized at these excesses, nor will his hope be diminished.~~ These horrors, which are perpetrated on earth, are the distinct proofs of that eternal life which awaits us after our faith has been proved in this valley of our pilgrimage."

CHAPTER IX.

THE CONSPIRACY OF THE SEVENTEENTH OF JULY.

IN the mean time, Polissena was in the worst temper imaginable. Alisa, since the memorable banquet in May, had fallen into a kind of melancholy, which had assumed the appearance of the languor and exhaustion of a mind in deep affliction. She more seldom went abroad; even at the convivial parties of her friends she had lost her playful vivacity, and loved the solitude of her own apartment. She spent more time in the reading of romances, with which the cabinet of Polissena supplied her in abundance, especially some of Balzac's, which she admired above all others. Five or six days later, feverish symptoms and certain nervous affections having been observed by her physicians, she was ordered to keep her bed. Polissena, finding it necessary to be continually near her, was prevented from attending to her appointments with the leaders of the Italian cause, of which she was a most warm promoter; and Sterbini was absent from Rome, spreading corruption in Ernico. Unable to invent any plausible reason for leaving the house without incurring the suspicions of Bartolo—for she concealed from him all her intrigues with the utmost watchfulness—she resolved to send a note to Agostini, who acted as a medium of communication, or courier, of the society, and in such services was esteemed invaluable. Taking advantage of a few moments, during which Alisa slept, she wrote in haste the following lines:

MY FRIEND AND FAITHFUL ITALIAN :

I am consumed with impatience at my inability to see even for a moment, either yourself, or Pinto, or Guerrini, or some one of our brethren, and to hear what course you intend following to attain the object of our efforts. This accursed police watch us with a thousand eyes. Freddi and Nardoni alone are as vigilant as if they had each a hundred. What shall we do? Some means must be found to do away with them. Be assured, that as long as those vagabonds of the Madonna palace are going their rounds, like so many vile curs, we shall do no good. Why do we thus remain in inactivity, and with empty hands? Do you expect to beat off our opponents with walnuts? or to hold the *Blacks* in check without arms? These Blacks will play the bully as long as they see that we are unarmed; point but one gun at them, and like cowardly knaves they will faint with terror. Pius IX., however, is Pope, and that's enough. Pius IX. proposes to pacify us with sugar-plums; he thinks to soften us by a few reforms. We will have all, or nothing; he shall give it with a good will, which he will never do, or we will have it by force. The world may call us ungrateful, perjured, impious: let the fools babble; when our brethren took the oath to the Pope, *on their honor*, they had neither swords nor bayonets; when we have them, we will soon cut the Gordian knot of our oath. Our-selves for ever!

You understand, my friend, that being a lady, I must observe every lady-like decorum; and I enjoin you to be most discreet in the steps you take to see me. If Alisa should fall asleep, as I hope she will, and Signor Bartolo should have retired, you will see about midnight the third window of the second story open. Then come

under the portico, which is always open, and turn to the left, where you will find a small door that leads into the court; at the end of this is a private door and secret stairs, which pass directly behind my study. I have already oiled the hinges of the door that it may open without noise; and you have only to plant yourself behind one of the pillars which support the little roof of the second fountain near the postern, and I will be with you immediately. It is impossible that any one should either hear or see you, for mine is the only window which overlooks the court. Adieu! I expect you without fail.

Liberty and fraternity.

“THE AMETHYST.”

The Amethyst was Polissena's distinctive name among the members of the society, each of whom had a name and device known only to the initiated. There was in Bartolo's house a young man, called Alfred, employed under the book-keeper in the office; he carried letters and messages to the advocates and lawyers, assisted in collecting rents, and in transacting such like duties. Polissena had cast her eyes upon him and had instructed him with great care in the designs of Mazzini; the fledgling's wings were gaining strength; he had already tried some short flights and seemed a bird of great promise. Polissena, calling him to her, under pretence of sending him out for some trifling purchase, committed to him the note for Agostini, with many injunctions to be faithful and to deliver it in safety.

Between the hour of midnight and one o'clock in the morning, Agostini leaving the *Caffè delle belle Arti*, crept silently through the portico and the left-hand door, and took his post at the pilaster of the fountain. Polis-

senà, who was on the watch, soon descended gently, and the visiter taking her by the hand, they sat down together on the border of the fountain, which was of white marble. "Well," said she, "son of Italy, are we to do nothing more than to shout ourselves black in the face in praise of Pius IX.? What has been done? What are we doing? What are we going to do?"

Agostini, stroking his whiskers and passing his five fingers through his long hair, answered: "We are doing capitally, in every respect. You must know that for several months back we have had in Rome some of the most valiant Janissaries of Young Italy, comrades of matchless courage, and of such intrepidity and resolution that they would not hesitate to strike their daggers to the hearts of their own fathers in the cause of liberty. They drew lots in our venerable College for the stern office of executors of justice, who were to remove from our path Nardoni, Freddi, Benvenuti, and the other malefactors, who by a thousand artifices impede the march of our holy enterprise. This noble act of vengeance fell to the lot of four of the boldest, each of whom has already dispatched several of the execrable satellites of tyranny. Everything was arranged; the day appointed, and the hour and the place of their death designated: one as he entered his house late at night; another on leaving the Fiscale; a third as he passed, according to his custom, from the Piazza Madama to the Arch of St. Augustine. But lo! Pius IX., who must have some angel for his commissary of police to whisper our secrets in his ear, got some scent of the plot, and since yesterday Nardoni and Freddi have vanished, and the police is on the look-out.

"The defeat of this grand combination against that

guilty enemy of ours, will yet turn to our salvation and glory; for if we failed in our attempt, we have resolved to lay it at the door of the very men whom we had destined to fall the victims of our vengeance. The mine which we had prepared to explode under the police, we will now publish as having been contrived by them for the destruction of the Roman people. It will be noised abroad that the great annual festival, in grateful remembrance of the amnesty, is the occasion selected by the *Blacks* for massacring the Romans, who are to assemble in the Piazza del Popolo at the triumphal arch of Pius IX."

"Folly!" cried Polissena. "Do you take the Romans for such fools as to be caught by such trash? What addlepated simpleton ever proposed such a puerile design?"

"Addlepate, did you say? Let me tell you it was one of the most subtle leaders of our brotherhood who conceived this cunning idea. You don't know the simplicity of the populace. This matter is perfectly easy, Polissena. We have already sent our men to whisper here and there that the day of the festival will witness a terrible catastrophe; that the Austrian emissaries have been seen offering bribes here and there in the city. Others have spread a report, that a few nights ago two large cases filled with stilettos were delivered to the Jesuits, which had passed through the custom-house as books on ascetics and theology; and that a deluge of priest-ridden papalists from Borgo di Faenza had within the last ten days entered Rome, a set who are sold to the 'retrograders,' and most hostile to the Roman people. We have so far succeeded, that a great number have already fallen into the snare; ladies without number

have sent refusals of the orders, which they had given to the Parisian modists for the finery destined for that great occasion. On the 15th, Ciceruacchio will publish that he has discovered an Austrian Jesuit conspiracy; he will post on the walls of the Corso the list of the conspirators; our brethren will run from corner to corner, from caffè to caffè, from piazza to piazza, exclaiming: 'Oh! what horrors! What wholesale massacres they have planned against the people! what an infamous police we have in Rome! Ah! the detestable cruelty! They would have washed their hands in our blood! Our blood was sold to the daggers of the Austrians! Down with the 'Blacks!' Down with Nardoni! Down with Freddi!'

"Oh! What lamentations, what screams, what despair! Then, what next? Why, what may we not have next? We will form a guard of citizens for the safety and preservation of Rome. Everything is ready, guns and every kind of ammunition. Aser, whose acquaintance you must make, received a month ago drafts and notes for twenty-five thousand dollars from the brethren of the Hanseatic cities and of Hanover, and our own treasury from the insurances against fire, on ships, merchandise, &c., affords a considerable supply. Mecocetto of the Regola, Girolemetto of the Monti; Tofanello through Trastevere, others through the Ripa Grande and the Ripetta, have gained over influential members of the populace to spread among the people a sudden panic and the terror of this conspiracy. Pius IX. will find us armed, and will even thank us for it, for we will convince him with the rest, that to us Rome owes its salvation; I will pledge myself that we shall succeed in clothing our artifice with such an exterior of truth, as to make the

priests and monks thank God with masses and Te Deums, for having preserved the Roman people from impending ruin! This, I tell you, this will be so:* and what is better still; all Italy will follow suit, and shout with one voice, 'We will have a National Guard!' Do you call that nothing? Italy in arms! Oh! we shall see heroes; we shall make the kings tremble; we shall drive out the foreign oppressor; Rome will rise again and eclipse its ancient greatness."

"Regarding Aser," said Polissena; "I have letters from Modeff, of Basiba, instructing me to put myself in communication with him, as he is acquainted with the secret plans of Upper and Lower Germany."

"Bring him here some night, or, at least, explain to him the secret of the open window, and let him know that I expect him without fail. If he but touch the little door, I shall hear him, and be down to him in a twinkling."

"I understand. Addio!"

From the night of the fifteenth of July, Rome resembled an abode of demons. The city was filled with horror at the unknown conspiracy, which was to involve the whole people in destruction.

Every one was agitated by suspicions of which he knew not the object; friends and strangers were avoided with equal care; those seemed more particularly shunned, who wore long velvet sackcoats with large pockets, as all such were reputed to be emissaries from Faenza, and they were carefully shunned for fear of treachery. Everything was a dagger, a stiletto, or some weapon, aimed at the heart. "See there! Down with him; he's a con-

* It was so, for some parish priest or other returned public thanks in his church for the fortunate discovery of the plot.

spirator," and each fled for his life, or ran with the crowd crying out, "There he is!" "Where?" "He was there—there on that side." Then would arise a roaring of voices, like an impetuous wind. Weeping of women, screams of children, and groans of the aged! "Oh God! how dreadful; unfortunate creatures that we are; all to have been murdered! Have you heard? Fifty of them were found secreted in the great sewers; a thousand had concealed themselves in the caverns of the ruined baths. Ciceruacchio has caught and chained every one of them; they are now in the castle; I saw them myself." There were mobs and commotions everywhere, meetings of men, armed with poles, swords, rusty muskets, and bayonets; some in round hats, and some in caps in which they had stuck a cockade. "Come along: let's go the rounds in close file. Down, down to the Field of Mars. Beat them down; double quick, march!" Crowds gathered, every one ran to the doors and windows. "What is it?" "The Civic Guard." "Pshaw, sir, what ragamuffins! and what are they about?" "They are going to take the conspirators who were about to kill us all." "Oh, then, God help and bless them!"

Meanwhile Bartolo's residence resembled a market, or a public exchange. Crowds ran backward and forward, some with samples of cloth of every color, others with specimens of buttons, varnished leather, gold lace, and a variety of other materials. Montegrande, Torri, Spini, Galletti, the druggist, and a hundred other new Fabiuses, Cincinnatuses, Coriolanus, and Camilluses were holding a grand consultation on the subject of the uniforms to be adopted for the Civic Guard. Those of every power of Europe were alternately proposed; Bartolo had collected pictures of every uniform in Europe; some-

times he admired the French ; sometimes the English, or the Portuguese, or those of other states ; none, however, seemed perfect ; and it was finally determined to adopt an improved and embellished copy of the Prussian and Piedmontese tunic. The head-piece was to be copied from the Bavarian, or perhaps more closely from the ancient Roman helmet with a narrow rim, and from the bronze point on the top, a voluminous flame or crest of bright red horsehair, like falling tongues of fire, upon the helmet, giving to it a proud and grand appearance. The swords were modelled also from those of the ancient Roman legions, and were worn at the belt, instead of hanging crosswise in scarfs.

The gentlemen of the city were the first to deck themselves out in the new uniform thus agreed upon for the new militia ; and the young men were delighted by the display and showyness of this noble and well-combined dress. In the first days of the Civic Guard, there was always such a commotion among the curious populace hastening to view its meetings, that one might have supposed there was nothing less than a procession of all the stars of the zodiac through the streets. But the purses of the Romans soon gave strong hints, that so beautiful a spectacle could not be enjoyed at a cheap rate, for the city fathers, two by two, traversed every street and quarter, using a thousand arts, caresses and solicitations, to prevail upon the citizens, *for the love of their country*, to be liberal in their contribution for the support of the Civic Guard, for the honor, protection, and glory of Rome. It was not enough to have had the thousand and one subscriptions for illuminations, festivals, and dinners ; they must now have collections for the uniforms of the young Romans, who, rich in patriotic love,

were unfortunately poor in money. There was no escape. Confraternities, monks, priests, and sacristans, were all to contribute to this great work. Then the nuns were to signalize themselves. They said to them,—“It is not enough that you holy virgins should offer up your prayers for the cause of Italy; it is also requisite that you aid by your gifts in this holy and magnanimous charity. Yes, while you are watching in prayer before the altars of your divine spouse, the militia, those brave crusaders, will watch over your safety; they will combat the enemies of religion for the liberty of the Church, for the Sovereign Pontiff, the immunities of the most holy basilicas; the guardianship of the sepulchre of the Prince of the Apostles, and the venerable altars of the martyrs, who have consecrated with their blood this metropolis of the Christian world. The Civic Guard will insure the triumph of justice in the tribunals, the fidelity of public officers, the watchfulness of magistrates: it will fly to the succor of the widow and the orphan; it will guard the security of property, the inviolability of domicils, the palaces of the rich, and the humbler dwellings of the citizens.” The good abbesses, and prioresses, and nuns, could not resist the eloquent appeals of these new Chrysostoms and Crisologases, and modestly exclaimed from beneath their veils,—“And is it really true? Are the Turks coming to plunder Rome and overthrow our holy religion? God preserve us from so many evils! And who are these our devoted defenders?”—“Dear mothers, they are the Civic Guard; confide in them—be generous in your offerings.” The nuns tendered their tribute, and going to their confessors, besought of them to say a mass to preserve the country against the invasion of the Turks.

One day Cardinal Ostini was conversing with the Canon Graziosi, and their discourse turned upon this same Civic Guard. Graziosi, who was of a pleasant disposition, and took things cheerfully, looking only at the bright side, was making some jocose remarks on these new Scipios and Pompeys. "Does your Eminence suppose that the Romans will remain long in this martial mind? They will play the soldier just as long as nothing more is required of them, than to have their beards and mustaches dressed by the barber, and to march about the Villa Borghese in those handsome uniforms, nodding those splendid flaming crests,

"Which high o'er helmets wave with awful nod,"

like those of Homer's Achaians. I believe their officers at least will hold out; but I want to see them when January comes, when they will have to go their nightly rounds, and stand sentinels in the wind and rain during those cold, dark, long nights. Only imagine, they who have been accustomed to lie snugly in their beds until ten o'clock! Then those artisans, and shopkeepers, and all those who live only by laboring all day: so many fathers of families immersed in the cares of business, of domestic affairs, of public and private affairs. Can they afford to lose the whole twenty-four hours when their turn comes to stand guard at their quarters? I maintain they will not persevere one month."

"You labor under a strange mistake, my dear Canon," rejoined the Cardinal. "This device is of a very different nature from what it appears, as Rome will soon discover to its great sorrow. If indeed this new organization of the Civic Guard were a mere ebullition of some temporary warlike fervor, it would soon die away with

exhaustion; but in these days, the secret causes have their most profound roots in the universal plot of the societies of Illuminism, the plague and contamination of the whole world. This being the case, as I assure you, the association, with its iniquitous rules, will be sure to give such a turn to affairs, as to divest the Romans of all desire of repose or retirement. It will secretly pay from its hidden funds the artisans, the vicious of every class, debauchees, gamblers, pickpockets, and broken-down spendthrifts; and we shall have a Civic Guard which will re-enact the fable of the wolves and the watch-dogs. The wolves, with an assumed appearance of modesty, presented themselves to the shepherds, offering to guard their flocks without charge or wages. The shepherds, tempted by the cheapness of the bargain, and blinded by their pretended loyalty, accepted them; but the wolves seeing the success of their plan, went a step further. 'Of what use,' said they, 'are these cowardly dogs? Turn them away; they are only fit to devour bread and lick your dishes.' The shepherds dismissed their watch-dogs, and the wolves remained the guardians of the flocks; and most cruel guardians they proved.

"The secret societies organized the riflemen in Switzerland, and formed them into the Free Corps, which, for so many years, have torn the heart of their country, and have now, at length, brought it to the last gasp; and it will fall a victim to the daggers of liberty. When I was in Vienna, during our conferences with Prince Metternich, we discussed the state of affairs in Germany, which even at that time was a prey to every seduction of Illuminism, and he foretold imminent evils, believing that he discerned in the amusement of target-shooting, a general exercise of the German youth preparatory to an armed

insurrection. And you will see, my dear Graziosi, that the bursting of the great Gorman cataclysm is rapidly approaching; its youth are inflamed with the love of novelty; the citizen militia is armed; and Illuminism agitates and urges them onward. At this moment, Italy is on the point of falling into the abyss which this evil association has been so many years digging beneath it. You will shortly see the red plume nodding on the head of every Italian; you will behold unprecedented confusion; and the sovereigns, unless God hastens to help them, will find themselves in the greatest extremity, for Illuminism has seized every pass, and barricaded every egress, to assault the citadel of ancient institutions."

"But what in the world would this Illuminism do with itself?" cried Graziosi.

"It is the enemy of all order and all authority," replied the Cardinal; "it wars against God, against monarchs, against republics, against constitutions, and every legitimate power, to throw the world into extreme confusion. Every means is legitimate in its eyes for the attainment of its objects. The corner-stone of Illuminism is that most hideous maxim of Machiavel, by which he defends and justifies Romulus in the murder of his brother with his own hand, and in the assassination of Titus Tatius Sabinus, to the end that he might be sole ruler. He thus continues: 'No one of sound judgment will ever find fault with a man for having recourse to any extraordinary act whereby to consolidate a kingdom or to constitute a republic. It is quite consistent, that while the act accuses, the effect excuses him.' (Dec. Liv., lib. I. c. 9.) By *extraordinary act*, Machiavel means murder, poisoning, arson, perjury, felony of every description; for, after justifying Romulus for such enor-

mities, he lauds the Spartan, Cleomenes, who, 'to become the sole ruler, watching his opportunity, caused all the Ephori to be murdered, together with all that were powerful enough to oppose him. This deliberate act was calculated to bring about the resuscitation of Sparta, and to acquire for Cleomenes the reputation of Lycurgus.' Such, my friend, is the dogma of the Illuminism of Weishaupt, which now reigns supreme over this corrupt civilization of Europe, by means of its champions of the secret societies. Baruel draws a terrible picture of it; and yet it is a thousand times more atrocious than it is described by that author, whose work, instead of being in the hands of every prince, as it ought, is carefully removed from their sight, as more replete with falsehood and fables than the Arabian Nights, the Wonders of the Fairies, or the Walnut of Beneventum. A gentleman of judgment and great experience, related to me, that a few years ago he was asked by a celebrated queen, what book he considered best adapted for the study of a young prince, in these times; and that when he designated Baruel, the Queen was offended; 'What book of wild ravings,' said she, 'would you propose to me?' She now perceives, though too late, that the suggestion was a prudent one, and weeps inconsolably over the distraction effected by the associations.

"Illuminism was, for some time, confined to the limits of Bavaria and Germany; but it passed into England, and, crossing the Elbe, it penetrated into the heart of Russia; it ousted Napoleon; it has surpassed Masonry, which, in comparison with it, is now but a childish amusement. Illuminism is now boundless; under various denominations, like a mighty river, it extends its branches in all directions. The *Carbonarism* of Italy is one of

these branches; it was almost exhausted, but it now pours its small remnant into the ample stream of Socialism, and into the impetuous torrent of Communism, where its waters, confused and nameless, are still guided by Mazzini and his Italian colleagues. You can now no longer think, my dear Canon, that the Roman Civic Guard is a company for mere amusement; it is rather the result of powerful machinations, designed to force from the Pope and the other princes of Italy, the reins of sovereignty, and to involve them in inextricable difficulties. Rebellions invariably follow a secret preparation of arms. Cataline is their great model. When, in the name of liberty, he sought to slaughter the flower of the Roman citizens; to burn the city; to devastate the country; and to overturn the altars of the gods, he secretly provided stores of arms for the conspirators; and had others already at Fiersole, and Apulia. You now see, that on the creation of this Civic Guard in Rome, arms are disinterred from their secret depositories in the middle of the plains of Romagna, the Ligations, and the Marches. You will see the same take place in Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, and Piedmont. In the revolts of Spain and Portugal, the Civic Guards was looked upon as a necessary institution; and afterwards, they were found the fierce instruments for the subversion of every order in those kingdoms; ~~they encouraged the rage of the secret societies in the spoliation of the churches, stripping them of everything, from the chalices in the tabernacles, to the bells which hung in the towers.~~

"Really, your Eminence!" exclaimed Graziosi, "you frighten me; from the chalices to the bells! Good heavens! I came to enjoy an hour of amusing talk, and your Eminence concludes with the Lamentations of Je-

remiah ! But at least, we may thank the Civic Guard for saving us from a conspiracy more tragical and ferocious than Cataline's itself ; at the very thought of it I still tremble, and it is impossible to deny, that our young men conducted themselves like heroes. I saw, myself, from the windows of the Propaganda, where I had gone to give my lecture, the exertions which they made to restrain the fury of the populace, which seemed determined to murder that poor fellow, Mignardi, who had fled for refuge from the Vacarra to the Piazza di Sant' Andrea delle Fratte. Some mounted upon the roofs, and ran along near the eaves like cats ; they appeared from every skylight ; they looked down every chimney ; then leaping down upon the lower roofs, they regained the ground with such rapidity and rashness, that it fairly took my breath to see them. Every night they go their rounds ; they ferret out robbers, knaves, pickpockets, and debauchers of every description. The streets of Rome have been like corridors of monasteries during the first sleep of the brothers ; there is no need of watchmen or the police."

"There you are right," added the Cardinal, "for the police no longer exist ; and thus they have craftily taken from the Pope the means of watching the motions of the conspirators, whose path is now open before them. The people, seeing good men visited with assassinations and insults for more than a year back, complain that the Holy Father neither chastises, nor imprisons, nor condemns ; and the poor blind creatures do not see that the government is without hands, which the conspirators have either bound or cut off ; they have frequently corrupted public officers, so that disguised abettors of the conspiracy, who hypocritically insinuate themselves into the

heart of the police, betray its secrets, impede its operations, frustrate its purposes, threaten the trustworthy, spread dismay among the good, and, what is worse, give their aid to the assassins. Now that Rome is in the hands of this Civic Guard, which has robbed the Pope of all power, under pretence of the conspiracy, you will see what liberty it will diffuse among us. Do you remember, my dear Graziosi, the story of *Pisistratus*?"

"I do, your Eminence, but I don't see its application."

"It exemplifies," said the Cardinal, "the subtle trick of Young Italy in the arming of the people. Pisistratus, as you know, wounded himself in the face, arms, and breast, and running, all covered with blood, into the public place, he exclaimed, that his enemies had reduced him to that dreadful condition, and that they would not be satisfied until they had shed the last drop of blood; that he threw himself under the protection of his fellow-citizens, and committed to them the appointment of means to protect him. The Athenians assigned him a body-guard of fifty men; Pisistratus added more to the number by degrees, and finally became tyrant of his country. Such is the Roman conspiracy which they would fain persuade the world was instigated by *Cardinal Lambruschini*, *Father Roothaan*, *Don Vicenza Pallotta*, and other similar plotters against the lives of the Roman people! You have only to add to this list *Father Bernardo Paulotto*,* and such, no doubt, would have been

* Father Bernardo, of the order of Minims, was much revered in Rome for the holiness of his life, and the people ran in crowds to kiss his garments and obtain his blessing as he passed through the streets. King Charles Albert held him in devout reverence, and called him to Turin to assist at the nuptials of the present king, Vittorio Emmanuel. He died last year (1851) in Calabria. The Abbate Vincenzo Pallotta was also eminent for his zeal and charity.

the carnage, that blood would have flowed in the streets of Rome like the waters of the inundation of July. Now our Pisistratus is armed, and we shall have liberty as cheap as air. Adieu, my dear Canon, pray excuse me, I have to keep an appointment with Cardinal Gizzi."

CHAPTER X.

BARBERINA OF INTERLAKEN.

ASER, disguised as the traveller of a commercial house in Dantzic, and having committed to Spini the interests of the Roman faction, went first into Tuscany to confer with Guerazzi and Montanelli; he visited the Conspirators of Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca, warmly exhorted them to exert themselves in the enterprise, and proceeded to Genoa. There he was expected by Pellegrini, Reta, Canale, Bisio, and other members who were all sufficiently notorious. He continued his route to Turin, and held consultations with Sinco, Brofferio, Borella, Valerio, and a number of other "little great men," who were for exalting the throne of Savoy to the stars. Carrying with him a few samples of silks, he wished to make a tour to Milan, and thence descend into Switzerland by Mount St. Gothard and the Splugen. But his friends in Piedmont advised him not to venture within reach of the Austrian Police, that he might rely upon it they would leave no stone unturned in their exertions, and they invited him to meet them in the evening at the

Caffè of St. Charles, where they would find means to discuss, at full length, the affairs of the society in Lombardy, Venice, and Central Italy. Aser, therefore, about nine in the evening, passing under the porticoes of the Piazzas, joined Brofferio in the Caffè and accompanied him to Santa Pelagia, to a house which opens upon a narrow street, which, particularly at night, was almost solitary. There they ascended to the third story, and passing through an obscure gallery, they entered a fine apartment highly ornamented with richly-papered walls, round which were hung fine steel engravings in splendid frames, beautifully relieved with garlands of flowers and arabesques. The pictures were representations of the efforts which have been made by different nations to work out their freedom; the conflagration of Missolonghi; the battles of Nauplia, Idria, and Tripolizza. In the ranks of the valiant Greeks, women were represented fighting bravely against the Turks; some were binding the wounds of their brothers, some were carrying away their dead husbands, others again, behind the columns or the trunks of trees, were loading the muskets of the combatants, carrying ammunition, or preparing balsams and bandages for the wounded. In other pictures were seen the forces of Warsaw against the Russians, or of Cracow against the Prussians and their confederates. The subject of others was the wild mountaineers of Caucasus, shooting down the Cossacks among the passes and precipices of their valleys; the Maronites of Lebanon, contesting an entrance into their villages against the Egyptians, or bounding from rock to rock in their endeavors to escape from slavery, bearing their children in their arms; they were seen again depositing their children behind a friendly rock, while they turned to shoot down

some Emir, who was pressing too closely upon them. These engravings were designed with truthful exactness and executed with so much animation, that at the sight of them, all that entered the room were strongly affected. On a large circular table of white marble, stood a lamp with six branches bearing ground crystal globes, which shed a brilliant light through the room; round it were scattered the most furious of the Journals of Germany, Switzerland, and France, in which the principles and maxims of rebellion, conspiracy, and treason were openly advocated: the doctrines of Wiethling, the Pantheism of Hegel, the Communism of Proudhon, the Savage State of Marr, and the "Man-God" of Moedeff. Aser found there before him several proscribed, ill-omened looking personages, reading, stretched on the elastic-cushioned seats in a variety of rude postures. Some with their legs hanging over the arms of their chairs; others laid on the sofas, with their boots resting on the embroidered cushions: one was seen with his head covered and his cravat hanging in disorder over his bosom, and his elbows resting on the table, reading in an audible voice the following passage of Desmoulins: "When the brethren of France give the word, Italy will strangle her princes and her popes." Then, in a tone of intense hatred and with a hideous grin, he added, "Capital! Yes, I myself, with these hands, would strangle a dozen, beginning with the Theologian Gaule, and ending"

"Wait a moment before ending," cried another, with a horse-laugh; "I'll give you a strong, well-waxed cord to string up all the Jesuits in Piedmont, and three or four of these jewels of the Sacred Heart into the bargain." Aser and Brofferio joined the rest in this hyena

and wolfish laugh, and the latter taking the hand of some of those abandoned young men, embraced them, and then threw himself luxuriously into a "veilleuse." "Well, what is going on in Rome?" said a little emaciated fellow, seated by the side of a corpulent self-conceited personage. "Do we gain ground? Has Mamiani arrived there yet? Has Sterbini brushed up his face any? And Galetti, does he perfume his beard? Ah, that Pius IX.! And the good folks think he protects us! I believe if we don't mind what we're doing, he'll blow us all up into the air. They must deafen him with outcries; they must demand concessions, and having obtained one, they must press for another, and another, until he knows not which way to turn."

"If now that we have arms in our hands," replied Aser, "we allow him to have his own way—never trust us! But we are not such blockheads. From July until now, the Pope has had no police—he is powerless. Many of the chief carabinieri are acting the 'Papalists,' but they are secretly with us, and have been for some time. As for the regular soldiery—pshaw! we laugh at it. By our outcries, calumnies, and bullying, we have driven from around his throne most of those who opposed us; and we'll leave no stone unturned until we have hunted every man of them from his presence. But come, let us get to work here; you have to tell me how matters stand with you."

While Aser was conversing with these two leaders of the conspiracy, a young man entered, wrapped in a large cloak of impermeable camlet cloth, with a fur boa folded round his neck, fine mustaches and long hair, with its massy curls reaching to his shoulders. He wore boots of English leather, with spurs which jingled at every step,

and cracked his riding-whip as he entered. Saluting the company, and seeing Aser, he tapped him with his whip on the shoulder, and turning a pirouette, planted himself directly in front of him, with his eyes fixed steadily upon him. Aser eyed him from head to foot, and stood considering, rubbing his forehead to refresh his memory, as if he had an indistinct recollection of a former acquaintance. The young man, raising his hand, pressed a small clasp, and detached his mustaches from his lip. When he had removed them, Aser remembered and exclaimed: "O! Babette! You here, and in this garb! I know that you are a brave young heroine, and ready for any exploit; but I never knew you as a cavalier. I suppose you have turned knight-errant to exterminate the monsters of the Black Forest."

"Had that been my object in turning Crusader," said Babette, laughing, "you yourself would have fallen ere this."

"Good! I didn't think myself such a monster," replied Aser, as he brought her a chair and seated her beside him. This was the famous Babette of Interlaken, a worthy descendant of Weishaupt, and styled by the Pastor Veyermann, "The Great Virgin of Helvetian Communism." She was cast from her childhood among the "Free Corps," as the helpmate of a camp-follower; she grew up surrounded with drunkenness, robbery, rapine, and blood, and she knew God only from the imprecations which continually rung in her ears. When in the skirmishes near Lucerne, the Radicals had slain any Catholics of the primitive cantons, this Babette was employed to tear out their hearts, their eyes, or their entrails, and carry them in triumph in the midst of the other infuriated wretches, who thought her sufficiently

paid for such services by one *batz*, or a glass of *kirschenwasser*.

But after the 28th of August, 1846, when Berna Ochsenbein, Funck, Stockmar & Co., were elected to the magistracy, Babette became their most confidential courier in their dealings with the secret societies, the *Agatodemone* of all the intrigues, the knavery, and the tricks of their mysterious assemblies; she appeared unexpectedly everywhere, and disappeared with the rapidity of a spirit; she was the mistress of impenetrable secrets; got possession of diplomatic dispatches, which she perused without altering the seals, and glided like a serpent into the most hidden cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, and even of St. Petersburg. She counterfeited bills of exchange, and altered the signatures of passports; while still a girl in that school of Lancaster, she was acquainted with the use and composition of poisons, and could apply them to the purposes of the conspirators. She could curse like a trooper, drink like a toper, smoke like a Turk, and brandish a dagger like a fencing-master. She seemed possessed of the devil, such was her strength of muscle, the vigor of her arm, the fascination of her eye, the audacity and fierceness of her anger. As she had one day crossed Lake Lemán, from Roll to Tonon in the Ciabiese, after a conspirator who had fled from Lausanne with a considerable sum belonging to Young Switzerland, she fell among four Carabiniérs, who seeing her land from her skiff, surrounded her in a small wood on the banks of the lake. Babette fixed her piercing eyes on them, and pointing a pistol at the breast of the foremost, she shouted: "Ah, vile scoundrels, four of you against a single girl!" and in a twinkling she bounded out of the wood, attained her skiff, and a

few strokes with her oars soon placed her beyond the reach of the stupified Carabinieri, who stood gazing after her from the shore. Such was this gentle Babette; a young woman of only twenty-four years, yet already so fierce and treacherous. But is it astonishing that such an incarnate fiend should issue from that school of blood, of blasphemy, and iniquity? Similar women were not unknown in Rome; they were not unfrequently heard in the taverns screaming: "Hell-fire for ever, and for all who go to it! Death to St. Peter!" Many of them, with the ruffians of Garibaldi, committed robberies, sacrileges, and horrible murders. Whence these furies sprung, unless from some dark den of the conspirators, cannot even at this period be conjectured.* Babette at the present meeting with Aser, said to him: "Make haste, Ochsenbein awaits you at Berne; he has business which he wants you to transact for him in upper Germany. My friend, the *Jesuitism* of both Catholics and Protestants is at its last gasp; but we must smother the flame of *Romanism* which is ever vivid in Italy, and especially in Rome. On your return I will give you a

* Many in the north of Italy have denied that such women were ever seen in Rome. Unless we are both blind and deaf we saw them with our own eyes, and heard them with our own ears. Some were dressed and armed as soldiers, others in the usual dress of women. When at the vineyard of Macao, they took the Jesuit Casaccia in the dress of a vinedresser; there were among the rest two women, armed with pikes, who addressed him without knowing him: "Find us the Jesuit," said they, "and we'll pierce his heart with our pikes and eat it." And when at the Bridge of Saint Angels, those three unfortunate men who were taken for Jesuits were torn to pieces, and their limbs cast into the Tiber, there were armed women who stabbed them previously with their swords and bathed their hands in their blood, as has been proved by the subsequent trials. Those furies had entered Rome with so many other ruffians.

few hints on this business, in which you will be seconded by many of our valiant brethren. But when will you leave for Berne?"

"On Wednesday," replied Aser; "but I must first write to Sterbini on the affairs of Italy."

"If that's the case, I will deliver your letter with my own hand."

"How, with your own hand! Are you going to Rome? What for? Pray tell me?"

"I shall pass through Rome without stopping," replied Babette, "on my way to Sicily. You must know that Cestio, a Catholic of the Grisons, one of the first among the *Just* of Wutzling, after having been admitted to the most important secrets of our college, decamped from Nidan, and at Lucerne turned informer to the Sonderbund. He will not be allowed to live any longer! Our forty-sixth Article says: 'Every one betraying a member of our Association, deserves death. Every member is bound to execute this sentence.' This case fell to the lot of Porzio of Liestal; but having fallen desperately in love with a lady of Lanfen, he was discovered by her husband, who lay in wait for him behind a hedge in the garden, and as he was in the act of creeping through the window of an out-building behind the stable, he received a musket-shot, and fell dead. The chastisement of this Cestio has therefore been committed to me, as a thing rendered difficult by the infinite craftiness of the knave, and the subterfuges to which he has recourse to avoid pursuit."

"How do you know that he is in Sicily?" asked Aser.

"You know what our police is," replied Babette. "When Cestio found that our leaders were aware of his treachery and of the place of his retreat, he quitted Lu-

cerne, and crossed the inaccessible mountains into the Vallese, where he made an engagement with a peasant of Grampel. There he remained concealed as a laborer until June, when it happened that some mowers from the Lower Vallese came to the same place, and among them was a young man from Bex, whom Cestio recognized to have seen him among the riflemen at the match of Aarau. That was enough: he ascended the steep rocks of the Simplon, scaled the glaciers, and by narrow paths and over steep rocks and precipices, he descended into the valleys of Italy; and step by step, under various names, reached Genoa. There, in a commercial house, he had an elder brother, who, having supplied him with clothing and replenished his purse, placed him on board the *Castore*, and sent him to Naples. In the Swiss Guard he had a cousin, a Captain, who received him with open arms, and wished to enrol him in the first regiment; but prudently reflecting that some of our new members might recognise him, and report him to his pursuers of Berne, he resolved to pass into Sicily; and there he actually went with letters of introduction to the governor of the island.

“He was offered the post of tutor to the two sons of a prince of Palermo, which he readily accepted and still occupies; but I swear it, he shall not occupy that position long. In consequence of the threatened disturbances in Palermo, the prince resides mostly in a magnificent villa, among the delightful hills of Bagheria; and lately we were informed, that he has removed with his sons to another beautiful residence in the neighborhood of Syracuse. But were he to secrete himself in the deepest pits, or if you will, in the abysses beneath Mt.

Etna itself, I will reach him with the point of my trusty stiletto, which will pierce even through adamant."

"Be prudent," said Aser; "the Sicilians are not to be trifled with; if your life is burdensome, this will afford you a favorable opportunity of relieving yourself of it; for if the prince whom you speak of be well disposed toward Cestio, he well knows how to protect him, or to avenge his death."

"If that be all, you need not be afraid; I would stab the fellow before his face. But that will not be necessary. I have my own plans. By whose hands do you think that Archdevil of Surgovia fell—that opponent of the party of Ochsenbein, ~~and the supporter of the Conservators in Berne?~~ It was by mine!"

"Was it, really?"

"So certainly, that he has already been beneath the ground for three months, the scoundrel! and I'll tell you how it was done: You know that he was as fierce as a tiger; he always wore a close-fitting coat of mail, and was armed invariably with a rapier and a pair of small pistols in each pocket. Well, what did I do to lay hands upon him? I cast my eyes on a certain deformed wretch, who had lost both his legs; he had a hunch on his back, and two stumps of arms, on which he crawled along by the help of two pieces of wood, which he wore on his hands like gloves. He was as vicious as a toad, and I easily gained him over with a few 'livre.' I knew that our Archdevil had to pass along a solitary road; the hunchback pretended to be going to a hut to beg a lodging, and was creeping along by the margin of a ditch. When he saw my man coming in the distance, he let himself slip and tumble into the ditch, from the bottom of which he set up a shout of 'Help! for God's sake.' The

other ran up, leaped into the ditch, and grasped the poor hunchback, and was endeavoring to raise him up and replace him upon the road. I had concealed myself in a field of tall and dense hemp, and while he was thus bending over, I advanced behind him to within a few paces, and fired my carbine at his temples. The ball entered on one side, and passed out at the other. He fell dead on the spot. I dragged the hunchback from the place as far as I could across the fields, and after rewarding him with a treat, I betook myself to Groningen."

"You're a perfect angel," said Aser; "to-morrow we shall have more leisure for conversation. The company must by this time have had enough of the papers; we must now turn to the affairs of Italy, which you know are so important to the brethren of Switzerland and Germany." These communications passed between Aser and Babette in a suppressed voice, while Brofferio was discussing with two Savoyards from Moutier and Bonneville, ~~the surest means of corrupting the piety and fidelity of the villagers of Savoy, who remained staunch in the ancient simplicity of their manners—thanks to the zeal of their curates—whom those wretches graced with the names of~~ *tonsured marmots, dormice, and mountain bears.*

Aser remained in consultation with this assemblage until after midnight. Each one spoke of their general plans without fear or control, and proposed the licentious and dishonest arts of rebellion, concealed under the deceptive tinsel of public immunities, the security and liberty of citizens. All was to wear the appearance of the peaceful petitions of a people devoted to their sovereigns, but with the tacit understanding of joining, under the subterfuge of these lies, in utterly fettering

the legitimate power of the Italian monarchs. They especially dwelt upon the necessity of proceeding with religion on their lips and hypocrisy in their hearts; they must bear in hand a great book, on the first page of which should be written in large gold letters, "The Holy Gospel of Christ;" while the interior should contain the codes of Luther and Calvin, the mysteries of Pantheism, with the decalogue of Socialism, and the Communism of Proudhon, Fournies, and Considerant.

On the succeeding day, Aser wrote to Sterbini the following letter:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—

"I send you this by a safe hand, and I request that you will show the bearer of it every possible kindness and courtesy,—you, who are affability personified above all to the brave; and the hand which will deliver it to you, though so small and white, is possessed of a power that will leave the print of its five fingers wherever it has occasion to press.

"1st. You will henceforth receive my letters and those of the brethren, from the couriers of Leghorn, where we have instituted a living telegraph, on the plan of those of the Chinese. Leghorn is the central point, and thence diverge rays which will extend over all Italy like the web of a spider. Every ten miles in every direction there is a secret post. A courier leaves Leghorn, and at the distance of ten miles he finds others; one for Rome, a second for Florence, a third for Turin, a fourth for Milan, one for Venice, another for Naples, and to these he consigns his message, which, if very important and short, he gives by word of mouth, and so it proceeds until it reaches its destination. In this manner, in a few hours we have a post communication, safe, active, and

most rapid, and the police may in vain seek to penetrate or discover our secret devices.*

“2d. At present the most important matter before the Sacred League is the Jesuits. We do not wish in Italy to go beating about the bush respecting those Reverend Fathers, as was done in Switzerland. Their *Little Councils* and their *Grand Councils* of the Cantons, and their Federal Diets in the *Vorost* of Zurich, of Lucerne, and of Berne, occupied several years before they effected the extirpation of that evil seed from the Helvetian soil. After all, nothing less would suffice than the whole force of the Free Corps to remove them. At present the Central Committee, consisting of Mazzini, Zaleski, and Druey, have adopted the resolution of rooting them out from the soil of Italy and Germany more readily, and with the most simple arts, without striking a blow or shedding a drop of blood, which we must save for the expulsion of the foreigners. Hence at Turin, Genoa, in Sardinia, at Naples, in the Romagnes and in Central Italy, we are to give a general assault to the Jesuits, all at the same moment, and with no other arms than outcries, hisses, and curses, and at the furthest, where they are more tenacious, a few volleys of stones through their windows, with occasionally two or three bottles of vitriol, and perhaps a sprinkling of burning fagots. The *Modern Jesuit* of the Abato Gioberti has cleared the ground, smoothed the road, levelled the hills, filled up the valleys, and turned the sea into solid land; he has lent us such efficient aid, that we may now move forward as if treading on a carpet, so smooth and delightful has he left the ground under our feet. Should

* This living telegraph is still in active operation in Italy. Governments have good reason to know it.

we, however, meet with any rugged spot, or stumble against any little impediment, most likely it will be in Rome. Pius IX. is showing a good many attentions to the Jesuits, believing that he will thereby distract us, and that our eye, intent solely on the regeneration of Italy, is not directed to those reverend gentlemen, whom he loves and esteems. But it is precisely because we desire the regeneration of Italy, that we cannot think of leaving in its bosom, characters who are so very repugnant to it. Therefore, my dear Sterbini, all our wisdom will be needed to effect our object. Denounce them as *retrograders*, as persons opposed to every concession made by the Pope to his people; as intriguing to retain the people in the depths of ignorance; as bound in a double alliance with Austria; as traitors to their country,—the destroyers of every noble institution, and greedily appropriating to themselves every office of emolument among the Roman clergy. Represent them as the envious detractors of the virtues and learning of all other orders except their own; and above all other crimes, brand them with being traitors to Pius IX., against whom they are hatching a diabolical conspiracy. The Pope will not believe a word of all this; but if Pius IX. should not believe it, there are many others who will, and that is all we require. The Civic Guard is at our disposal. Against us, we shall have the double chin, gray-haired old fathers; they will do everything in their power against us; they preach and cry out: ‘In the name of Jerico! what’s all this? Have we forgotten those times of the cholera, when the Jesuits so distinguished themselves in their noble sacrifices to the Romans? What, banish them from Rome! That shall never be;’ and drawing their cloaks round their digni-

fied persons, with their hands on their swords, they will swear to defend them. All a farce! One of our young Civic Guards is worth a hundred of them. Forward, Sterbini; it is the will of thy brethren.

"3d. On the second of November, King Charles Albert set out for Genoa, where everything is in readiness for the popular festivals, at which we intend to set the post-laborers and all the rest of the populace in motion against the Jesuits; to gather them together in mobs; to cluster them round their colors, and to present a heavy and solid front to the cavalry that may be sent against them. Turin is not yet ripe for the plans of our brethren. The gravity of the Court and of the metropolis cannot be lightly tampered with, but Genoa still feels under its ashes, the slumbering fires of the Republic; and I assure you, that by raising a cry against the Jesuits, we may play a very pretty little game of chess there. Already Constantine Retz has his eye on the Castelletto, and pushing forward his pawns, he is for removing those towers from the chess board, and then he can cry 'Check to the King.' The Jesuits afforded us an excuse in Switzerland, and the Genoese, under cover of the same ample cloak, will seek to dye the White Cross of Sardinia in the red of St. George.

"4th. In France, Guizot, Montativet, and the other moderates, perceived in the distance the English-fashioned reform banquets, and the scent alone turns their stomachs; they seem to be studying some method of ~~snatching the frying pans from the hands of the two~~ cooks, Ledru Rollin and Proudhon, and of extinguishing the fires of their ovens, but the cooks are backed by so many valiant waiters and scullions, that they will soon make mince-meat of those big personages; and for Louis

Philippe, they are preparing a dish to receive the gravy as he roasts on the spit. England has already provided them the seasoning of the roast. Wait a few months, and the odor will reach you even in Rome. I will write to you from Frankfort on the affairs of Vienna and Berlin. At present I am starting for Geneva, thence to Berne, and Constance, and various other cities on the Rhine, and finally to Schwerin. I have executed the commission for the muskets. Keep the Civic Guard to its duty: Pius IX. will want things his own way, military regulations, articles of discipline, etc.; accept everything, thank him, and then do as you think fit. I recommend to you the Roman youth, render it warlike; the Alien will not be conquered by 'Our Fathers.' You understand. Adieu,

"Yours, etc.,

"ASER."

CHAPTER XI.

EVIL ARTS AND TREACHEROUS GUILF.

THE affairs of Rome were daily advancing towards the brink of the unfathomable precipice, which the miners of Young Italy had dug beneath it. They no longer worked in secrecy and silence, but in the full light of day, before the eyes of all Christendom; they robbed the Pontiff of the august prerogatives, with which he was invested, over his temporal dominions. He had no sooner made one ~~concession to the people~~ than the demon-

strations of gratitude with which it was accepted, were followed by renewed clamors and demands still more exorbitant; they left him not a moment to breathe, but perfidiously abusing the favors already obtained, they turned them against him; until at last, with treasonable designs and a threatening aspect, they demanded a more free constitution, or rather forced it from their sovereign by violence. Thus concession followed concession, gained new strength at every motion; like a rock detached from the summit of a mountain, it starts on its precipitous course, gaining increased velocity as it moves, until at length, obstacles, which seemed about to impede its progress, only give it a more terrible momentum; it bounds from side to side, and finally rests in the deep abyss, broken into innumerable fragments. Whoever will consider with an eye of discernment, the nature of the secret societies in Rome; their evil arts, and the activity which multiplied their forces; whoever will strip the external show of good from the malignant reality which they covered with the noble mantle of patriotic virtue; whoever will compare their words with their deeds, their public with their private actions, will discover in these formidable machinations, a design ready formed with the most subtle foresight; let him weigh the force and the resistance, the visible and the concealed; compare that which was determined with that which was attempted; see the causes and the effects, the profound study of the character of the people, of the inclinations of the great and of the vanity of the middle class; and he will find with what prudent and vigilant care, like one who navigates an unknown sea, they sounded the depths as they advanced, and were unceasingly on the look-out for rocks and breakers, in order that they might steer clear of

them, and reach their destination in safety. Perverse arts were used to corrupt the Roman youth, and the most detestable influences of seduction were practised in every direction, so that the young and inexperienced fell inevitably into the snares without a chance of escape. Every youth of ~~twenty years~~ was enrolled in the Civic Guard; ~~no pretext, no excuse availed, or could exempt~~ even those who were still engaged in their studies, and had but half completed their course: nay, so much did they presume on the wild forbearance of the Roman people, that they had formed even in the schools of the Sapienza a regiment of students, whose leaders and officers were the professors of law, mathematics, and medicine. Many youths, to avoid being ensnared in these nets of perdition, took the clerical habit, or exiled themselves from Rome as travellers, as if they were going by the order of their physicians, or for the purposes of commerce, or in search of new pursuits. The Sovereign Pontiff, with the eye of a watchful father, saw clearly ~~that the impious were wounding the most sensitive point~~ of the glory of Rome. The hearts of his beloved and ingenuous youth were robbed of the precious treasures of piety and virtue. He wept over the scene, and exclaimed: "Ah! they are robbing me of my young children! They are staining their bright innocence! They are slaying those beautiful souls!"

One morning, an aunt of Alisa, the sister of her mother Flavia, came to visit her. Polissena, under pretext of making some purchase, had gone out, and had secretly entered the establishment of a milliner, where she had an appointment with Masi, the secretary of Prince Canino. Alisa's aunt sat down with her niece, and finding themselves alone, she said: "My daughter

(I call you such, as your mother's last recommendations give me the right), you certainly know that Aser left Rome suddenly several days past; I know that you are good and discreet; at most, you are but a young girl, and experience has not yet schooled you in human malice; may God, through the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, and through the prayers of your own mother, grant that you may never make the discovery in a mirror, which reflects the blush of shame, and the paleness of remorse. That Aser, my daughter, has made you the subject of remark through the half of Rome, and I cannot account for the inattention and thoughtlessness of your father, who pays no attention to it. He is so blinded by all these novelties in Rome, that while he is for ever watching the business of others from his window, he neither hears nor sees what passes in his own house. That Aser is a stranger,—some will have it that he is the son of a king; others, on the contrary, that he is a knavish adventurer, a wicked abettor of the secret societies; and some have gone so far as to assert that, under so rich and fine an appearance, he is even a hired assassin."

"Alas! my aunt, what do you say! An assassin!" cried Alisa. "I believe Aser to be noble and generous: he loves me fondly; he has saved my life, and in so doing narrowly escaped with his own; his attentions have been limited to watching me in the streets, or at the theatre, and he has never set foot within my father's house. My own friends call me cold, ungrateful; they would that at least I should show myself more tractable and humane; but I preserve in my inmost heart the advice of my beloved mother, who often said, when she came to see me at St. Dionisius, 'Remember, dear

Alisa, that a young lady should always be modest, that she should never give to any young man the least proof of levity. If any should love you with constancy, remember it will be your duty to refer to your parents.' So that, dear aunt, although I cannot say that I am indifferent to him, yet I will always observe this distance in my behavior." As she said this two heavy tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I cannot doubt you," replied her aunt, "but this is too much the subject of conversation in Rome; the lady Metilde of the Campo Marzo, and the lady Julia of the Piazza Farnese, who, you know, are good mothers, were saying yesterday, in a large circle of their female friends, that they had found it necessary to forbid their daughters to frequent your company, lest they should draw the same remarks upon themselves. Now that our good fortune has taken Aser elsewhere, you must seek to bury the past in oblivion, for it is likely enough (excuse one, who loves you, for making use of the expression) that he is at least some sort of freemason."

"You mean to say, dear aunt, that his whole soul is devoted to Italy, and that he thinks of nothing but the greatness and liberty of his country; but I cannot convince myself, do what I will, that it is the same as being a freemason or Carbonari: my own father desires the same triumph of Italy, and yet he is a good Christian, and he loves and reveres the Pope with absolute devotion, which the Carbonari do not."

"Your father might, however, be more Roman than he is," said her aunt; "for if we are to believe him, there is nothing good left in Rome. He is always with the Swiss, the French, and the Hungarians: in their countries everything is beautiful, rich, and grand; among us, all

is dark ; it seems as if the sun had ceased to rise. He prides himself so much on his splendid uniform of captain of the Civic Guard, that he positively imagines himself a second Napoleon ; and whenever he meets me he seeks to carry me by storm to enrol Severuccio in the battalion of the Speranza.* Only imagine ! And he not yet eleven years of age. I have more than enough to do with Mimo and Lando, who, since they have entered that bewitched Civic Guard (I should say so), are altogether beyond my control."

"Oh, that reminds me, aunt ! tell me, what is the reason that they have not come as usual to spend the evenings of Thursdays and Sundays with us ? I have just got ready for Mimo a fine new piece of Verdi's, for four hands, on the piano ; it is perfection itself. And for Lando, there is that beautiful ballad-air for the harp and a flute accompaniment. See, there stands my poor harp, it has never sounded since my cousin was here ; I have no heart for it by myself, but if he were here with his flute I would play for hours ; and Polissena, every time she hears it, falls into raptures, because, she says, the ancient Italians inspirited the Lombard warriors with the sound of the harp in their battles against Barbarossa. Tell them both that I expect them, and that it is a shame to see them thus abandon their music."

"What would you have, my love," said the poor mo-

* The demagogues, to sow corruption among the Romans from their very childhood, instituted a battalion of children, in green uniforms, who went through their military exercises to inure them to the use of arms. There were silly fathers who took their little children of three and four years of age to these military promenades. In the quarters of the Speranza was held an open school of every kind of dissoluteness and impiety.

ther; "since the opening of those barracks, I don't know them for the same. They are never without their muskets; they are constantly running in and out of the house, with a number of rough-looking young men, who frighten me so, that I can't help making the sign of the cross every time I see them. In the rooms on the ground floor, they have their exercises; Mimo teaches Lando and then Lando commands Mimo; they thus waste their nights to a very late hour. Again, when the fencing master comes, there is a stamping and a shuffling of feet, and a shouting of 'Cross swords,' 'feint outside,' . . . 'inside cut,' . . . 'parry in tierce,' . . . 'round that wrist,' 'straighten that arm,'—until they turn my house into a bedlam and deafen the whole neighborhood. You know what a dear, good boy, my little Lando was; how affectionate, how sweet tempered and graceful in his manners; well, now he has become a perfect viper. He was a model of modesty, and belonged to the Ristretto of Padre de Vies; every week he frequented the sacraments, and every morning with the rising sun he paid his visit to the altar of St. Louis to hear mass. Now, must I say it, Alisa? I can scarcely prevail upon either of them to attend the last mass on Sundays, so occupied are they in training themselves up for the review which their colonel holds at two o'clock in the Piazza del Popolo, or that of San Pietro. They have to clean their guns and rub their armor with polishing dust; then they call their sister to burnish the bands of their knapsacks, and poor Nanna has to bespatter her hands with chalk; she polishes here and scrubs there; cleans the straps and rubs the clasps, so that your cousin has become in fact their orderly. But it's worse for her if she shows

any reluctance, for then Mimo flies at her with a volley of names, and throws the dirty wadding in her face."

Here Bartolo, who had just returned home, entered Alisa's room to salute his sister-in-law.

"Good morning, Adele, how do you do?"

"Very well, if I were not a mother; but that character, so sweet and delightful in itself, has become sad and full of bitterness. My dear Bartolo, I am really tired of living!"

"What is the matter? Have some of your sons fallen ill?"

"God grant that they were both so!"

"Why, really, that does sound strange!"

Adele turned to Alisa: "My dear girl, will you fetch me a cup of lemonade? I am quite thirsty; but mix it yourself, for no one can make it so delicious." After Alisa was gone, she turned again to Bartolo with tears in her eyes. "Yes, brother, I am reduced to such a pass with my sons, as to wish sincerely that they were unable to rise from their beds. This Civic Guard has ruined them."

"And how?" asked Bartolo.

"How?" she repeated; "because, from being pious and well-behaved children, it has made them two villains, fit for the galleys; so bad and impious is the school which they attend daily, and almost nightly, at the barracks. Conversation, which makes one shudder with horror; curses, imprecations, and every new-fangled heresy! During the first days that my dear Lando was in the Guard, he came home terrified; his eyes were inflamed, his face pale, and his breast heaving; he took and pressed my hand, kissed it with feverish excitement, and pressed it to his heart. Oh, brother, how it throbbed! it felt as if

it would burst! And he said to me, weeping, Oh! mother, save me from that dreadful place! I am losing my soul! Their talk is all obscenity; every kind of disgraceful adventure is in turn related, and at every disgusting narration they roar with laughter, 'Bravo! Good! Capital!' Think, my dear mother, of the horror of nights passed in such wicked conversation! One evening the Angelus-bell was ringing; I took off my cap. What hisses! what jeers! what scorn they heaped upon me for that beautiful practice! one called me a fool; another, an idiot; another, an ass; thus to disgrace the profession of arms with the 'Hail, Mary.' 'Go and say it to those ribald Jesuits; such superstitions belong only to them. The infamous wretches! see how they degrade and stupify the lively temper of youth. Down with the Jesuits! Gioberti for ever!' In the daytime they read the most outrageous passages of the 'Modern Jesuit,' and woe to those that don't listen attentively. They comment upon it, and apply it first to one and then to another of our holy fathers; and observe, mother, that many of them owe everything to the Jesuits. That bad book is not the only one; but they have others, containing every kind of foul wickedness and impiety. They heap insult on the cardinals, and some of them go about whispering to the most depraved, 'This fool of a Pope shall shortly have to deal with our bayonets.'

"This was what Lando told me during the first days; but afterwards, whether Mimo had more human respect and laughed him out of his devotion, or the contact with vicious companions corrupted him, by degrees he became profligate, arrogant, and hardened; he affects contempt for holy things; he is exceedingly rude in the house, and seeks to corrupt Severuccio. Mimo and Lando pilfer

from me incessantly, and so much of the silver plate has already disappeared, that I am terrified to death lest their father should perceive it. In fine, dear Bartolo, the government ought to remedy this, or Rome will become an abomination."

"The government has no concern in it," replied Bartolo; "the Pope speaks, commands, entreats, beseeches; but the thing is done, and it is impossible to make head against it. Besides, it is natural; would you have bar-racks like sacristies? They smoke and laugh, and are perhaps not very choice in their terms, but in the end our Romans are very good boys. You will see, dear Adele, things will come to rights by and by; when once we have settled the confederation of Italy, religion will flourish more than ever."

"You make much of those hopes of yours," returned Adele sadly; "but they do not weigh much in the heart of a mother, who sees her sons, so anxiously brought up in the fear of God, falling headlong into perdition. I would at the same time remind you that you also should keep a more watchful eye over Alisa, and upon those reports which are circulated among the friends of Flavia, respecting that young Swede. . . . But here is Alisa with the lemonade."

~~About the end of November, at two in the afternoon,~~
a carriage drove up to the ~~Sermy hotel on the Piazza di~~
~~Spagna. It contained the Baroness of Derberg, who~~
appeared in a splendid travelling dress and accompanied by several attendants. After taking possession of the finest apartments in the hotel, she sent an invitation to the physician, Sterbini, to attend her in the evening. It may be supposed that Sterbini was punctual. A Baroness of Derberg! who could she be? Some sister of

the 'Sacred Alliance' of Germany? With these cogitations he reached the Sermy hotel. He was admitted to the Baroness, in whom he beheld a most prepossessing and beautiful young lady, in an ample dress of dark purple velvet à la Mary Stuart, with a massive gold chain round her neck sustaining a number of precious jewels. The Baroness, with a graceful inclination of her head, offered her hand, which he kissed respectfully. "Be seated, my dear Sterbini," said she, as she took a letter from a pocket-book. "I am the faithful bearer of this despatch, which was confided to me as a great trust by our friend Aser, at Turin. Read it." While he was perusing the letter, with her elbow resting on the arm of his chair, she watched every change in the countenance of Sterbini, who, when he had finished, raised his eyes smilingly to the lady, saying: "Pardon me, Baroness, but it appears from Aser's manner of expressing himself, that this letter was consigned to a gentleman, and not to so graceful a traveller."

"Don't let that disturb you," replied the young lady; "Aser had much to distract him when he wrote. I congratulate you on your good fortune in Rome, everything seems to smile upon you: persevere manfully; Germany fixes its eyes on you, Vienna and Paris are waiting for the signal."

"Your arrival will inspire us with the courage necessary for so great an enterprise," said the Doctor, "and hope you will give us much powerful aid and advice. Shall we have the advantage of possessing you long among us?"

"I start to-morrow for Civita Vecchia," returned the Baroness.

"Really, to-morrow! without even seeing the brethren?"

"Yes."

"And what is your destination?"

"To Malta," said the Baroness.

"If you will accept letters for Achilli and De Sanctis, my excellent and virtuous friends, I shall be happy to accommodate you."

"There is no occasion, thank you, as I have already several for them; I will communicate any information you wish."

Sterbini asked a number of other questions, but finding it was getting late, and fearing that the Baroness might be fatigued with her long journey, politely took his leave, and on the following morning Babette departed to Civita Vecchia, where she embarked for Sicily in search of Castio.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FRIGATE SAN MICHELE.

AFTER having traversed a great part of Germany as far as Dantzic, always engaged in disciplining the various branches of the secret league, and learning the designs which were in preparation against every prince and government, both Catholic and Protestant, in Europe, Aser was now on his return to Italy. The state of affairs in Rome was watched with great anxiety by Mazzini and the Swiss radicals, who were persuaded that it

would be impossible to accomplish their object without the reduction of the metropolis of the Christian world. Aser received from them instructions to resort to every species of machination. Rome was to fall into the power of the society more like a traveller, who unknowingly enters a labyrinth in the centre of which is a den of thieves, who plunder and destroy every one that falls into their hands, than a person, who, aware of the presence of his enemies, arms himself, proceeds cautiously, and yields only after a valiant resistance. Rome was to fall to the sound of music, singing and dancing, in mockery at all who dared to raise a warning voice.

Having again visited his friends in the street of ~~Santa Pelagia~~ in Turin, where he had met with Babette in November, and discussed with them the plans of the chiefs of the "Holy Alliance," he descended to Geneva, not to encourage and spur on the clubs there, but to praise them for what they had already accomplished, and for what they were about to undertake with so much ardor.

Towards evening, although the sky was threatening and the sea in commotion, he entered a small boat and caused himself to be taken on board the frigate San Michele, which rode at anchor in the port. There he asked for an officer, to whom he had to communicate many secrets on the part of an inhabitant of Geneva, who kept him informed of the proceedings of Switzerland against the Sonderbund, which had already fallen more by the treachery than by the swords of the ninety thousand men under command of General Dufour. He was received on the deck of the vessel by a hardy-looking old boatswain's mate, remarkable for the severe mildness of his countenance, who told him that the officer was on shore on business of the admiralty, but that he was ex-

pected back in about an hour, and if he would wait, it would give him pleasure to show him through the ship, a splendid and well-equipped vessel. Aser gladly accepted this proposal. He admired the perfect neatness and order of everything on deck in the armory; every kind of weapon occupying its appropriate place; the well-finished cabins of the captain and officers, their spaciousness, richness, and perfect finish of their ornaments, the magnificence of the furniture, and the carpets of Oriental manufacture. His attention was next directed to the cannon and their appurtenances; then on the third deck to the infirmary or cockpit, with its surgery provided with every kind of medicine and every appliance for the wounded. In the obscurity of this place, lighted here and there with dimly-shining lamps; in this silence, broken only by the beating of the waves against the sides of the vessel, Aser passed near a wooden partition, beyond which he could hear the murmur of many voices speaking in low tones, interrupted by deep sighs. Outside the door of the room from which these sounds proceeded a guard was pacing to and fro in silence, with slow steps, his arms crossed upon his breast, and a cutlass in his hand resting against his left shoulder. The old mariner turned to Aser: "Within, sir," said he, "are the Jesuits, who recently escaped in the middle of the night, by a miraculous interposition of the Blessed Virgin, from a most savage attack. The populace entered by assault the Professed House of St. Ambrosius, and at the same time stormed the Royal College in the palace Doria-Fursi. It would move a heart of stone to see these priests, who for so many years have devoted themselves with such zeal to the good of the people, in alms, in preaching, in the

confessional and in the assistance of the infirm and dying, pursued for so many months like felons, and finally assaulted by a ferocious mob, which only their death would satisfy. Have you heard how they escaped? Those of the Royal College, who had so many young students, seeing their gates almost burst open, and the scaling ladders already placed against their windows, fled with their innocent pupils by a narrow path leading from the garden to the foot of the Castelletto, and by the interposition of Providence found the iron grating still open, this being generally, for the security of the fortress, kept closed. They thence escaped into the houses of the citizens, who, moved with profound pity, placed them in safety.

“On the other hand, those of St. Ambrose, attacked with the fury of tigers, with yells, imprecations and blasphemies, saw themselves without any means of escape, and on the point of falling into the hands of the assailants, who had already mounted the window-sills with their daggers in their hands, with foaming mouths, and with death and rage and desolation in their hearts. The unfortunate fathers, surrounded on all sides by this infuriated mob, could neither throw themselves from the windows into the street, nor fly by passing along the roofs, as their college is an isolated building surrounded on all sides by streets; but God, who watched over them, had decreed that they should not fall martyrs to the raging mob, and had provided them with the means of safety. There was a passage supported by an arch which spanned the street at a great elevation, and connected the Church of the College with the Ducal palace. Through this passage the Doge was formerly accustomed to come on festivals to hear mass in the Church. The reve-

rend Fathers seeing no other means of escape, mounted to the entrance of the passage by the means of ladders, which they drew after them when they ascended, and took refuge in the palace, which at the time was occupied by the Governor of Genoa.

“His excellency suddenly beheld in his apartments those terrified priests, pale, exhausted, and gasping, with their hair standing on their heads, and the sweat trickling down their cheeks. In the mean time, the ferocious assailants of the house of God forced their way through the windows, and running to the doors let in a crowd of Civic Guards, who rushed into the hall, while another portion of them, with fixed bayonets, kept the mob at bay, telling them that they would throw the riches of the Jesuits to them from the windows. In that immense hall there used to be great numbers of confessionals, where the Genoese went in the evening to confession: and many a time, my dear sir, have I been there myself and received consolation and comfort! The walls and pillars were adorned with the portraits of the fathers of the Society, who had suffered martyrdom in Japan, in the Indies, in America, and in China; and observe, the first act of those impious men was to break and destroy the confessionals with their sabres; and with a fury prompted by Satan, they pierced the eyes of the martyrs with their bayonets, then with their daggers they lacerated them, and tore them in pieces, martyring them anew; ‘Thus if we were able,’ shouted they, ‘would we tear and rend those reverend scoundrels.’ ”*

* A democratic paper of Genoa has sought to throw discredit on this genuine account, by asserting that the Civic Guard did not then exist in Genoa. We answer, by the single question, “Who cut down the confessionals, and tore up the paintings?” The regular military of

Aser gazed in mute astonishment upon this old sailor, who displayed such faith and piety; and at the recital of those atrocities, felt himself moved with sentiments of pity, and an internal emotion, which seldom, indeed, entered his heart, and which he quickly endeavored to stifle. The boatswain's mate continued his narrative. "There was not a corner of the large establishment left unsearched; every article of furniture was either broken or thrown from the windows to the people: beds, mattresses, tables, chests, kitchen utensils, the paintings which hung in the corridors, and finally, an immense number of books and manuscripts from the library. But that which most excites our detestation, was the attempt to cast upon the holy fathers, the stain of a wickedness which deserves the most cruel death. For this purpose they threw from the windows clothing of little children, female dresses, indecent pictures, and many other objects indicative of shameless depravity. At the sight of this the mob (whether believing or not) shouted, 'Death to the infamous wretches; to the gibbet with the hypocrites; cast the villains into the fire!'"

Aser could no longer contain himself, and interrupting the old sailor: "This, indeed, is insufferable!" said he; "Eugene Sue in the Wandering Jew, and Vincenzo Gioberti in the Modern Jesuit, who charged the Jesuits with

Piedmont is not so base as to abandon itself to such sacrilege, and such shameful excesses. There can be at least no doubt that it was the Civic Guard, which seized the College of Doria-Fursi, when Father Xaverio Gastaldi, a fugitive from Sardinia was compelled to betake himself to the streets, and being consigned for safety to the quarters of the Civic Guard, was mocked at the whole night like Christ in the house of Caiphas, and was put to the blush by their most disgusting turpitude. History, the unswerving recorder and custodian of facts, has already registered the names of the instigators of that atrocious and implacable expulsion of the Jesuits.

every iniquity, never reproached them with such abominations; this was an honor reserved for the Genoese."

"Say rather," replied the old man, "for a perfidious Doctor, who boasted to some of our officers that he had carried under his cloak all those things which were thrown from the windows; he also it was that threw upon the roof of a house in the garden of the Royal College, a dead infant, at the same time spreading the report through the city that the Jesuits were infanticides; and the Commissary of Police went to the College, and mounting on the roof by means of a ladder, folded the child in a covering, and entering the room of the Rector, showed it to him. The poor religious well-nigh fainted with horror; but the Commissary said to him: 'No, no, Father, be not alarmed; the police have discovered whence the little creature was thrown; we even know the guilty mother, and the miscreant, who slew it and threw it upon the roof.'"

"Ah, the monster," cried Aser; "yet these Jesuits must have been very hateful to the people, that they should display such ferocity against them."

"Hateful to the people? Quite the contrary. The Genoese people have always given proof of their love and reverence for those fathers; in their necessities they have had recourse to them with confidence, and in return they have shown towards them a paternal love. I myself am among the number of those who count them as their benefactors. I can never forget how much they did for me in the time of the cholera. I had a son who had just returned from Buenos Ayres; the cholera seized my wife; the young man and a daughter of about sixteen watched at the bedside of their mother, and applied her every remedy. But, alas! one after the other they

fell dangerously ill. Two Jesuits came and watched unceasingly by their bedsides; every one in the neighborhood was taking precautions for himself; assistants could not be procured for gold. The Jesuits, while they administered to them the consolations of religion, prepared and gave them their medicines, assisted them to turn and change their position, arranged the pillows under their heads, and performed for them every office with invincible patience. My wife died, but the two children recovered from the dreadful contagion. One of those two fathers is shut up there. Would you like to see them? Your heart will bleed at the sight of their destitution, for they escaped with nothing but the clothes they had on."

Aser assented. The old sailor gently opened the door and introduced the young stranger, who stopped after he had taken a step or two inside, as if overcome.

This room, which resembled the interior of a sepulchre, was dimly lighted by a smoky lantern; it was about sixteen feet long, thirteen feet wide, and five in height.

More than twenty of these good fathers were imprisoned here; their countenances were pale and emaciated, their eyes sunken, and their heads inclined upon their breasts, as they sat back to back upon the floor, while their minds were filled with a mortal anguish. In one corner was seen upon a straw mattress an aged priest, wrapped in a coarse blanket, shrunk and bent with sufferings, drawing his breath with such difficulty that he appeared every moment about to breathe his last. By the side of the sick man was a young German brother, who was sustaining his head with one hand, while with the other he wiped away the perspiration which bathed his face. From a word which this infirmarian said to one of the

fathers, Aser perceived that he was a German by his pronunciation, and was encouraged to ask him in his own tongue, who was the sick man. Brother Winterhalter raised his head, and pleased in the midst of such distress to meet with a countryman, answered: "Sir, this victim of human cruelty is the aged Pole, Wisoski. He was proscribed by the Russian Emperor, in 1820, with the other Jesuits in Poland, and spent his youth with the missionaries in the deserts of Siberia and the rugged mountains of Caucasus, to which the Jesuits went every year in search of the unfortunate Catholics of Poland banished there. They offered them the consolations of religion as well as human comforts, procuring them clothes and furs to protect them from the rigors of that climate, and presenting other things which infused delight into the hearts of the poor exiles. This noble and generous brother was broken down by so many travels, and from the dampness of those cloudy regions was attacked with the most acute pains in his bones, and by degrees became so bent that he could no longer move except by resting his hands upon the ground.

"The unfortunate old man lived in the Royal College, where his afflictions have confined him to bed for several months, and the last two weeks we have been in momentary expectation of his death. The other night when the religious escaped, with the students, from the assault of the mob, a noble-hearted young father, dressed in the Italian fashion,* refused to leave the bedside of the sick man; and God preserved him, we may say miraculously, from the hands of those infuriated men. After the tumult had somewhat subsided, he went out secretly after midnight to beseech as a favor that the poor old re-

* He is now a Missionary in the United States.

ligious might be lodged in the hospital. He was rudely answered 'No!' The father himself was detained at the guardhouse, and Wisoski was taken upon a pallet by four soldiers, carried on board and thrown here, as you see, into the hold of this ship." Aser felt indignant at such cruelty, and a deep remorse gnawed his heart that he himself, by the orders of Mazzini, had been instrumental in bringing about this ferocious expulsion. He asked Winterhalter, who was the Superior. The brother pointed him out. "He is a native of Bretagne," said he, "and for twenty years has wrought much good in Genoa, beloved and esteemed by all good men."* Aser bowed to him and addressing him in French, asked him in a tone of compassion, who had thus buried them alive. The Superior, a man of benevolent disposition and courteous demeanor, thanked him for his kind disposition towards them, and related the following particulars.

"From the month of November last year, in the presence of the King, the seducers of the people began to collect crowds and mobs to march about with flags and shout through the streets, 'Italy for ever! Gioberti for ever!' and on reaching the front of the Royal College, and of St. Ambrose, they roared and howled like wild beasts: 'Death to the Jesuits! away with the Austrian!' After the departure of the King in December, these demonstrations never ceased. Day and night the storm of curses roared on every side of us, always terminating with 'Death to the Jesuits!' It would make too long a story to relate our agony, the nights of terror, and days

* Father Lucien Guibert, after suffering many misfortunes in Italy, travelled to America; thence he returned to Flanders, to the residence of the Count d'Outremont, with whom he went last year to Rome and Naples, and is now in a College in France.

spent in trembling, for more than three months, during which time we were confined to the house and compelled to say mass in church with closed doors, for they no longer respected even God's holy temple. One of our lay brothers being compelled to go out on business, was assailed in the streets by ferocious men, paid and instigated by the association, and was so cruelly maltreated that had he not been dragged from among them by some compassionate souls, he would have been murdered on the spot." Aser stood in silence with the perspiration running down his face. The Superior continued: "To crown these dreadful occurrences they finally scaled the walls, battered in the doors, and climbed upon the window-stones. God, in his goodness, saved us by means of the passage which communicated from the church to the palace of the governor; but on arriving there in safety we were deprived of our manuscripts, consisting of sermons, philosophical lectures, and letters, which were all that we were able to bring with us. We were shut up in a room, and two hours after midnight, disguised in the cloaks and helmets of soldiers, and placed in the centre of a battalion of the troops, we were conducted into this dark room. For a day and a half we have been prevented from going on deck, even after dark, to breathe a little fresh air, although, as you perceive, the bad air of this place is suffocating."

The old mariner wept at the sight of the pitiable state of these poor priests; and turning to the father who had with such charity saved his family in the time of the cholera, he took his hand in silence, and kissed it with a sigh. Aser said to the Superior: "But among these fathers many must be citizens and natives of the kingdom; why not allow them to return to their own houses?"

"Such was our request," replied the Superior, "but they neither answer nor allow us to have recourse to the King, and from the threatening expressions of one of the officers, we have reason to expect even worse treatment."

Aser, out of patience, expressed in a tone of indignation: "These unfeeling monsters are deserving of all your hatred."

"Nosir, of our pity."—"How! after they have treated you with such cruelty, you do not hate them, especially as they refuse you permission to disperse quietly to your homes, although they will not have you united?"—"We neither hate them, nor do we wish evil to befall them, but we pray to God for them."

Aser, moved by this noble and Christian forgiveness, bade them farewell, and carried away in his breast sentiments which never before found admittance there.

A few days after, orders were transmitted from the government to remove the unfortunate fathers from the "San Michele" to the steamer San Giorgio, on board which they were transported to Spezia, whence they were conveyed by land, in the midst of renewed dangers and the grossest insults, to Carrara.

CHAPTER XIII.

CESTIUS.

IN the mean time, Babette of Interlaken, about the end of November, sailed, as we have before narrated, under the name of Baroness of Derberg, to the Island of Sicily. Her object, as has been seen, was to encompass the death

of the young Cestius, who, moved by the stings of conscience, had abandoned the secret societies to which, to his infinite disgrace, he had formerly added his name and co-operation. On her arrival at Palermo, she took sumptuous apartments facing the sea, and having set on foot inquiries for Cestius, she discovered that he was shortly to return from Syracuse with the Prince's sons, of whom he was the tutor. While she thus waited for her victory, like a cat counterfeiting sleep while patiently watching for a mouse, she did not remain idle; but with her whole energy she sought to promote the designs and intrigues of the societies, and frequented the assemblies of Young Sicily, to animate them to new and sudden changes. Sometimes openly, and sometimes in secret, she attended the frequent meetings of the most violent demagogues at the residence of Prince Scordia, and of old Ruggero Settimo, where she met every evening with one or other of the warmest imitators of Gian di Procida. These worthies were in ecstasies at the skilful secrecy with which the agitators of Switzerland and Germany conducted their affairs, and were infinitely obliged to the Baroness for her profitable teachings.

On the return of Cestius to Palermo, Babette having recourse to her skill in counterfeiting writing, composed a cunning epistle to Cestius in the hand of a cousin whom he tenderly loved, at Lucerne. She sent him this note with an invitation to pay her a visit, as she had many things to tell him from Errichetta, the name of his cousin. Cestius was delighted, and the Baroness gave him a reception so warm-hearted that he was charmed with the noble lady; he did not confine himself to this first visit, but from time to time, when his duties in the prince's

family permitted it, he visited her in the most friendly manner, and sometimes accompanied her in her walks.

In fine, the insidious deceiver plied her arts with such success that the time for effecting her object seemed arrived. As they were walking one evening in the neighborhood of Palermo in a thick grove of laurel, she led him by narrow paths to a place not much frequented, behind a little hill, where the overhanging branches form a deep shade, which becomes at twilight as dark as night. But as she was on the point of striking her long and piercing stiletto into his side, she was suddenly disturbed by the sharp bark of a grayhound, which bounded past with several others, chasing each other and gamboling through the windings of the grove. Babette fearing that the owners of the dogs were entering the same paths, feigned a desire to walk in a more frequented place, and led Cestius back to the city.

This failure only spurred her to form new schemes to attain her end. One day when they were alone together, putting on a grave and pensive air—"Do you know," said she, "my dear Ernest" (Cestius was only his name in the society), "that last year as I was on a visit with several other German ladies at that sanctuary of yours, called the Hermitage, I experienced at the sight of that Madonna, so strange an emotion that I can since find no peace. I seek constantly to stifle this feeling, but the idea of abandoning Lutheranism and embracing your religion pursues me incessantly. You are a good Catholic, can you not point out some means by which I may receive light on this subject?"

Cestius, who had sincerely repented of his fault and now led a conscientious life, heard this with unfeigned pleasure, and proposed that she should consult a learned

and pious priest, who would point out her errors and explain with distinctness the Catholic doctrine. Babette consented, saying: "I shall be infinitely obliged, and in the mean time I pray that to-morrow evening you will meet me at the Basilica of Monreale, where amid the tombs of the kings we may argue some of these points without fear of interruption, as may happen here in the house." Cestius replied, that it would be a pleasure, and that he would come for her. "No, no," returned Babette; "go there alone. I will not be long in joining you. Pray don't be late. By the by, you might as well send away your carriage, and we will return to Palermo together in mine."

On the following day, about sunset, Cestius was at the great church of Monreale, and after admiring that stupendous monument of the munificence of the Norman kings, who founded the monarchy of Sicily, he walked on alone towards the sepulchres. The days of winter are short and cloudy; towards evening, immediately before dark, gothic architecture always assumes a majestic gloom, and the tombs of the kings at this particular hour, were almost in obscurity. Cestius finding himself thus solitary, knelt at the foot of a pillar, and in that sad and solemn silence besought God to have mercy upon him, that he would pardon the sins of his youth, and above all, that he would mercifully forgive his denial of his faith by the infernal oaths of the secret abominations of Illuminism.

He was absorbed in these thoughts, with tears of repentance standing in his eyes, when he was distracted by a light sound of footsteps, and raising them he saw the Baroness advancing towards him. She wore a brown mantle, and her hands were concealed in a large fur

muff; and having joined him she thanked him for his punctuality, drew her hand from her muff and shook him by the hand. "Let us," said she, "take a seat behind this monument of Guglielmo il Malo and commence our discussion." They turned round the monument, and the Baroness, before sitting down, stood facing it, as if to examine it, then lowering her eyes to its base she turned and said to Cestius: "Did you ever read the inscription of this great king? Let us see, if you please, what it says." Cestius bent down, for it was growing dark, and fixed his eyes upon the marble to decipher the epitaph. Then Babette drew her dagger from her muff, and drove the point into the middle of his neck; in a moment she withdrew the steel and again plunged it through his side into his heart.

The accursed woman then drew out the dagger, coolly wiped the blade on the skirt of Cestius's coat, and returned it to its sheath; she then left the Basilica unobserved, entered her carriage, and, without the possibility of a suspicion, was driven as usual with a countenance full of seeming joy to the soir  e of Prince Ruggero Settimo. There were assembled conspirators, who in a few days were to commence an open rebellion and excite the whole island to effect its freedom.

In those first days of rage and blood, Babette, in male attire, was all activity in blocking up the streets with barricades, from behind which, armed with an English rifle, she shot down the soldiers who showed themselves in front. At the storming of the Caserma Reale, she was one of the first to bound like a panther into the barracks, throwing herself upon the officers and slaughtering them without mercy. As the time was now approaching for the outbreaks in Vienna, where she had certain

appointments with the conspirators which recalled her into Germany, she determined upon leaving Sicily, and as all communication by sea was stopped on the other side, she embarked in an English ship, in which she arrived at Malta and thence sailed to Naples.

On arriving at the port, she landed on the new mole, and inquired for one of the best hotels, that face the beautiful river of Chiaia. In the direction of the Castello, she observed a confused throng of people, questioning one another, some pressing forward to see, while others moved away as if confounded with the sight; on the terraces, the balconies, and railings, were crowds of curious spectators, each stretching to see over the heads of those before. Babette, looking out of the window of her carriage, asked what was the cause of the tumult.

~~She was answered, that the National Guard had expelled the Jesuits, and was then escorting them to Castello, where they were to be embarked on board a vessel, and from that moment trust themselves to the mercy of God.~~ Babette could not restrain herself; she leaped to the ground, elbowed her way through the crowd, and reached the Fountain of Medina. There she leaned her back against the iron railings, and waited until the carriages passed; already they were visible at the Church of San Giuseppe, and as they moved towards the fountain, she counted no less than thirty carriages.

They were the proscribed priests, four in each carriage, pale and emaciated, yet with serene countenances; the National Guard and the auxiliaries, kept guard over them from the Mercatello, where the assault was made upon the College, through Toledo and Montoliveto to Castelnovo. The Neapolitans, who crowded to this kind of public funeral, looked on in sadness and silence;

they were struck with amazement at such an outrage. "Ah the monsters!" said those who stood round Babette; "the impious wretches! for a day and night they placed sentinels over them at the doors of their rooms, and pursued those who endeavored to escape from the windows; they dragged the sick from their beds; they have proscribed our fellow-citizens, these poor priests whom they have robbed of everything, preventing them from taking with them a single change of linen, or clothes to protect them from the cold!" "What linen and clothes are you talking about?" said another. "Did not these most noble guards steal it all from them? I saw them this very morning selling napkins, for three grani apiece, in this same piazza, and to that old clothierman there."* "They are not Neapolitans," said a third. "No, no! they come from some horrid den or other; but thank God they shall smart for it. The poor priests, to whom we owe so much!" But when they saw Father Capelloni, the old missionary, and the father of the people, at a distance, there arose among them a tumultuous agitation and confused sighs; they stretched out their hands to him, poured a thousand blessings on his head, and with groans and weeping, broke forth in heart-rending lamentations.

Babette's was not a heart that could be moved by

* In the Piazza of the Medina Fountain, at Naples, there are old-iron stores and rag-shops, where many of the National Guard of Naples sold kitchen utensils, shirts, towels, napkins, bed-linen, and tablecloths, stolen from the College, and the residence of the Jesuits. They plundered them of everything; and the good Neapolitans wept while these things were done in their name. What a National Guard! No Lazzarone of Naples would have stolen from the religious: this was a glory reserved for those alone who called themselves real Italians of the right stamp.

trifles: but she was highly indignant at a spectacle, which rendered the societies hateful in the eyes of peaceable citizens. She disengaged herself from the crowd and made her way to her hotel, and from her window saw the steamer *Flavio Gioia* leave the dock of Castelnovo, with its deck covered with Jesuits. The sky was obscure, dark, and threatening, clouds were accumulating over the sea, and finally descended in a storm of hail, which being unusual on the eleventh of March, seemed a sign of the displeasure of Heaven. Two large boats, filled with the scum of the rabble, followed the steamer, singing in derision the *Miserere*; but the vessel, standing out to sea, steered towards Cape Posilippo, and disappeared. It finally entered the port of Baia, where the unfortunate priests enjoyed a secure lodging, near the old and lonely castle, whence in a few days they sailed to Malta.

The condition of Naples at this time, was rendered critical, both by internal conspiracy and by foreign suspicion: bad humors in the body politic had almost come to a head, and were fermenting to such a degree, that mortification must soon ensue; yet the majority of the people, and the chief body of the army were uncontaminated, and the heart of the king sound and vigorous. With so much vigor and life still remaining unimpaired, affairs had not arrived at a point of desperation: and if the pass was not without danger to the royalists, it presented to the liberals shallows and rocks, storms and rapids, which threatened them with destruction. Babette, in the midst of the tumults of faction, thought herself on safe ground at Naples, and considered precautions useless, for where the Jesuits had been so uncere-

moniously expelled, there was full security of the triumph of liberty.

But on the following day an old *Tenente* of the Swiss Guard said to his comrade: "Fronz, would you believe, that yesterday I saw a strange lady who is the very picture of Babette, of Interlaken? She was walking alone towards Sant' Elmo to enjoy the interesting views presented by Naples, Vesuvius, and the Gulf, as I was coming down from my post on guard at the rails of the Certosa. I looked at her steadily, for she seemed in a brown study, as she looked up to the summit of the mountain. It was herself; I can't be mistaken."

"Ah! what's that you say, Oswald? Do you know that I too believe you're right; for yesterday, on the Piazza Reale, I saw, amusing himself with looking at the portico of St. Francis of Paul, the notorious Mathis, who, without doubt, accompanies her as her valet?" "What, Mathis?" asked Oswald. "That waiter at the Hotel of the *Bear*, at Berne; that knave of the ready stiletto, and the never-failing carbine; the scoundrel, who threw himself, body and soul, among the Free Corps, and perpetrated so many villanies in the smaller Cantons. You must know!" "Why to be sure." "But that imp of a woman, has she come all this way! And what for?" "What for!" repeated Oswald. "No doubt on the track of some poor fellow, on whom she has to inflict the vengeance of the society. It can be for nothing else; ~~God preserve us from that dagger!~~ I should not wonder if some of our comrades be found some day with their throats cut; she has before now performed the operation on many others. I know, from a secret source, that the ambassadors of several courts notified

their governments of the valor of this precious little girl."

The day after the above conversation between the two officers, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage stopped on the Piazza della Vittoria; two gentlemen got out, and then walked about in front of the railings of the public gardens: at half past one they entered the office of the hotel and asked if the Baroness of Derberg had dined. "Yes," answered the waiter, "some time since, and her servant is just gone out to call at the post." They ordered themselves to be announced, one as the Count d'Arstelf, and the other as Baron Gnitz. They found her reading the Gazette of Augusta. "Signora," said the leader, "you are in the hands of justice." "How!" "Silence, Madam!" "But you have mistaken me for some other!" "Silence!" "It's an abomination!" "Silence, or" "But let me at least take a shawl, a pelisse." "You shall have everything in less than an hour." One of them took her gently by the arm, the other placed on her head her bonnet, which lay upon the bed; they locked the door as they went out, and entered the carriage. In the street were three other commissaries, one of whom accompanied the chief, while his companion returned to the room to collect the papers, examine the trunks, and search the baggage: the two others waited for Mathis, who was not long in coming.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HARP.

IN Rome, Alisa, during the long absence of Aser, kept such strict guard over her heart, that her friends and acquaintances never once heard her pronounce his name; and when he was mentioned in conversation, her countenance remained so undisturbed, and her behavior was so natural and unmoved, that even the venomous tooth of envy could make no impression. This led most of the young ladies to suppose that either she no longer loved him, or that she had never fixed her affections upon him; yet he was continually in her thoughts; and the reports which were abroad of his connexion with the conspirators of Europe, gave her the deepest anxiety, for she wished to behold in him a young man of uprightness and virtue. On this subject she unceasingly sent up her prayers to God.

Polissena in the mean time redoubled her snares; she practised every trick to corrupt her soul, introducing the poison of her impiety into every discourse; but as the impious woman dared not show herself an open enemy to virtue and religion, but concealed her venom under virtuous phrases, the pure mind of Alisa, received only their sounds, while it rejected their evil meaning; she preserved unbroken in her heart the good dispositions, which had been engraven there by the religious education of her childhood. Although books of the most dissolute character were placed in her hands, they made no impression upon her mind, which could find no plea-

sure in error, and the more it was disguised under the warm colors of a depraved imagination, the more she loathed and abhorred it.

One day in the beginning of the March of '48, she was alone after dinner, in her study; Polissena had gone out with a Hungarian Princess, who requested her company to the house of Count Mamiani on certain secret business. Bartolo was reading, reclined upon a sofa in the next room. Alisa was in a sorrowful mood; her mind was sad, but her heart on all occasions, when left alone, recalled those good sentiments which remain silent amid the tumult of the passions. She raised her eyes; there hung suspended over her desk a painting of the Virgin *Addolorata*, which seemed to look down upon her, with tearful yet benignant eyes, but with a maternal affection.

She took her harp, and seating herself in front of this image of Mary, with her eyes upraised towards it, she struck the chords and commenced one of the most tender passages of the *Miserere* of Haydn, accompanying it with her voice. At the first sound of those notes, Alisa, with a sort of inspiration, swept the fingers of her right hand over the treble chords, while her left ran rapidly over the bass: and such was the power of this succession of celestial melodies—so soft, so gentle, and so sad was the voice of that chant, that Bartolo dropped the book from his hand, and remained absorbed in attention.

That small hand, those fair fingers, so beautifully tapered, flew with rapid but graceful ease, and equal measure. Alisa's voice was soft, capacious, and sonorous, modulating every tone with a delicacy and passion which so deeply moved the heart, that the piety of these divine verses flowed with redoubled tenderness and sadness

from her lips. While Bartolo was listening with ecstasy to the singing of his daughter, her voice and harp broke off suddenly, he knew not why. Hastily opening the door, he beheld her with her hands still stretched over the chords, as at the moment when she stopped, her lips were half opened, and her eyes fixed motionless upon the Madonna, her countenance inflamed with love, while the tears flowed gently down her face.

Bartolo stood in suspense at this sight; he remained contemplating that angelic countenance, and dared not for a moment disturb her with questions? But advancing at length, he asked her, smilingly, "What has happened, my love?" Alisa, recovering her usual calm, and casting down her eyes, turned to her father: "Ah, dear father, what are all these occurrences that are daily passing in Rome? I am more ashamed than I can express of the very name of Roman."

"Why, what is there new in Rome?" asked Bartolo; "and what are you ashamed of?"

~~"Do you not hear," returned the daughter, "that mob of madmen in the Corso singing the Miserere and shouting 'Death to the Jesuits?'"~~ And not one noble and loyal voice is raised in defence of those priests; not one generous breast interposes to defend them. Shame! In the company in which we pass our evenings, we hear nothing but scoffs, contumely, and sarcasm, from persons who ought to speak of them with the respect due to the instructors and benefactors of their sons. Mimo and Lando, our own cousins, were once dear and affectionate, but now, with other graceless idlers, go, it seems, to the gate of the Gesu, and with memorandum-book in hand, they stand gazing at every young lady that enters there to confession: they write down their names, at

the same time making contemptuous and mocking faces. What wonderful bravery! The other evening, at the barracks of the Civic Guard, the young men pledged each other by an oath, never to marry any young lady who would go to confession to a Jesuit. The girls would have more reason to swear that they would never marry any of them. ~~What have the Jesuits ever done that they should be so misused?"~~

"What would you have, my daughter?" replied Bartolo. "The Jesuits have rendered themselves obnoxious for the following reasons: they have no love for Italy; they are bound to Austria; they encourage ignorance; they dissuade mothers from enrolling their sons in the battalions of the Speranza; they would have Rome return to the times of Pius VI.; they oppose the construction of railroads. You see clearly that the people despise them as pernicious to the present state of civilization."

"Alas, my dear father! and do you also league yourself with those people? You spoke in a very different tone a year or two ago, when you praised my piety and the progress that I had made. But whatever may be the case, I persist that the Romans debase and disgrace themselves in the eyes not only of every Christian, but of every civilized nation, by treating their priests with such contumely, and a cruelty that would be shocking even towards animals."

A few days after this sensible reasoning of Alisa, Aser returned to Rome from his tour through Germany, with commissions for Young Italy. In a secret council held with the Prince Canino, Sterbini, Galletti, Mamiani, and many others, after he had communicated the advices and laid before them the various plans to be adopted in

conducting the affairs of Italy and Rome, and particularly for the war in Lombardy, he continued in a tone of displeasure: "If we proceed as we have begun, we shall ruin our cause. Send the Jesuits to the devil, if you will, for such is the order of the Supreme Council of the Sacred Alliance; but let it be done with some discretion. After the unequalled efforts which we have made to work out the restoration of Italy, and the success which has attended them in endearing ourselves and our cause to the nations which we are to regenerate, there are a number of madmen who are drawing upon us the hatred of the world by their imprudence. Instead of removing these enemies of liberty from our path with an appearance of noble disdain, they descend to atrocious insults and cruelty, and hunt them out from every retreat like so many wolves or bears; these means will stamp our cause with impiety and cruelty. In Sardinia they threw shells into the vaults of a college of young men, risking their lives amidst the ruins, and thereby calling down the mortal enmity of their parents; they burnt books above price; threw down museums of natural philosophy; robbed the churches of the sacred vessels, and stoned the Jesuits wherever they met them. What madness is this? Are we thus to give a handle against ourselves, to the retrograders? To confirm them in the opinion that liberty and impiety are synonymous? When did the words constitution and republic signify persecution of the Church and of the priesthood? The cause of Italy would be betrayed in the moment of victory. Look well to it—above all in Rome; fall not on so fatal an error; strike terror into the Jesuits with outcries; the Pope, in mercy to them and to save them from the threatened peril, will say to them: 'My sons,

withdraw before the storm bursts,' and to us will be awarded the praise of moderation."

"Bravo, Aser!" exclaimed Sterbini, looking at him over his spectacles; "bravo! so you have turned Jesuit?" "Exactly," retorted Aser; "precisely as you got yourself rebaptized a Christian."

CHAPTER XV.

TO THE MOUNTAIN—TO THE SHORE.

THEY who ascend from Pozzuoli to the Solfatara, and feel the earth quaking beneath their feet, and hear the profound roar of the unfathomable depths of the subterraneous whirlpools, and breathe with a feeling of suffocation the sulphureous atmosphere, which issues from those crevices, exclaim involuntarily: "Ah! the ground fails from beneath us; alas! we sink into the abyss!" Deep and bottomless gulfs, sudden flashings, whirlwinds, fire, lightning, and pitchy darkness, lie on every side.

As they proceed on that fearful path, they are amazed at the sight of the *Dog's Cave*. If dogs enter a short distance into this cave their hair stands on an end; they struggle, roll their eyes, howl, and gasp, and death would immediately ensue unless their compassionate masters withdrew them from the deadly mephitic vapor which suffocates them.

At Baia, in the entrances of the Furnaces of Nero, they find a man begrimed with smoke, who, with torch in hand, leads them through a narrow subterraneous ex-

cavation in the mountain ; but from its infernal depths rushes forth a torrent of heated air, which takes away their breath ; the darkness terrifies, the roaring confuses them ; the boiling vapor scalds their faces ; they are bathed in perspiration, and at length they rush back to the entrance gasping, and ready to sink with terror.

Thence they turn to the Lake of Avernus. The profound solitude and deathlike silence which reign round those waters recall the memory of the gloomy shades which crowded upon its shores, or wandered upon the banks of Cocytus and Phlegethon, which discharged into it their floods of fire. The Furies seem still to hover among the gloomy vapors which overhang it. Among the ruins of the Temple of Pluto, they seem to hear the barking of Cerberus, and the hissing of the dragons ; and the shades of Minos and Rhadamanthus seem to reappear. They then turn to the left, through the dense forest, and there yawns the black mouth of the infernal regions, the cave of the Sibyl, the living sepulchre of the Cimmerii.

This profound cavern descends by innumerable subterraneous passages, leading into mysterious labyrinths, which wind and intersect, divide and reunite in open vaults ; whence others again dive downwards, and are lost in the unfathomable abyss of the infernal abodes.

Issuing from these caverns to the open air and crossing the Plains of Pozzuoli, the traveller arrives at the Cavern of Posilippo, which passes through the centre of the mountain and leads to the beautiful strand of Chiaia. On reaching it about sunset, or shortly before dusk, he finds at the entrance of this high and long cave a multitude of people, of horses and carriages, entering it on their way to the city ; or issuing from it as they

proceed to Pozzuoli. When he has advanced a few yards into the interior he hears an indistinct hum, and soon the vaults echo with deep rumblings; he perceives a moving stream of creatures meeting from different directions, amidst darkness which seems to have become solid before him. The tramp of footmen, the rumbling of carriages, the flocks of goats, the rattling of the bells worn by the cattle, and the cracking of whips, make altogether a noise which is really dreadful. When the light of day fails to penetrate, the glimmering of the lanterns is so dimmed by the dense clouds of dust, that at a distance of a few yards objects are imperceptible. With his brains already stupified by the sulphur of the Solfatara, the steam from the hot baths of Nero, and the mysterious obscurity of the Cimmerian caverns, he hears on all sides, in the midst of the darkness, cries of, "*Alla marina!*" "*Alla montagna!*"—"To the shore!" "To the mountain!" which is answered by, "To the mountain!" "To the shore!" Again he hears, "Stand there! Oh God! To the mountain, I say!" "To the shore!" Meanwhile there is a tumult, a medley, a disorder, a confusion, a commingling of voices, and a reeling of the brain and of the feelings, which is altogether indescribable. Yet in the midst of all this, the traveller does not perceive that his carriage ever slackens its pace; that it strikes against objects in front, or clashes with the vehicles at the side. As the driver cries, "*Alla montagna!*" with the invariable answer of, "*Alla marina!*" he lashes his horses and cracks his whip as he drives at full speed towards the mouth of the grotto; and the passenger, refreshed by the pure air, as he discovers the light of heaven in the distance rejoices in his heart that he has made his escape, as if by enchantment,

from that tempestuous darkness which had filled him with such misgivings.

As soon as he has convinced himself that he is again in safety, he asks the coachman the meaning of those shouts of "*Alla marina!*" "*Alla montagna.*" "It is only a signal," says the man quietly, "for each one to keep to his own side, without confusing or running over any of the foot-passengers, or crushing them between the wheels and the sides of the cavern." Those cries were enough for the Neapolitans in the midst of the darkness and the roaring noise; the coachmen drive on fearlessly without slackening their speed, while the people on foot hurry along with their baskets, or even pails full of water, or other liquid, on their heads, leading their children by the hand, or driving their little flocks, and many of them, in spite of the confusion, move on singing with as little concern as if they were in the open country.

In the turmoil of human vicissitudes, the man of a contracted mind and of weak judgment, is so stunned and confused by the darkness and disorder, that he neither sees nor hears; he is confounded, he loses confidence, and despairs of the result: while divine Providence, like the dexterous driver, leads events with calm and serene foresight, ~~through the thousand intricacies and apparent confusion,~~ to the most happy results.

If ever there was an essay made of the soundness of human hearts in the fiery crucible, which purifies and separates the fine gold from that which is false, it certainly was in the great and sudden revolts of 1848, which involved the whole of Europe in a ruinous turmoil. The news of one outbreak was scarcely heard when that of another was announced: this was followed by another in

quick succession. The public mind had not recovered from its first amazement, when another, still more unexpected and more disastrous, overwhelmed it with fear and horror. Conspiracies, seditions, revolts among the populace, the overthrowing of thrones, the flight of kings, the burning of palaces, assaults upon fortresses, subversions of monarchies, battles, rage, fury, slaughter of armies and of the inhabitants of cities, all things were involving the West in such ruin and confusion of orders and institutions, that the world seemed to be returning to its primeval state of chaos.

~~Amidst this universal disorder the vigilant eye of Divine Wisdom, with clearness and foresight, guided the course of events, which, in the eyes of mortals, seemed so unutterably confused, to those sublime results—which results, though attained through channels separate and distinct, combined in promoting the triumph of His glory, the purifying of the elect, the honor of his Church, and the discomfiture of impiety.~~

One morning in February, in the year 1848, a private conference on Archæology was held in the hall of the Prussian Legation, at which a small knot of learned men had assembled. After they had listened to an erudite dissertation upon a newly discovered consular stone, which threw some light upon a controverted point of Roman history, they entered into a conversation upon the news of the day. Among other personages present, were a Frenchman, a German, Bartolo, and Professor Orioli. "This Louis Philippe of yours," said a Prussian to the Frenchman, ~~"unless I am much mistaken, will soon be caught in a net which he has for the last eighteen years been weaving with his own hands, and they who are entangling him in it are the very men for~~

whom he had constructed it; he thought he had them so thoroughly ensnared in it that they could never shake off their bonds or move a step."

The Frenchman, raising his head, shook it like one who refuses assent. "To what nets do you allude? Louis Philippe is a veteran at bird-catching. I don't see how his game can well escape him; he holds the net-cords well arranged in his hand, and he can attract and ensnare any one that he wishes."

"Let us drop the metaphor, if you please," replied the Prussian, "and I'll tell you in two words what I mean. Louis Philippe, after the days of 1830, in order to rid France of its troublesome characters, and to consolidate his own power, sent them to excite the people to revolutionary ideas in Poland, Belgium, Italy, and Switzerland; to introduce unbridled license among those nations, to overthrow the most valuable and cherished institutions, to reduce them to the necessity of perjuring themselves, to violate their engagements, to pollute their hands with the blood of their fellow-citizens; to despise the supreme authorities, to break the bond of reciprocal respect among the people, to disturb the harmony and tranquillity which should exist among the various classes of which human society is composed. Everywhere, flames were kindled, yet without being extinguished in Paris; and while the conflagration raged elsewhere with irresistible fury, particularly in Switzerland, the fire was secretly smouldering under every political institution at home."

"But that was the fire of patriotism," rejoined the Frenchman; "the fire of civil and military valor; that noble fire which warmed every French heart to magnanimous enterprise, to elevated social views, to the re-

splendent glories of genius in every branch of art, science, commerce, and to public and private activity."

"And yet," replied Bartolo, "I am of the opinion of Signor Federigo, that this fire will consume Louis Philippe, for it must be remarked that it is a fire kept alive and entertained by every evil passion. What patriotism, what love of order can exist in a kingdom in which, for more than eighteen years, instruction has been taken out of the hands of the Church and of the virtuous, and youth educated in impiety and indecency?"

"Therein we discover the envenomed and malignant ulcer," said the learned German, "which consumes every living community: there is to be found the incurable mortification, where science is not tempered by the revivifying fire of religion. In Germany also, the universities are bringing up a godless youth, and consequently a generation devoid of every intrinsic virtue that leads to good, and I foresee, approaching and inevitable, the ruin of Germany. The example of Switzerland has shaken it with such violence, that the shock will overthrow the most ancient and most stable foundations of Germanic institutions, consecrated, as they have been, by the valor and wisdom of so many brave and great men of ancient times."

"I regret to say it in the presence of Signor Federigo," said Orioli, a liberal of enlightened views, "but Prussia itself is threatened with innovations and turmoils in every quarter: it is agitated by the most audacious doctrines, and involved in the dishonest practices and oaths of the secret societies."

"Well! well!" replied the Frenchman, "France is yet unscathed: with such life, vigor, and virtue as actuate it, the throne of Louis Philippe need fear

nothing: he is surrounded by men of great foresight, of powerful arm, of minds unmoved by the *wild beasts of the Mountain*;* the administration is wisely carried out, the police active and well informed; Paris is fortified like a citadel; two thousand cannon are ready to vomit forth their torrents of fire; he has an invincible army, which would not flinch before the combined forces of all Europe: can you for a moment suppose that he would yield to a few ragged rascals collected upon the Boulevards, at the Champs Elysées, or on the Place du Carrousel?"

"As you like it;" said Bartolo, "but the Debats, which looks deep and knows where the shoe pinches, gave us, a full month ago, certain dark hints."

"What hints? The Debats is sold to the Reds!"

"Sold! It appears to me that if it be sold, it takes small pains to conceal the transaction when it tells us in capital letters, 'The Reform Banquets have torn away the veil, and to every one who is not purposely blind, or who is not interested in blinding others, it is evident that the opposition is not solely to the Guizot Cabinet, but to the entire majority of the conservative party, and the government itself. The radicals scarcely think it necessary to dissemble in following Odillon Barrot; they have left in the rear the Socialists, who are the corps of reserve of anarchy.'"

"Pshaw! Louis Philippe laughs at this savage *canaille*, which he could scatter with a single breath from the windows of the Tuileries like mist before the wind."

* The Communists were called the "Reds, or the party of the Mountain." They threatened to involve France in fire and ruin, worse even than in 1793.

At this point in the conversation, the Secretary of Legation entered with several letters in his hand, and in deep thought; he turned to the distinguished circle and said: "Gentlemen, the Paris courier has at length arrived; the motive of his several days' delay could not be guessed at, but it is now explained by the information sent by our ambassador."

"Ah! what is this news?" was the general exclamation; and, drawing round the Secretary, they waited with agitated and anxious faces for his explanation.

The Secretary, opening the letter slowly, spoke as it were to himself:—"Ah! what occurrences! What a downfall! What a sudden explosion! God only knows where the ruins will fall, and what destruction will accompany their descent!"

"Why, what has happened?"

"It has happened that Louis Philippe is no longer a king, and France is involved in fire and destruction."

"Is he dead?"

"Far better for him would it be; he would then at least have ended his long reign like a man of courage, whereas, he has ended it in a broken-down cab; and, while he had two hundred millions of francs in his coffers, he has fled without a sou, and with nothing but the shirt which he wore."

"But, the particulars, sir! Pray, satisfy our impatience!"

"It requires but a moment. The secret societies, led by Caussidière, Pornin, Ledru Rollin, Blanc, Proudhon, Albert, and their partisans, under pretence of ousting the Guizot ministry, made an attack upon the Palais-Royal, and next upon the Tuileries. They put arms in the hands of all the scum of the populace of

Paris, barricaded the streets, and with processions of mobs in blouses, of abandoned women, of all the young vagabonds and pickpockets from ten years upwards, they have overthrown the constitutional throne of Louis Philippe."

"Surely, Sir Secretary," replied the Frenchman, in the greatest excitement, "this is some joke of yours, and you must be amusing yourself at our expense."

"It is neither a joke, nor am I amusing myself," returned the Secretary coldly; "I tell you these things exactly as they occurred. The National Guard was induced, by the artifices of the factions, to join in their treason; the army remained inactive, and was ordered to its various quarters; General Bugeaud was removed, Lamoricière was deceived, and Odillon Barrot imposed on; the secret society of the Mountain mingling that terrible and cruel populace with the National Guard, on the 23d of February, directed them against the Palais-Royal. They destroyed the precious ornaments, tore down the tapestry, broke the immense mirrors, defaced the gilding and carving, rent and cut in pieces the paintings of the greatest masters, and threw the furniture from the windows, leaving the palace, that wonder of the world, like a place not merely given up to the pillage of bandits, but desolated by the ravages of fire."

"And these same secret societies," exclaimed Bartolo, "had published in a hundred public papers, that the world is still barbarous and ignorant; that they have taken upon themselves to civilize, to embellish, to polish it from head to foot; to enlighten it with another sun and other stars. And they who appeared to doubt this, were *retrograders, blacks, advocates of darkness*, who could be even content with this old sun and the feeble glimmering

of these old stars. We shall see, if the god Proudhon will be able to create us another sun and other stars more brilliant; we must suppose that he is preparing the way, by first annihilating all beauty, all order, and every good institution on the inhabitable globe, and with them every source of happiness, both public and private."

"On the 24th," continued the Secretary, "an army of *sans culottes*, composed of women and young lads, forced its way into the royal palace, and M. de Girardin rushed breathless into the apartments of Louis Philippe, exclaiming: 'Fly, sire, fly! They are already in the palace.' 'Who?' 'The mob!' The King twice exclaimed, as it were, to himself: 'As with Charles X.! As with Charles X.!' The Queen, Amalia, took his arm, and, without the power to take, of all his treasures, a single farthing, he was led, with tottering steps, to the gates of the garden which open upon the square.

"The people seeing this group leave the palace, gathered together in knots. 'It is he! Yes, Louis Philippe himself! Ah! aye! The old man! and there is the Duchess of Nemours with the two children!' And the crowd pressed towards the gates. The Queen, who still had hold of the King's arm, pushed him into a mean cab, with a single horse, and entered after him herself. The driver lashed his horse, and forced it through the curious multitude, then hurrying through the streets of Paris, they finally reached the castle of Eu in safety. On his arrival there, the King had to beg from the Mayor a small sum of money, to enable him to continue his flight, and pass over into England."

Then followed a general discussion among these gentlemen: one made one reflection, another another; all were agreed upon the vanity of human greatness, and the

weakness of governments not founded upon justice ; they made prognostications on the new fortunes of France and Europe, and the agitations in Germany, but particularly on the late revolts in Italy, which had given room for hopes and fears, founded on the motives entertained by the Italians, who were divided into a thousand different factions and confederations.

Sicily was in flames ; Naples had thrown down the gauntlet of its constitution in the face of the princes of Italy, who, either from their own want of foresight, or, impelled by domestic factions, sent forth complaints against the King, who adhered unflinchingly to the old institutions, and detested all innovations. The gauntlet had been accepted by Tuscany, then by Piedmont, next by the Central States, and finally by the Pope. Every one took the oath to a constitution, which, in the intention of the demagogues, was to bind the princes to its maintenance, but not the factions to its observance. The torches and bonfires which illuminated the public rejoicings were scarcely extinguished, before the constitution was violated by the latter ; the liberty of the press degenerated into licentiousness, and inundated the land with a deluge of impiety, of imprecations, and of blasphemy against every right, divine, natural, and human ; justice was upon their lips, while iniquity characterized every act ; the citizens were secure neither in property nor in person ; their homes were no longer inviolable, the public faith no longer sacred ; peace and repose were banished, both at home and abroad ; liberty existed only for wickedness, while chains became the portion of virtue, the Church, and the priesthood. In Rome itself, the Sovereign Pontiff could no longer have recourse to

the aid of the cardinals and prelates, who are his natural ministers and coadjutors.

This was the substance of the conversation of both Catholics and Protestants, in that company, in which each one spoke according to his own judgment and the feelings of his heart.

Bartolo, however, was still laboring under the hallucination of his Utopia of the Italian Confederation, and it seemed to him that the liberal constitutions would ~~promote it most efficiently~~. In his heart, it must be repeated, he wished the Pope to enjoy his full prerogatives, but he could not discover that the conspirators were cunningly devising means to despoil him of his princely power and character, and to reduce him, according to the caricature of Don Pirlone, to the character of a fisherman with his boat and a net, wherewith he might catch a few eels in the Tiber, like the old boatman Sor Camillo, down at the Lungara.

CHAPTER XVI.

DON SILVANO.

WHEN Bartolo left the palace of Prussia, as he was descending from the Capitol he saw, at the bottom of the hill, a great crowd of people marching with flags in his direction ; and meeting with the advocate Muchielli, who was on his way to Tordispecchi, he asked him the meaning of the commotion below near the Gesu.

“What !” said Muchielli, “don’t you know that the

old fox has fled precipitately from the throne of France? The people, my dear Bartolo, are a mighty power! These kings have the laws upon paper, but the people have them in their arms. Look at those people there below! They are triumphing over the fall of Louis Philippe, and you see that in passing before the Gesu, they have halted to launch a few *accidenti* at the reverend fathers.

"You of the Circolo," said Bartoli, "ought to lead the people with moderation, whereas in these conjunctures you leave them to their own guidance; you throw the bridle upon their necks and administer some heavy kicks into the bargain."

Muchielli went on his way towards the Tarpeian Rock, and Bartolo towards the Gesu. When he reached the Fountain of the Piazza Capitolina he saw an old priest come out of San Venantio, directly towards him. "Well, Signor Bartolo, we have here enough of shouting and howling! This is a storm which is enough to deafen us. What is all this shouting about?" "My dear Don Silvano, there is no occasion for alarm; the Roman people are rejoicing at the fall of the King of the French, whom the Parisians have sent a begging!"

"Louis Philippe!" "Yes." "I am truly sorry," replied the priest; "he certainly was not a model of every excellence, but he served as a bulwark against anarchy and the robbery of communism, which threatens to inundate and submerge the whole of Europe. And here, what you call the Roman people, are exulting and yelling with joy over this new social disaster. Roman people, indeed! Look at them as they come towards the Capitol; observe the countenances of your Roman people! Ragged, filthy, disorderly reprobates, marked out for the galleys;

wretches, that for a dime or a glass of wine would renounce heaven. You, who are a real Roman, would you, Signor Bartolo, be willing to be numbered among those galley birds?"

"But they are the people."

"These are the dregs of the populace, and not the people; this sort of populace is, in Rome, more ferocious and brutal than anything of the kind in any other city in Italy; they are of the race of the ancient gladiators: lazy, drunken, arrogant, bloodthirsty, and for two cents would stab a Christian to the heart. This scum is the offspring of the rubbish of the Roman streets, and, disgusting as it is, and brought up among impurity, it becomes the blind instrument of every wickedness. Consider for a moment whether the Roman people, the flower of fidelity and of ancient devotedness to the Pope, would ever have rejoiced at the defeat of the Sonderbund, that is, of the Catholics of Switzerland oppressed by the savage and brute force of the radicals. Such an idea could not even enter their dreams. The real Roman people weep over the cruel persecution of its beloved Swiss brethren; it admires their constancy, exalts their courage, the sacrifice, the heroic dedication of themselves, their property, their liberty, and their lives to the maintenance of the Catholic faith, and to the triumph of the Church of Jesus Christ.

"The rejoicing manifested on that occasion is the diabolical joy of the secret societies, which, by means of this monster Ciceruacchio, have raised this mob of drunkards, who are now howling before the Gesu; hear what blasphemies they are vomiting forth! I must get out of their way, for like Satan before the cross, they become

enraged at the very sight of a priest. Adieu, Bartolo; I am going down the Via Pedacchia."

Bartolo had proceeded a little further towards the cross-streets of the Polacchi, when, at the Accademia Tiberina he saw one of the leaders, with the gesticulations of a madman, endeavoring to excite the mob to shout "Long live the Bolla of Ganganelli." They answered, "Long live the Moglie of Ganganelli." "No, no! Hurrah for the Bull, I say;" still they repeated, "Hurrah for the wife of Ganganelli."*

Bartolo could not help laughing, and turning to a gentleman who stood near him in silence, sadness, and indignation, said to him: "Are not these thorough, brainless simpletons? Long live the wife!"

"That shows," replied the gentleman, "that they are paid to howl thus like wolves, without being able to assign a reason. A few days ago I received word from Orvieto, that the conspirators of that good city, having bribed a few country fellows, led them to the College of the Jesuits to shout: 'Long live Gioberti.' It so happened that there lived opposite the fathers a certain Signor Giberti, and the clowns saluted him with such stentorian lungs, 'Long live the Signor Giberti!' that the good man was at length obliged to come out upon his porch, and thank them for their serenade, in order to be rid of them as soon as possible!

"In Sardinia, however, such matters took a less harmless turn. The factions there also caused the populace

* The word "*Bolla*" (Bull, or sealed decree) was mistaken on this occasion by the populace for the word "*Moglie*," (wife) which has, in their way of pronouncing it, nearly the same sound, and their leader was unable to make them understand the difference. Had not this laughable blunder been heard by a thousand ears, its truth might be called in question.

to shout 'Long live Gioberti,' and when they were asked in what way this Gioberti deserved the gratitude of the island, the false wretches made the unfortunate people believe, that Gioberti was a rich corn merchant, who had heard of the scarcity which afflicted the whole island, and desired to send from Genoa two large vessels laden with grain for the sustenance of the population; but that the Jesuits, by a thousand arts, and from hatred to the people, had prohibited the landing of the provision. No more was needed to raise a storm of fury among those people; they assailed the Colleges, and woe to the poor fugitive Jesuits had they fallen into their hands: they would not have escaped with their lives."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CAFFÈ OF BAGNOLI.

"IN fine, my dearest Aser," Meniei was saying, at the beginning of March, in the corner of the Caffè of Bagnoli, where they had met to take some refreshments, "in fine, you are really an original genius! You made a great mistake in coming into the world too late; you ought to have been a cotemporary of Tristan of Cornwall, or King Arthur, or of Bovo of Antona."

"Always a poet!" said Aser, as he put his "kiffel" into his coffee. "On what score would you count me among the Knights of the Round Table, or the Paladins of France?"

"Because you are a roaring lion in the execution of

the plans of the Holy Alliance, for the liberty of Italy, but in love, as gentle as a dove. Who ever saw a young man of your temperament fall so desperately in love with a young girl and not have the courage to speak to her, nor raise his eyes to her countenance? Is not this way of acting fit for a Givon Cortese, or a Launcelot of the Lake? You love Alisa, and—”

“Silence! profane not that name,” exclaimed Aser angrily.

“Hem! Yet I believe she is not averse to you; and Polissena might—”

“Silence, fellow! when did I encourage you to the presumption of meddling with my private affairs, that you thus speak of my secrets?”

“I meant merely to say—but excuse me—Well! at Milan matters are proceeding gaily with those miserable Austrians, who, unable to sell any more cigars to the young Italians, stroke their mustaches, and bite their lips.”

“What cigars are you speaking of?”

“Don’t you know? All the Lombards have sworn to smoke no more cigars, to dress no more in Austrian manufactures, but in Italian velvets and silks, and thus they turn away a large revenue which flowed continually into the imperial treasury. They have imitated Napoleon in his British interdict, when he closed the ports of Europe against the English manufactures and commerce. Such is the firmness of these young men in this resolution that many who formed an indispensable habit of smoking, use oak leaves, bean stalks, or even paper. The Austrian officers smoke in their faces but in vain; they puff the smoke into their eyes, yet they remain silent; those now are true Italians.”

“I should prefer, however, to see those Napoleons who won't smoke their pipes, showing the Croats a little smoke from their cannons, guns, and pistols: my dear fellow, that is the smoke of the true Italians, the other is the childishness of schoolboys, and college impertinence.”

“From other secret sources of information, we know that those cannons and carbines will soon be in operation. Last night, by our telegraphs of couriers, who, as you know, overrun Italy by relays every ten miles, Prince Canino was informed that the Casati, the Greppi, the Guilini, the Porro are instigating a general revolt, to burst forth at the same moment in Lombardy. Charles Albert has secret communications in Milan; he has also secret intelligence lately opened with Venice and the States of Central Italy.* Oh! I assure you the whole of Italy is for innovations, and if the outbreak in Milan be successful, the Austrian will thenceforth see Lombardy and Venice upon the map, but he will never again set foot within them, henceforward for all eternity.”

“And from Verona have you had any news?”

“Verona! *Verona Fidelis*, as every one knows: notwithstanding this, even Verona has its good and brave Italians; but what can they do? Every parish has its oratories, like so many nurseries of religion; the boys and young men are in the hands of a legion of clergymen, who teach them their catechism, and instil it into their minds, and fortify them in such a manner that at fifteen years they are perfect theologians. Sermons without end, confessions and communions everlastingly! Go and wake those young Italians if you can! Their siesta

* See Audrezzi's Life of Charles Albert, Chapter II., page 175.

is scarcely ended after dinner, when behold they are off to the Oratorio: and those unmannerly priests take them out to walk or divert themselves in the gardens of the suburbs, so that none of our emissaries can accost them to give them lessons in liberty, patriotism, or hatred for the foreigner; hence our friends write to me from there, that Verona is a desperate case."

"Nevertheless Verona is the key of all our operations; what are Milan and Venice worth without Verona?"

"We must leave that business to Charles Albert, for that city will never, of its own accord, rebel against the Austrians. Do you know what that old fellow, Pope Gregory, said one day to a young friend of mine when he was introduced to him?"

"What did he say?"

"He asked him from what country he was; and when he answered from Verona, 'Ah!' said the Pope in a jesting tone, ~~'you Veronese will never make rebels.'~~"

"'Why not, Holy Father?"

"'Because the air of Montebaldo keeps you in too good humor, and your minds are never gloomy or inclined to disturbances and treasons.'

"The gay young Veronese answered: 'Most Holy Father, I will write to my friends that this is henceforth an article of faith, since it has been decreed *ex ore sanctissimi*.' The Pope laughed: but we are gnashing our teeth with rage at the sight of this city, which has become the sole point which enchains Italy, and which guards the Adige, so that not even the Tyrol can come to our succor."

"Let us leave that to Charles Albert. During my tour through Germany, I made myself master of every

species of machination contrived by the Holy Alliance, and I tell you we shall blow both Prussia and Austria into a thousand fragments. The unexpected revolts in France will shake Germany to the centre, the example of Italy will give it a final impulse, and at this moment, while we are conversing here quietly, the heart and nerves of more than one monarch are trembling in his bosom."

"Do you believe that in Germany the plot has made sufficient progress, that its web is of sufficient strength and extent to enfold every ancient institution, and to work out new ones upon it?"

"You Romans think the world ends at Ponte Molle. Don't you know that Germany has already graduated, while you are only at the alphabet? Weishaupt scattered the first seeds of social reform; he foresaw everything, calculated everything, weighed everything. That great man could tell you, watch in hand; 'In seventy years the fruit of Illuminism will have attained maturity. In thirty years it will have spread dismay throughout all this decrepit Europe; it will permit not a single king to say, "To-morrow I shall be king," nor a single nation to say, "To-morrow I shall have my laws and my religion;" nor a single citizen, "To-morrow I shall be able to say, this house is mine, this sum of money is mine, these estates are my property." Now we have reached the goal; for seventy years the work of the secret societies has been incessant, ever increasing in activity, vigor, craft, subtlety, and audacity. Now they are impatient: before the eyes of great politicians, writers, and economists they are tearing asunder, one by one, every link of the ancient institutions; it is undermining and crumbling the most massy foundations of every social

edifice. Illuminism has issued from its hiding-place, it walks boldly over the heads of nations, it openly publishes its views, sounds the trumpet as conqueror in the great struggle, and proclaims 'New men, new laws, new orders,—let Christians become pagans—let kings be the slaves of their subjects, masters of their servants, the nobles of the plebeians, the rich of the poor.' ”

“ But this is precisely the new proclamation of Giuseppe Mazzini.”

“ Mazzini, my good friend, announces nothing new. He has nothing more than the merit of candor in publishing to the world that which was whispered in his ear ; all the rest is *word for word* extracted from Weisshaupt's secret code of Illuminism. Mazzini reproduces one after the other, various articles, clothing them, however, in that nervous, keen, fiery style of his, with which he arouses, spurs, animates, and influences the hearts of young Italy. The articles of the code of Weisshaupt are written, it is true, without a tithe of the energy which the pen of Mazzini has lent them, but I repeat, that when he raises his voice so high, he is but the speaking trumpet sounded from a distance by the breath of the admiral.”

“ Tell me, Aser, how it is that in Germany they proceed with such intelligence, divided as they are into innumerable small states by their natural character and interests ? I should rather have expected confusion and bungling.”

“ Do you suppose that the Germans are as simple as your heroic sons of Italy, who are incessantly reviling and supplanting one another, not only from different states and provinces, but

‘Those whom the selfsame wall and moat surround,’

“Very true.” “Take up for a moment the Gazette of Augsburgh or Frankfort, and you will see in those states one spirit and one mind. Look here! ‘Hamburgh, March 4th—A great conference was held; three orators, Wurm, Heckscher, and Witt harangued the people in favor of reform, liberty of the press, publicity of the preventives, and were saluted with cries of “Reform for ever! Hurrah for the Republic.”’

“‘Berlin, March 9th—According to the rights of Prussian cities, the municipality assembled and demanded the liberty of the press, the constitutional reform of the royal prerogative, the creation of a national German parliament, etc., etc.’

“‘Leipsic, March 7th.—An extraordinary meeting of Deputies insisted upon the liberty of the press, change of ministry, and a new organization of the system of government.’

“‘March 8th, Wirtemberg, Baden, Nassau, Frankfort, Brunswick, Anhalt-Dessau, demanded and obtained the liberty of the press, full reform, popular liberty, etc., etc.’

“‘Hanover, March 6th.—The general magistracy and the College of the Heads of the Burgesses, demand of the king that the press should be declared free, a popular German parliament, and the immediate convocation of the states.’

“‘The same at Hohenlo, Oehringen, Bonfeld, Bremen, and Meningen. But what need, my dear Meucci, to pass from state to state, when here is comprised in a few lines, a picture of the present state of Germany, given by the Universal Gazette of Prussia, dated March 3d.—‘Every German publication is crying out for

the independence of Germany. Such is the language of the provinces of the Rhine, of Silesia, southern Germany, and the whole of the German states.'

"Is that enough for you? Do not the Germans, in spite of their divisions into a hundred different states, seem to be '*cor unum et anima una*'?"

"Excellent!" cried Meucci, rubbing his hands. "All those brave Germans demand, as the base of every new system, the liberty of the press; that is a fundamental corner-stone on which the Cyclopean walls may be reared."

"And if every press was as free and tortuous as your Pallade, we might heap upon it Pelion and Ossa and scale the heavens."

"To us it will suffice to scale the Quirinal, to snatch the thunderbolt from its surpliced Jupiter, knock from his head the triple crown of heaven, earth, and hell, and imprison him in a corner of the sacristy of the Lateran. My Pallade poises a dart so light and piercing, that it would pass through the seven walls of Thebes. Leave it alone for that."

"Yes, leave it alone! That Pallade of yours is at present scaling the Gesu and the Roman College, two citadels somewhat easier to scale than the Quirinal."

"Those little towers once destroyed," replied Meucci, "the stronghold of all the monks will follow, and the path will thus be smoothed to the other more redoubtable fortifications." Here the conversation, which had been carried on by themselves in an unfrequented little room, finished: they left the caffè and separated, to seek the latest news, for, in those days, accounts of outbreaks came in from every part of Europe, like hail in a universal storm.

Romans, possessed of prudence and a conscience, were sorrowfully concerned and stunned by so many irremediable disorders which menaced with destruction everything sacred upon earth, namely, the divine and human power of religious and civil authority. They saw this power annihilated by a frenzy of political and moral liberty, the bitter fruit of the Protestant principle of *private authority*, brought down from generation to generation during the course of three centuries, to its ultimate and terrible consequences. Private opinion, in matters of *faith*, by a just inference, first induced contempt of civil authority; from contempt it proceeded to repudiation; from repudiation to rebellion; from rebellion to hatred, anger, disgust towards and fury against every institution which God has constituted or mankind devised as bulwarks against the evil passions of the human heart. Hence, trampling upon religion, they dragged in the dust the ensigns of governments, and scoffed at all law; crime became virtue, the possession of property was considered robbery, wealth a crime, and authority, tyranny.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LOLA MONTES.

WHILE nations were attentively watching the progress of these revolutions, a comedy was enacting at Munich, in Bavaria, which shook to its foundation, that sovereign and graceful Athens of Germany.

A young lady, with disordered dress, enraged countenance, fury in her eyes, and foam upon her lips, retreated to a church, pursued by a furious mob. She trembles, struggles, and is agitated with ungovernable anger; she rushes to the door, and drawing a pistol, points it at the crowd, exclaiming: "Ah! ye scum, make way! woe to the wretch who dares to lay a hand upon me!" But, a daring fellow, springing towards her, seizes her by the hair, snatches the pistol from her hand, and drags this modern Penthesilea into the midst of the yelling mob. "Crush the vile wasp! chop the dancing gipsy's toes off; twist her proud neck from her shoulders." The utmost violence was about to ensue, when a body of cavalry scattered the crowd, and enclosing this wretched and infuriated young girl in their ranks, thus saved her from being torn in pieces.

This was the noted Lola Montes,* a Spanish girl, who had filled the world with her extravagancies; and, as she threatened to exterminate the Jesuits from the face of the earth, she fell into the conceit that she could trifle also with the students of the universities. Poor, innocent creature! She might as well have attempted the destruction of an army, as that of a tribe of young men, who in these days have proved themselves sufficiently formidable to overthrow in a few hours, the most warlike kingdoms, and the most ancient and venerable empires of Europe.

This Señora Lola, this unique opera-dancer, this

* This stage-dancer has, in our days, rendered herself so notorious, that it is unnecessary to enter upon any further description. After her expulsion from Bavaria, she crossed over to seek adventures in the United States. We hope she may not experience upon the Ohio and the Potomac another such adventure as she met with in Munich.

daughter of the Muse, the sister of Zephyr, conceiving that the world no longer wants a God in heaven, but that in his stead, it adores the voluptuous charms and the warbling throat of the opera-singer, the feet and ankles of a dancing girl, conceived in her silly head the design of enforcing divine homage from her admirers.

~~The universities were and are the nurseries of the~~
secret societies, and particularly in Germany, the students openly enter their names, without seeking to make any mystery of it before their governments, which either pretend ignorance of it, or carelessness of its consequences, until they discovered, when too late, its false and pernicious action upon the true and substantial happiness of the people. Hence, in the universities of Germany, every young man on his introduction must affix his name, and swear obedience to some particular society, which has full power over him, and receives and enrolls him as a member, with mystical and strange rites and ceremonies, which consecrate him in that rank and denomination whereby he wishes to be designated in that school. Some choose one name, some another: one takes red as a distinctive color, another yellow, another green, or white, or azure. All have Presidents, with their Coadjutors, Secretary, Treasurer, Enroller, and Instructor; they have appointed times for the opening of sessions, laws, customs, punishments and fines for non-attendance, and rewards and degrees.

Herein it may be observed how the spirit of darkness apes every Catholic institution. Our ancestors had in their universities, during the good times of Christian piety, their Associations of the Blessed Virgin; for divines, for civilians, for medical students, for students in philosophy, and all the other classes. The example of Pro-

testants, unfortunately, produced its effect in our Catholic universities; it was reputed disgraceful to couple science with religion, learning with piety; what was the consequence? In place of the Associations of the Holy Virgin were substituted secret societies; in exchange for pious assemblies, profane and often iniquitous conventicles; instead of the divine sacraments, diabolical oaths; under the name of piety, manifest impiety.

Thus, in former ages, the people enrolled their names in pious Confraternities of the most Holy Sacrament, of the Rosary, and of the Dead; they met on their festivals to unite in prayer at mass, at communion, at vespers; they had their treasuries for the support of the poor, of widows, orphans, and the sick. All fooleries, superstitions, ridiculous conceits of the middle ages! In our days, the people have also their associations, but they are meetings for amusement, or coarse and licentious talk or treason. The Confraternities are exchanged for Clubs of the Mountain, of Socialism, or of Communism; and, from these dens of every kind of wickedness, they rush forth like roaring lions, to the terror of the world. And then it is said that the *retrograders* are wrong in seeking to reintroduce the holy fear of God among the multitude, to lead it back to respect for legitimate authority, to obedience to the law, to the observance of the seventh and tenth commandments of the decalogue, against robbery and the coveting of what belongs to others.

But, to return to the universities. That of Munich was, like the rest, divided into various associations, which had the names and devices of the five provinces of the kingdom, and were called the Palatines, the Suevians, the Franconians, the Bavarians, and the Isarians; each of these factions of students was distinguished either by

the shape of the hats, the fashion of the hair, the color of the cravats, or some such distinction. The goddess Lola Montes, would also have her priests initiated into her mysteries, like those of Isis in Egypt, and of Ceres at Eleusis. They took the name of the *German Society*, and she presented them with graceful badges, which would distinguish them in Munich as her adorers.

The worshippers of the head of Minerva, however, could not be so readily converted to the profane adoration of the feet of the Spanish Frine, and suddenly healing up the dissensions which had previously divided them, they formed a coalition against the Lola party. Having formed a distinct plan for the campaign, and having armed themselves with swords, and sticks which were made with sharp points, like spears or lances, they occupied the outlets of the streets, the alleys, and the side paths at the crossways, while the main body of the legion, in a solid column, charged the German Society, the warriors of Lola, in the piazza. The assault was fiercely contested. The Lola party had entrenched themselves opposite the hotel, where they were in the habit of dining, but when they saw the gleaming of the steel blades, and found the sticks laid about their legs to bring them to the ground, they took refuge in the citadel of the hotel. Thus Tacitus describes the attack of the Vitellians at the Pincian gate upon the partisans of Otho, while the Roman people, as if at a spectacle of gladiators, stood at their shop doors and at the corners of the streets, watching that furious engagement; and, when the Othonians broke through their adversaries, they shouted: "Hurrah for Otho!" or, if the party of Vitellius drove back those of Otho, it was, "Long live Vitellius!"

But the heroes of Lola Montes, shut up and besieged

in that fortress of *Minerva Culinaria*, despatched by a secret outlet one of the waiters to carry information of their condition to their empress. When Lola heard of the battle, of the rout, and the siege, arming herself with daggers and pistols, she sallied forth quivering with rage and serpent-like malice, to scatter with a single glance of her eye the whole crowd of besiegers. The people on discovering that it was really Lola, pursued her with loud cries of, "There goes Lola, stop her! that is Lola herself!" Hisses, stones, and kicks were bestowed unsparingly upon the poor heroine; she knew not where to fly from the tempest. She cried for help; she ran to the shops to hide herself, and the clerks repulsed her; she rushed towards a door, and it was shut in her face. The tumult increased, the mob jostled her on one side and pulled on the other, until her clothes were nearly all torn away; at length, finding no other place of refuge she fled into the church, and, after somewhat arranging her dress, she made another attempt to break through the crowd, and carry succor to the besieged, but she narrowly escaped being destroyed by the populace.

This comedy was the beginning of innumerable disorders in Munich. During the night lamps were broken, volleys of stones sent through the windows, doors thrown down, assaults were made, and robberies committed, which threw the entire city into confusion. When day dawned, Lola was expelled and banished for ever from the entire kingdom of Bavaria.

When outbreaks terminated in one state, they broke out in another. Hence the whole of Upper and Lower Germany was like a sea moved by a furious storm, which heaves, and roars, and dashes, launches forth its moun-

tainous waves, then breaks and whirls with terrific violence. The unity of Germany was vociferously demanded by all the states; and while they cried for external union, they severed and uprooted that which they had enjoyed in their midst. In every state the oaths of fidelity to princes were broken; engagements were unfulfilled; the laws were disobeyed; ancient institutions and statutes were overturned, and the tree of liberty was planted upon their ruins.

In Berlin, these commotions were characterized by even a more manifest spirit of sedition: licentious liberty was demanded, and force employed. The king resisted; the populace fell upon the palace while the army defended it—then rage and fury and blood followed. Cannon were pointed against the people and discharged with grape; the public ways were heaped with the dead, and the blood of citizens flowed down the streets and through the squares. Driven back one day, they rushed forth again and presented a new front on the morrow. The dead of yesterday were piled together—a livid and corrupting mass, from which pools of blood flowed in abundance, presenting a spectacle of horror to the terrified crowds and to the king, who turned from it in dismay.

Providence in all these events presents a lesson of wisdom to kings and governments, to show them to what danger and manifest ruin they expose themselves by once removing the restraints of religion; the people become like wild beasts, which tear and devour everything in their path; armies and all the munitions of war present in themselves but a feeble barrier to the impetuous passions of those who have lost the fear of God.

At the commencement of 1848, Europe sustained a

sudden and universal shock, unexampled in the pages of history. Men found themselves confused and stunned; like those who pass through the Cavern of Posilippo are stupified with the shouts "To the mountain!" "To the shore!" they neither see nor understand in the noise and clamorous discord which prevail everywhere, the meaning of those cries, nor the import of those shouts; while in the midst of clouds of dust, in the horror of darkness, and the rattling of wheels, the experienced coachman calmly and safely guides his passengers to the delightful banks of the Chiaia.

As the sole means of restoring and pacifying the world, let each one hold his own course; neither turning to the right when he ought to bend to the left, nor to the left when he ought to take the right, lest he be thrown down and trampled upon,—“To the mountain!” “To the shore!”

CHAPTER XIX.

VIENNA AND MILAN.

“SIGNOR BARTOLO? I say, Signor Bartolo, are you here? Oh what news! What prodigies! We have reached the goal at last!”

These exclamations and broken phrases proceeded from Polissena in the house of Bartolo, as she mounted the stairs and reached the ante-room; then throwing aside the boa which she had unfolded from her neck, and unloosing her mantle, she entered with a masculine gait and joyful countenance, the cabinet of Bartolo.

He was seated near the fire, folded in a large gown of azure silk, quilted with eider down, quietly smoking his cigar; upon the chimney-piece near him stood a cigar-case of ebony inlaid with ivory, a large amber pipe and a beautiful network tobacco-pouch ornamented with vermilion tassels, which Alisa had worked and presented to him, on his birthday. He was reading the *Contemporaneo*,* sunk luxuriously in his arm-chair, with his legs crossed, red slippers on his feet, and a Turkish *calbak*, adorned with a long flowing violet tassel on his head. When he saw Polissena enter in such a hurry, and trembling with joy, "Well," said he, as he shook the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, "what has happened to fill you with such exultation?"

"What has happened? What has happened? You might try a thousand times and you would never guess it. Italy for ever! Signor Bartolo, now at length the dike is broken down, our bonds are severed; no longer chains, nor manacles, nor fetters. Italy is free, and like the eagle which has broken its chain, it soars aloft and looks down from the clouds at its enslavers, who with eyes upturned, stand watching it with disappointed malice and dismay."

"You are plagiarising from the poetry of Gherardi and Tomassoni:† Come down from your clouds and tell me what news this is which fills you with such gladness, and throws you into these convulsions; for you tremble all over, and your eyes are starting from your head."

* The *Contemporaneo* was a Roman paper of a treasonable character, which it concealed under the cloak of reform, liberty of the people, the Constitution, etc.

† Gherardi and Tomassoni were two poets of Rome, who, like Tyræus in Sparta, excited the Italians to combat and die for liberty.

"Indeed, Signor Bartolo, there is good reason for it; the vows of Italy are at length heard; its day is come, its star is refugent; Austria is no more!"

"Ah, the deuce may believe that! You talk extravagantly. Austria is no more! Where's it gone to? Did it go by post? Has it fled into Tartary, or into Peru?"

"I mean to say, that the Emperor, at all events, has gone by post, and Metternich, and the imperial Archdukes, and the nobility of the palace, and above all, that terrible police of Vienna, which held Italy in terror, and had filled with victims the prisons and dungeons of Venice, the towers of Mantua, and the vaults of the Spielberg. In a word, the throne of the Cæsars lies in the dust; Vienna, the imperial Vienna, is, while we speak, democratic."

"You are dreaming, my dear and most Italian Polisena; it is even worse than a dream, it is folly, delirium. The events in Paris are amazing, no doubt; but to all that were in the least conversant with the state of France, and the ferment of French brains, the sudden fall of Louis Philippe was not beyond the bounds of credibility; but that Vienna should retire at night imperial, and awake in the morning democratic, is not, within the natural order of things, to be credited. Depend upon it, this is some jest of that 'Pallade' to amuse itself at the expense of the simple."

"There is no joke in the matter, Signor Bartolo; these are facts which have really occurred: two couriers arrived this morning, one to Mr. Freeborn, the British Consul, the other at the Quirinal: I met, upon the Piazza di Sant' Apostoli, Sterbini arm-in-arm with Galletti; they stopped me and related the whole occurrence; then-as I

was passing along the Piazza Colonna, I found it crowded with our most ardent Italians. They were running here and there, almost breathless, and shaking hands, in the most joyful manner. Italy for ever! Italy is free! Death to the foreigner! Death to the Croats!"

"I fall from the stars!" ejaculated Bartolo.

"You may fall from the moon too, but it is a real fact, and what is still more incredible, the imperial throne was overturned in a few hours, not by a formidable army, but by a handful of young desperadoes who ran madly through the streets shouting, 'Liberty!' 'Down with Metternich!' In Vienna everything is confusion, terror, and death. The people ran to arms, and took the armories and arsenals by assault, the rich stores and warehouses were robbed, the most magnificent houses of the suburbs burned down, the gorgeous villa of Prince Metternich sacked and given up to pillage, while the Prince himself has secretly escaped from this sudden outbreak, or remains buried beneath the ruins of his precious galleries, or has escaped in some disguise or other, and vanished. The Emperor"—

"Let me breathe, Polissena! You stun, you suffocate me! Alisa, come here and listen; Alisa, run!"

Alisa was in her room conversing with a priest, who had been her teacher of history at San Dionisio, and who still came to see her in consequence of the affection which he had always entertained for her; he knew her when a child, and now admired the gentle and amiable manners with which she received every one, but more particularly those who had aided in her education. Hearing herself called in such haste, she rose, and beckoning to Don Severino to follow, they entered together the cabinet of Bartolo.

"Listen," cried Bartolo, scarcely taking time to salute the priest, "to what Polissena is telling me. I am astounded! Do you know? A terrible rebellion has exploded in Vienna, and has plunged the whole empire into confusion."

"Italy for ever!" exclaimed Polissena, with a malicious smile at the priest. "Oh ho! Don Severino, mio; the *blacks* may go to the deuce now, and no mistake; your famous Metternich has closed his career of diplomacy; he has sealed it up with his double eagles of the Imperial Grand Chancery, and henceforth Emperor, King of Hungary and Bohemia, Duke of Carinthia, Count of the Tyrol, and especially King of Italy, are all rubbish for the Egyptian Museum. Our eyes shall never again behold these titles. 'God and the People!' there is the title of universal sovereignty. *Viva!* Italy for ever!"

"Signora Polissena, you speak with great animation; you create a whole history in two words; but histories are long, my dear Madam."

"Say rather, that they were long in times past: now each day has a history that would fill volumes. In these days, at Paris, a parcel of *sans culottes* have exterminated the constitutional monarchy; and at Vienna a handful of boys of the university have ground to dust the massive and immovable throne of the Cæsars. Do you understand? a handful of youths, against whom the majesty of imperial palaces, impregnable fortresses, formidable parks of artillery, and the most powerful and numerous armies are without avail."

"Do you actually believe," said the priest, turning to Bartolo (he replied to Polissena only by a glance), "do you

believe that Vienna can have fallen by the hand of a few boys?"

"I must believe it according to Polissena."

"Yes," replied Don Severino, "in the same manner as a child of two spans high may kill a giant by pulling the trigger of a gun. Thus fell Vienna. The gun has long been loaded; the balls duly introduced, the cap fitted and everything prepared, it was then left to the boys to pull the trigger. What wonder that by the impulse of so small a spring the gun should explode, and the giant fall wounded or dead!"

"You are not aware how many years it has taken to charge that gun. Joseph II. introduced the powder by oppression of the Church; Voltairianism threw in the balls by filling the benches of the imperial parliaments; the cap was fitted on by a false policy which connived at evil for fear of increasing it, which allowed itself to be overreached by the ferocity of Helvetian radicalism, which placed no restraint upon irreligion, that occupied even the chairs of the Universities. When, after all this charging of the gun, it was ready for an explosion, ~~Illuminism cocked it by the hands of the secret societies,~~ and taking good aim, gave it to be discharged by the young scoundrels of the University. The blow fell like a thunderbolt! It was perfectly natural; it burst through everything! It is understood."

"Really, Don Severino," said Bartolo, "you speak like a printed book. I never before examined deeply into these matters."

"You are not the only one. Had the public mind, and more particularly the attention of those to whom God has entrusted the government of nations, been directed to this subject, the fact was so clear and glaring

that Europe, upon a path so steep and slippery, would not long be able to restrain its headlong course; that it would have been a most stupendous miracle if it should escape being precipitated with destruction into the vortex of the most terrible disorders and revolutions, which have ever been witnessed among nations."

"Precisely such rebellions," said Bartolo, "have exploded in Sicily, France, Austria, Hungary, and Transylvania; it fills the mind with terror to reflect upon them. They have burst forth at the same instant, in the same manner; as, beneath a huge rock which it is intended to blow up, long mines communicating with each other are exploded by means of internal communications."

"And what cause for wonder have we in all this? I should consider it much more worthy of astonishment, if, after setting fire to these mines in so many places, and with such materials, they should still have refused to explode; or if, after the explosion, they had not blown everything into the air."

"According to what you say, it is marvellous that every one should not have foreseen so evident a result."

"They might have seen it, at least when, by the bursting of the mine, they beheld the ruins scattered around, houses hurled from their foundations, uprooted and precipitated down the declivities. But while we are speaking, after the bursting of the first mine, the second will be allowed to take its course, and the third, and so on, until the world teems with disorders and is whirled back into chaos."

"All that happens," interrupted Polissena with a venomous look, "because you priests are the enemies of liberty; black as midnight, as retrograde as crabs, and as

lazy as snails. Give the people their freedom and there will be no more insurrections and revolts."

"If, Madam, you had as much understanding as malapertness, I would show you that the true liberty of the people consists in ~~that peace which is the fruit of a~~ rational obedience to God, submission to the Church, and to legitimate authority. But liberty, ~~without these three conditions,~~ becomes licentiousness, and will lead to the overthrow of all order national and civil; it becomes the most cruel tyranny, which crushes under its weight those nations which God, in his anger, wishes to chastise. Oh, Alisa, at least do not you wander in the pursuit of a liberty which flies from your grasp; which, if we should, to our misfortune, attain, will enchain us in a miserable slavery." Hereupon, Don Severino bidding adieu to the company departed, leaving Polissena boiling with ill-concealed fury. Bartolo, as if awaking from a dream, dismissed the two ladies, and dressed himself for a walk upon the piazza and in the Corso, to collect the news of the day.

The astute demagogues, however, knew better than Don Severino, that "*Liberty never existed without Religion;*" and thence they put on the mask of religion to deceive the people, who were still obedient sons of the church, and little disposed to throw away their souls and their consciences in exchange for a liberty which would deprive them of the precious deposit of truth.

Hence advantage was taken of the convulsions in Austria, to excite the Italian youth to a war, which was denominated "*religious and sacred!*" Cries arose that the foreigner profaned the churches, insulted the venerated images of the saints, threw down the altars, exiled the bishops, and loaded the priests with chains; that they

carried away the wives, and dishonored the daughters of Italians ; that they murdered infants, pierced them with the points of their swords, and threw their flesh to dogs. Let them arise and take the cross in the holy war ; God and Pius IX. would lead them with benedictions ; Italian valor would guide them, victory and triumph awaited them upon the Adige, the Bachiglione, and the Tagliamento.

Milan, on the 18th of March, rose against its numerous Austrian garrison, and after a fiercely-contested struggle drove the military from the city, from the citadel, and from every fortification. The cities of Lombardy and Venice, at the first outbreak, flew to arms. The army of Marshal Radetzky, taken by surprise in its quarters, found itself surrounded on all sides ; and such was the suddenness of the attack, that it was unable to concentrate and stem the torrent which raged on every side.

The peasantry of the populous plains of Lombardy rose upon the Austrian troops dispersed through the country, tore up the military roads, broke down the bridges, and blocked up the passes with trunks of trees. The artillery sunk in the soft soil ; the cavalry was arrested by deep ditches and caltrops at every pass ; women and children, standing upon the roofs, let fall a tempest of missiles upon the troops as they passed. Scarcely had the soldiers escaped from one ambush when they fell into another ; when one obstacle was removed it was replaced by a hundred ; and, in the mean time, without provisions, tormented with thirst, exhausted with fatigue and labor, without covering, exposed to the rains, to nocturnal cold, they succeeded in effecting their es-

cape to Verona and to the fortresses of Teschiera, Mantua, and Legmans.

Piedmont seized with avidity this opportunity, seemingly so propitious for effecting its long-formed plans of aggrandizement, by the formation of an Italian kingdom extending from the Macra, the Panars, the Po, and the Eagunes, as far as the summit of the Alps, from sea to sea. It marched its troops across the Ticino, and with Charles Albert, and the dukes of Savoy and Genoa at its head, penetrated into the heart of Lombardy.

The king advanced his right wing towards Cremona, while his left crossed the Adda. The population of that territory, which had revolted and driven into exile its sovereigns, the dukes of Modena and Parma, threw itself into the arms of Charles Albert, who, by means of secret emissaries, promised to bestow upon it the most signal favors and immunities under the flag of the white and glorious cross of Savoy. In the mean time the youth of Lombardy and Tuscany, excited by the loud cries of liberty, vociferated through every Italian State by the partisans of independence, flocked in from every quarter with arms in their hands, to join the Subalpine army, to fight in its ranks the battles of Italy.

Rome could not behold unmoved the generous ardor which animated the youth of northern Italy, particularly at a time when unfortunate Rome had fallen a prey to the most licentious demagogues; when it was made the receptacle of the offscourings of Europe, the great sewer of all the dregs of the secret societies.

One of the first acts of its abandoned agitators when they had heard the news of the disturbances in Vienna, and the revolts of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, was to sever every tie between Rome and Austria, and to

place Rome and the Pope in bitter and violent hostility with that generous nation. Rome, which had been intoxicated with joy by the lamentable victory of Helvetian radicalism over the Catholics of the primitive cantons, may easily be imagined to have become frantic when German impiety had wrought the downfall of a throne which had been for more than three centuries the barrier against the inundations of heresy, which threatened to engulf all the southern nations of Europe.

The streets were brilliantly illuminated, and the seven hills resounded with every demonstration of delirious joy, mingled with shouts and imprecations against the Austrians. The palace of the imperial embassy was assailed, and the imperial arms torn down and dragged by the populace into the Piazza del Popolo, where they were burnt with every mark of the most ferocious hatred.

CHAPTER XX.

THE ENSIGN.

WHEN more detailed accounts of the rebellion in Lombardy, and of the progress of Charles Albert, and the march of auxiliary troops from every part of Italy to join the Sardinian army, reached Rome, agitation and excitement reached the highest pitch. The heads of the secret league were all life and animation. In the Circolo Popolari there was a perpetual stream of voluntary recruits, and of young men listening, with the most pressing exhortations to join the ranks of the brave.

By a decree of Prince Aldobrandino, Minister of War,

the muster-rolls of the new recruits were opened, and prince Rospigliosi, General of the Civic Guard, published proclamations to the Roman soldiers. ~~Cicernacchio~~ was the quartermaster of all the wards; his followers became the couriers, trumpeters, and heralds of the commands of the Assembly. Sterbini, Spini, Torre, Masi, and the druggist Galletti were the orators and tribunes of the people; and Father Gavazzi was the head clown in all this commotion.

Crowds collected; "What's to be done?" "What does all this mean?" "To arms, Italians, to arms!" "Your country commands its heroes to the war; the liberty of Italy is yonder upon the plains of Lombardy, where it awaits you; Romans, to arms! to arms, ye Romans!"

"To arms! that's soon said; to arms, indeed!" said some of the more experienced, with a shake of the head. "Poh! what lunacy! To go and be made food for cannon to please these gentlemen; do they think people are mad?"

"Silence, you dastard!" said a swaggerer; "you must be some sacristan of the Caravita."

"Say, Mr. Fop," cried a knot of men who took part with the former, "why don't you go yourself and get your own heads split!" And with a contemptuous sneer and shrugging their shoulders, they dispersed to their workshops and stores.

"What are those babblers preaching about there?" asked the women. "Good God, what madness! and on the very spot where once the priests preached with the cross. Look, here comes a set of fops and braggadocios with flags. Holy Virgin! What shall we see next? The world is going to perdition."

The poor mothers heard those solicitations to join the army with aching hearts: for the cunning tempters seduced the young men of the Sapienza,* and even the mere boys of the Speranza battalion, and took them to the officers of the rolls to be enlisted as soldiers. Thence they returned, filled with warlike ardor, and set at nought the tears of their mothers, the endearments of their sisters, and the authority of their fathers. Their course of studies was broken off, the hopes of their families destroyed, and the natural affections of youth uprooted and trodden down; they would set out for the war.

This unnatural cruelty was repeated in every shape. Widows, mothers, and sisters who had been protected and supported by their sons or brothers, were abandoned to the charity of strangers, or to die of starvation and sorrow. Husbands not unfrequently, possessed by the demon of war, set out madly without a single adieu to their wives or a parting kiss to their children, leaving the former deserted and wretched, the latter unprotected and without bread. How many poor creatures arose on the day of the departure of the troops, thinking that their husbands had gone in the morning to their usual place of business or profession; while they, more unnatural than savages, had shouldered a musket and had joined the army. They had left Rome behind them without a thought for their families, whom they knew to be destitute of the necessaries of life, or for their children who, before the dawning of that day, would ask in vain their mothers for bread! Many of them before their departure sold their household goods, and even their beds,

* The Sapienza is the Roman University, which sent out many of those heroes of the war of independence.

leaving their ~~wives nothing but~~ straw to lie upon.* The love of our country is subordinate to the sacred duties of nature, one virtue ought not to destroy another. They who preached to others the crusade of independence, quietly laid aside their own crosses and strolled about, twirling their mustaches, in the Corso or the Caffè Nuovo, and smoking their cigars instead of breathing the smoke of the cannon, and the glorious dust of the battle-field.

One should have heard those *Gracchii* and *Brutuses* spouting forth their frothy declarations, at a safe distance, against the Croats; exciting others to battle, wielding the two-edged sword of the tongue, cutting right and left through the dense phalanx, breaking, scattering, pursuing, and trampling them down without mercy; and after the triumph of victory, betaking themselves to the bar of the *Angeoletto*, the *Tritone*, and of the *Tre Re*, to order a glorious feast, which they would crown with abundant libations of Velletro and Orvieto, and shouts of "Italy for ever;"—"Independence;"—"Death to the Austrian!"

In Rome all the military stores were thrown open; and as that same year the Pope had caused the uniform of the Roman troops to be changed to that of the army of Piedmont, the old coats and other articles of military dress were distributed to the recruits, who being far too numerous, many received only shoes and knapsacks, and belts for the cartridge boxes and swords. All the rest were in their common dress with no military distinction, except a brass plate stamped with the papal arms or a

* These may be supposed exaggerations. But the parochial authorities of Rome can testify to how many they had to supply with a little bedding after their husbands had sold everything to furnish themselves for the war.

tricolor cockade upon their hats; a motley crowd, that knew perhaps as much about the military art as of honesty and christianity.

"Henry, my fine boy," said Basilio the charcoal dealer at the tavern of the *Stella*, "bring us a bottle of that choice Genzano of yours; I want to try a glass or so with Master Titus here. What a fine panegyric we had to-day, from Father Gavazzi, at the Colosseum."

"So you've been to the 'Via Crucis' with the Sacconi?"* replied Master Titus: "what a miracle! I thought your stations were generally the best bar-rooms in Rome."

What! don't you know what took place to-day at the Colosseum?"

"No."

"Well, I'll tell you then. The Roman army commenced its march to Lombardy; the fine fellows are going to free Italy, and rip up the Austrians; they'll wade in blood. It's enough that I say it, and I heard it with my own ears, that a number of our young men have sworn to bring back to the city Croatian mustaches sufficient to make cushions for each young lady in Rome, that she may sleep upon the trophies. Ain't that an oath? and they're the men to do it too."

"Stop a bit, Basilio; those Croats, have they paper bullets in their muskets? and in their hands swords of silvered pasteboard, such as are sold in the Piazza di Sant' Eustachio? I believe their bullets are made of lead, and their swords of good tempered steel; I hope our young men may not lose their own mustaches, and their heads into the bargain."

* The confraternity of the Sacconi, instituted by Blessed Leonardo at Porto Mouricis, to hold every Friday the Via Crucis at the stations erected round the arena of the Colosseum.

“Pho! Father Gavazzi talked vastly different from that.’ ‘Romans, ye sons of heroes, of the blood of Troy, (do you hear, man?) of the blood of Troy; march boldly against an enemy, which flies at the very name of Rome. Every one of you is worth a thousand of those vile slaves.’ He gave it, you see, pretty thick; one worth a thousand! ‘Carry your Roman valor to the Lombard plains; let the Italian ladies behold your red crosses resplendent upon your breasts, let them admire the manliness of your martial bearing, and live in hope.’”

“Perhaps they’re going to look for wives in Lombardy,” suggested Titus.

“Why you simpleton,” replied Basilio, finishing the bottle. “The ladies, it’s clear enough; why you animal! this martial bearing was to frighten the Austrians, to be sure, that was what Padre Gavazzi meant. Then he went on: ‘Methinks I behold you fly from victory to victory, on the Tebria, on the Po, on the Altice, on the Bottiglione.’ Do you mind? they’re rivers you know; what lots he did tell of! On the Brenta, the Piava, the Tagliamento. I never thought there was so much water in all the world.”

“Here my lad, another bottle,” called Master Titus; and turning again to Basilio, “how do you come to know all those jawbreaking names?”

“Easy enough; I was always at the Circolo Popolare with Ciceruacchio and Girolamo; and at the Circolo, you know, you may hear panegyrics and poetry every night. But to-day, at Father Gavazzi’s discourse at the Colosseum, there were several foppish fellows explaining the rivers, and lakes, and cities. What a mortal sight of things there is up there in Lombardy, to be sure! You

ought to send your son Nannetto to be a soldier, and also your nephew Tony."

"I'll send Satan as soon!" said Titus; "my boys stay at home; for if they are out a moment or two after dark, Nunziata is sure to raise a row about it. It's but a night or two since, when they went to see the illumination, she kicked up such a fuss with me that Don Pepe, the under-curate, who was coming down from seeing a sick man on the third floor, came in to make her keep her tongue, and he could scarcely do it; and you know what Don Pepe is."

"Well, about our country—what fine things Father Gavazzi did say, to be sure! he actually got up on the platform of the Via Crucis; and he had two red crosses, one on his cassock and another on his cloak, full two feet long."

"Like the crosses worn by the fathers of St. Camillus."

"Longer by half. He looked down on us, for you see, we were standing below on the floor of the amphitheatre. So with his left hand he gathered the folds of his cloak from his right, and held it akimbo on his left side; then he stretched out his right hand: 'Romans, says he, 'our country,—what an immortal page in history! God and our country!—Youth of Rome, boils not your blood in your veins? your hearts, do they not palpitate? your souls, are they not on fire?' But I'm unlearned you see, I can't say it like he did. Who could remember it all? and then ay, I mind this any how—he went back again to the women and said, 'Ye matrons of Rome, suffer your sons to depart to the sacred war, exhort them to it, urge them to it yourselves,—it is you who have infused the Italian blood into their veins,—it is noble blood—the blood of the ancient

Quiriti. Ye Roman mothers, if ever it should be your lot to hear that your sons have fallen on the field of battle, mourn not, for their wounds will be in front, they will not be in their backs; and then he spoke about some mothers or other, ancient ones I suppose, who lived in a country where they carried the dead soldiers on shields, and he called it *Laci* . . . *Laci* . . . oh (drinking)—oh, as good wine helps the memory—of Laci-demon.”

“Ay, ay! Didn’t I say it had something to do with a *demon*? No, no! my sons shall stop with me—I want none of his Lacci, nor his demons neither. I recommend them every night to their angel guardian, that he’d keep them for me in the fear of God, and of the Madonna. Do you know what? It’s well enough for Father Gavazzi, who’s got no sons, to say, ‘Mothers, don’t cry,’—I wish my Nunziata had heard him, she’d have scratched his eyes out for a certainty.”

Titus was right; many mothers know it and to this day mourn over the fruits of that preaching. Aser at least showed more prudence, he tore no sons from the arms of the Roman mothers; he would have blushed with shame for a seduction so iniquitous, as to inveigle away mere boys, and send them to be slaughtered on the field of battle.

Aser had enrolled, not mere children, but all the villains and miscreants that had collected in Rome from every country round it in search of adventures; those men had perceived that times were favorable to them in Rome; the police were inefficient, the government powerless, the good were terrified, and the factious arrived at such a point of audacity that they rendered abortive the noble intentions, and the desires of the Sovereign Pon

tiff, from whose hand they had wrenched the sword of justice. These criminals lived in Rome by plunder, or at the expense of the public ; they were contented with the smallest amount of pay, trusting to indemnify themselves by the plunder of every city in Lombardy ; they had enlisted under Aser, and were eager to commence their march to the war of independence. It had been decided by the leaders in secret to form them into a kind of free corps or sharpshooters, to keep them ever in the van, and to push them to the front in every engagement ; and a body of men of more villainous appearance could not have been chosen to strike terror into an enemy, or keep in check the inhabitants of the country, who already dreaded them as conspirators.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that Aser commenced the campaign without regret, and with no other affection in his heart but that of Italian liberty and glory. Such was the violence of the love which enchained him that in proportion as it was noble and enthroned in his heart, the more it seemed hopeless, and plunged his mind in agitation and anxiety, and held him bound in its toils. His disposition, however, was not such as influenced so many of his companions, who, while they used every inducement to engage their neighbors in the war, took care not to leave the ease and luxury of their own homes in Rome, where they could enjoy the recital of the exploits of others. But Aser, as the envoy of the secret societies, found it necessary to undertake the boldest movements to encourage and promote their plans by his presence, and to keep the conspirators of Vienna, Hungary, and the other German States, constantly informed of the posture of affairs in Italy.

Poor Alisa, on the other hand, was also involved in

anxiety. She was unwilling that he should depart to a war so uncertain and full of perils, with the risk of falling and dying deprived of every consolation; not to speak of the fatigues of travel, the severities of the climate, scarcity of provisions, night exposure upon the bare ground, continual watchfulness against attack, and privations and dangers of every kind. The young lady could not even yet bring herself to admit to her own mind, that the sympathetic emotions of her heart had any other source than gratitude towards her preserver.

As she knew that Aser must set out without delay with the vanguard of the troops, she had a long internal struggle whether she should present him with some small token of her gratitude, for saving her from the danger which she had incurred in the Forum of Trajan. She considered and reconsidered; inward contests and a tumult of emotions were followed only by fresh perplexity and suspense, until at length her affection obtained the mastery, and she resolved to send him a gold medal representing the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, with rays issuing from the hands, called the Miraculous Medal. Passing a silk cord through the ring, she placed it in a small casket of ivory inlaid with arabesques and designs in gold; she kissed the medal and devoutly prayed to the Holy Virgin to cast her merciful eyes upon the poor youth, to protect him in dangers, to defend him in attack, to watch over him in all places; and above all, that she would not abandon him at the hour of his death, but that she would touch his heart and inspire it with repentance, with light, and the grace of salvation.

As soon as this was done, the professor of English entered; and after her lesson was over, she said to him:

"Will you have the kindness, Mr. Alfred, to do a particular favor?"

"Dispose of me, Miss," replied Alfred; "you are so good and affable that I should be delighted to render you a service."

She then produced the little casket, and with a slight blush and downcast eyes, said: "You told me that your friend Aser was on the eve of his departure to the war; will you have the goodness to present to him, in the name of a young Roman lady, this medal of the Madonna, and to request him to wear it round his neck and on no account ever lay it aside? But I most particularly desire you not to mention my name; Aser will accept this little gift, whoever may be the donor, if I am not mistaken in his courtesy towards all."

Alfred, after leaving the house of Alisa, rested not a moment until he had found Aser, and overtook him as he was returning home. He appeared sad and dejected, and regretted exceedingly that he had to depart that evening without having seen Alisa, even at a distance, though he had waited to see her that morning as she returned from Mass at St. Marcellus. Alfred joined him with a lightsome heart, though in an air somewhat mysterious: "I bring you good news," said he.

"What is it?" asked Aser, in the dejected tone of one who had lost all curiosity.

"Something which, I am sure, will be agreeable to you."

"Make haste, then, and tell me; for I am very much engaged in making preparations for our departure."

Alfred, drawing forth the locket and opening it deliberately, held it suspended by the lid and said to Aser,

who was looking at it: "A young Roman lady sends you this handsome present; and as there must be no secrets between friends, although I was commanded to conceal her name, learn that this beautiful medal of the Madonna"—and he drew it from the casket—"is sent to you by Alisa, who earnestly requests that you wear it always round your neck for love of her."

Aser trembled in every limb; a fever heat was succeeded by icy coldness, drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead, and his heart beat and throbbed within his bosom. With a convulsive motion he took the medal, and without daring to fix his eyes upon the image of the Madonna, he passed the cord round his neck; and taking the medal in his right hand, pressed it forcibly to his heart. ~~"Alfred," he exclaimed, "tell that angel, that I swear never to remove it one instant from my heart; never! Tell her that with this shield I will confront, single-handed, squadrons of horsemen; I will advance to the mouths of the artillery, and neither sword nor fire will hurt me. Carry to her my adieus . . . tell her to pray for me."~~ And as if agitated by a fever, he immediately sought to take his leave of Alfred, that he might remain alone with his own thoughts.

As soon as he was by himself, he threw himself upon his knees in the middle of his room, bent his proud head to the floor, then with a loud sigh, he raised his head and eyes towards heaven, and pressing the medal to his heart—"God of heaven," cried he, "thou knowest that I am not a Christian; apply to the image of this Virgin, who is of the house of Jacob, and daughter of David, those benedictions which thou hast promised to our fathers. Look not upon my iniquity, but behold the innocence of Alisa, who imitates the purity of this

Mother of Sion, whom thou hast called in the prophets the 'Flower of Jesse.' "

He arose with serenity in his heart; he felt for a moment a calm which he had never experienced when he left the impious meetings of the secret societies: happy would he have been if he had never again permitted himself to be vanquished by the spirit of evil, which dragged him into the accursed path of the impious, and the whirlpool of conspiracies.

Bartolo, still obstinately pursuing his utopia of the Italian Confederation, which, according to him would have regenerated, to an immortal felicity, the States of the Peninsula, did not perceive the fresh misfortunes which the malignant influence of Young Italy was preparing for it. Blinded by the hypocrisy which pronounced this war holy and christian, he saw with pleasure the crosses with which the soldiers were adorned, and he was firmly persuaded that to expel the Austrians from Lombardy was a service as meritorious as the expulsion of the Saracens from Palestine, and the liberation of the Holy Sepulchre.

There were in Rome and Italy at this period many priests, monks, and excellent men, who fell into the same puerile error! And it was even dangerous to express doubts, for they were pronounced a proof of opposition to the public good, no less a sin than felony, and a sacrilege.

When Bartolo, in the uniform of the Civic Guard, was on the point of going out to his quarters, his sister-in-law, Adele, entered his apartment in breathless haste, and falling heavily into a chair, she said, with tears flowing down her face: "Ah, dear Bartolo, help me in the name of charity; help a poor mother; take pity on my distress!"

"What ails you, Adele? What has happened?"

"Ah, Bartolo, Mimo and Lando are bent upon setting out to this war; dear Bartolo, for the love of the Most Holy Mary, come with me and dissuade them from this dreadful design. My husband, my daughter, and little Xavier are in despair; Nanna throws herself upon their necks in turns, while their brother, Xavier, clasps their knees. It is useless; they are unrelenting. Run, Bartolo: I took away their muskets, and locked them up in my room, but they threaten to burst open the door. Run, Bartolo, for the love of God."

Bartolo put on his helmet, and hastened out with Adele leaning on his arm; but in reaching the house they heard loud sounds of grief, lamentations, and weeping.

"What is this," cried Adele.

"Ah, Mamma," said little Xavier, "Lando has been so angry with papa, because he wouldn't give him any money; and he ran up to the door of your room, and broke it open, and took his gun and gave Mimo his, and they both ran away to the Sapienza to join the legion of students, where the drum had already beaten for the departure."

Adele fell back insensible; the good Nanna, with the help of Bartolo, laid her upon the sofa, and then ran for some water and vinegar. Bartolo hurried back to seek his nephews; and not finding them at the Sapienza, he jumped into a carriage in the Piazza Sant' Eustachio, and passed rapidly through the Ripetta to overtake them at the Piazza del Popolo, where they were to halt until they were joined by the skirmishers of Aser.

When the sharpshooters of the Sapienza arrived, Bar-

tolo joined his two nephews, and began mildly to persuade them to return home. He laid before them the grief of their father, and the despair of their mother, whom he had left insensible and on the point of death. Let them come and restore her to life; they might then, at their leisure, join the other troops.

The two young men, whose hearts had been hardened by the crafty and seditious conspirators, replied harshly to their uncle. They were determined to go; their country was more holy than the weaknesses of a mother; let him think only of forwarding them money to Ancona. Bartolo tried to insist, but a crowd of depraved young men, one-fourth of whom were sons who had fled from the arms of their mothers, drew around him, and beginning at first to murmur, at length broke out in scurrilous invectives and threats: "Be off; you're a black; a filthy papalist; a vile sacristan; a Jesuitical traitor. Down with him; he's a Jesuit." And the wretched Bartolo, seeing them on the point of resorting to violence, and drawing their daggers, hastened back to his carriage, and regained his house in consternation, beginning at length to taste the bitter fruits produced by the tree of Italian liberty.

He reached home consumed with melancholy, and with a mind disturbed by the thoughts of his sister-in-law.

"Well, father, how have you succeeded with my cousins?" said Alisa.

"Alas, what times, my daughter! how shameless, outrageous, and unnatural! Mimo and Lando, formerly good and affectionate sons, have become worse than bears and serpents. What cruelty! what ferocity!"

"Ah, father, my aunt told you how the Roman youth were becoming ruined in those wicked barracks, and you

excused them, and considered her unnecessarily timid and scrupulous. But it seems she was right. But Lando, who was so pious ! Ah, father—”

“ Say no more, my child ; you are right ; I really never thought it would come to this.”

At this moment the old steward entered the room, to lay before him certain accounts ; he was in deep dejection, because his grandson had secretly left his home to join the army.

“ Look you, Signor Bartolo, the Pope may proclaim from the Quirinal that he prays for Italy ; that he loves peace ; that he is at war with no one ; that all Christians are his children ; that he loves them all, and embraces them all, and that not one of them is an alien to his heart ; that his brave Roman soldiers advance only as far as the frontiers of his States ; and that if they are assailed, they must defend, but not pass beyond them. Yes, truly, these fellows are very likely to obey the voice of their father and sovereign. What will you wager that these madmen will not cross the boundaries, and commit violence and excess upon the Veneto ?”

“ As to that, I think Pius IX. has spoken too distinctly, that he would war with no one, and that he had no intention of playing the conqueror ; and he has already given his orders to the generals, Durando and Ferrari. They know that their soldiers will not dare to disobey.”

“ Yes, you suppose excuses will be wanting to those young scoundrels ? They would not hesitate to drag their generals along with them ; and even if their generals, and colonels, and captains were, without exception, faithful to the commands of the Pope, their soldiers would transplant them beyond the Po, like so many cabbages.

But don't imagine that the Captains Masi, Galetti, and Del-Grande are the men to sit down in the shade on the southern bank of the Po, *videbimus infra*. Signor Bartolo, will you have the goodness to sign these papers?"

Alisa, who had retired to her own apartments, had occasion to go, for a pair of scissors, into the cabinet of Polissena, who had gone down to the hall to speak to a servant. While she was looking about for the scissors, she saw, on one side, a chair covered with a large silk handkerchief, which she raised up a little, and discovered beneath it, folded neatly, a military uniform. The young lady looked at it with wondering curiosity; she unfolded the lappets, took up the red trowsers, turned them over, and saw beneath, a black varnished belt, to which was attached a sword with a gilded hilt. Hearing Polissena enter, "Oh," said she, "how came this soldier's uniform here?"

"That young man, Perugino, who is to set out to-morrow with the second regiment, directed it to be left here, because, as he had to go to Frascati this morning, the tailor didn't find him at home. He will send for it to-night."

That night Bartolo was on guard; he therefore took his coffee with Polissena, his daughter, and a few friends. When he went out, he turned to the two ladies, and saying, as he was accustomed, when he passed the night at his quarters, "Good-bye, till morning—and you, Alisa, you seem in low spirits; go to rest early."—"Yes, father, I have a slight headache. My cousins' cruel departure has given me much pain."

Rome was in the mean time in a commotion; on the one hand fierce rejoicing was heard, and on the other, the most agonizing sorrow prevailed; the Jacobins were

moving in triumph through the Corso; they marched to and fro, hurrying from street to street, everywhere encouraging those who were leaving, shaking hands and exclaiming: "Hurrah! Farewell! Success to the warriors of Italy! Independence for ever! Return quickly in triumph over the foreigner—leave not one of them upon the soil of Italy!"

"No," they replied, "not one shall remain! But you, brethren, let us not, on our return, find a single Jesuit in Rome. This is our last will and testament, that not one remain."

"We swear it," they shouted madly; "march on; be assured that we'll rid Rome of all such contamination. 'Death to the Jesuits! Long live Pius IX.!' "

A will worthy of the men who made it, and worthy of those who received and swore to execute it. God will bless a war commenced under such pious and holy auspices, and will give to Italy a liberty begun by proscription!

If we pass to the Piazza del Popolo, there we find inconsolable mothers, deserted wives, daughters, and sisters weeping, betrothed young women lamenting; there was loud and bitter wailing, a woe which refused to be comforted. They beckoned with wild gestures, stretched out their arms, clapped their hands, and tore their hair; yet those unnatural men remained insensible to their distress.

About midnight, Bartolo, full of anxiety for Alisa, whom he had left apparently indisposed, slipped back to his house to inquire about her. He entered under the portico, and was about to go up the steps, when he thought he heard the sound of voices in the little court of the wash houses; he stood in suspense, listened and

distinguished the voice of Polissena. He approached the door, and again listened without speaking; but he could only understand a few broken phrases. "Oh, Alisa sleeps Ah, Mimo cannot part from me he loves me passionately I desert him?"

Bartolo bit his lips with passion. "Ah! the vagabond," said he to himself. "Ah, traitress! So you are making love to my nephew! You have seduced him! Now I see! Ay, now! now! It's all clear about his coming to my house so often at dusk. But he's gone, my good lady, he has slipped you: don't fear, hypocrite, when he returns he shall find you no more in my house. We'll see in the morning."

He moved back softly on tiptoe, passed through the portico into the street, and posted himself in the darkness of a doorway, opposite, to see if he could recognise the man with whom she was speaking. In a few minutes two soldiers of the Civic Guard came out, wrapped in their cloaks, and walked away rapidly, without his being able to recognise them. "Why," he muttered, "it seems she had two there; and who knows how many nights she has been playing this game at my house? How long have my angel, Alisa, and I been sleeping in fancied security, while she was holding her nocturnal appointments at my house? But to-morrow!" and he bit his thumb and gazed at the stars. All that night he paced backward and forward, smoking at his quarters, but the cigars were detestable; he tried to sit down, then rose again and leaned awhile against the column of the sentinel's box; then took a few steps, and again stood thoughtfully. He went his rounds, and asked the password for the night, and, having turned out the guard, he tried to obtain a little rest in sleep. But it would not do, his indignation, and

the unpleasant thoughts which would obtrude upon his mind, drove away sleep. At one moment he thought of one measure, the next he rejected it for another; for, thought he: "She is backed by all those champions of Italy, and I should only fare the worse. To expel her, that's simple enough; but to save the name of Alisa, there's the difficulty. My poor sweet child, into what hands has she fallen! What a senseless stork am I to have been so blind; her conversation was unbecoming, but I excused her faults by laying them to the account of her sincerity and her enthusiasm in the cause of Italy. I've found her out at last; better late than never."

With these thoughts, about half-past seven in the morning he went home to breakfast, as usual, when he was on duty. He went straight to Alisa's room, and found her already dressed and engaged in prayer. "Good morning, my dearest; how are you?"

"Well, father. I'll just say a requiem for my dear mother, and be with you in a moment."

Bartolo went into the dining-room: breakfast was brought in, and behind it came Alisa, who kissed her father's hand; and taking her seat beside him, she offered him the sugar, and took up the coffee. "And Polissena, is she not coming?" asked Bartolo.

"She has not yet left her room," replied Alisa.

He waited a little, and then said impatiently to the footman: "Tell Mariaccia to call her."

Mariaccia, the chambermaid, went and knocked at Polissena's door; but receiving no answer, she called out, "She does not answer—she must have gone out early."

Bartolo turned to the footman, "At what o'clock did Signora Polissena go out this morning?"

"I have not seen her at all," replied the man; "and

I have never been out of the entrance-hall where I was cleaning the lamps."

"Mariaccia," said Bartolo, "go to her room and tell her that we are waiting for her at breakfast. She goes to bed so late that she can't get up in the morning!"

The chambermaid, in a minute or two, came back wondering, and said, "She's not in her room. I don't understand it at all; the bed has never been touched; she certainly has never laid down last night, for I found her cap and night-gown just as I placed them last night. Besides, her every-day clothes are lying here and there upon the chairs; and I think she can't have gone out, for her bonnet, gloves, and shawl are each hanging in their places."

Bartolo was amazed; but recovering himself, he said quietly, "Well, I'll go myself." Alisa rose to accompany him. "No, drink your coffee; I shall be back immediately."

He went into Polissena's room, shut the door, took a rapid survey, and passed into the cabinet, in which he found the door of the secret stairs open; he went down and found the little door which led to the wash-houses likewise open, and could no longer doubt that Polissena had passed out that way to some nocturnal visit. He then waited for some time at the foot of the stairs in the expectation of surprising her as she entered; saying to himself: "The vagabond! it can't be long before she comes back, for she knows that it is the hour for breakfast. Ah! another thing; I have kept the keys of these doors in my room, she must therefore either have got them by stealth or have used a pick-lock—and here is the house wide open, and whatever else may have happened, we might have been seized and robbed during the night with perfect ease."

As she did not return, he went up again to avoid any suspicion to Alisa of the real state of things; and returning to the breakfast-room, he said to the footman, "Angiolo, you're a pretty doorkeeper, really! Signora Polissena has gone out early, and you never perceived it! Well done!"

"Yet, signor, pardon," replied Angiolo, "at seven o'clock, I drew the bolts of the hall-door."

"Ah! you only dreamt that you drew them."

"Believe me"—

"What! you still answer, rascal? begone!" And poor Angiolo withdrew, quite mortified.

Bartolo then said to Alisa: "I must return to the barracks—I have already been too long. When Polissena returns bid her good morning, and tell her that we waited for her at breakfast." As he left the house, he walked slowly, looking round to see if the devout young lady was anywhere on her return from mass; but he did not happen to meet her. When he arrived at his quarters, he found a knot of officers, who, in speaking altogether of the departure of the first legion, were making a disturbance that was almost deafening. "They set out at four o'clock."—"No; at a quarter past four."—"No, it was not so."—"Yes, yes. I heard from the Piazza di Spagna the clock of the Propaganda."—"The colonel on that splendid white charger."—"Why it was a dapple gray."—"You must surely have been blind; it was a bay; the white one was the adjutant's."—"No, no."—"Yes, yes."

At this moment they perceived Bartolo; in a moment all were silent, eyeing and winking at each other in a meaning way: "What news, friends?" asked Bartolo.

"You have enough at home, I should think," replied a young man, nodding the plume of his helmet. "Have you seen Polissena this morning?"

"No, she went out very early." At this they all laughed. "What makes you laugh?" asked Bartolo.

~~"Your Polissena," rejoined a captain, "was very early, that's certain. In short, do you not know that she is gone like an Amazon, dressed as a soldier? And how briskly she looked in her red pantaloons and tunic! And with what dexterity she carried her musket on her shoulder, and her sword by her side!"~~

"How?" interrupted Bartolo; "I must be dreaming."

"Dream as much as you like," replied the other; "but Polissena started this morning with the legion to the deliverance of Italy. The lady! how bold she was! She was offered the wagon of *ambulance*, but she refused it and determined to march on foot. All applauded and extolled her; and the colonel, charmed with so much courage in a young lady, instantly created her *Ensign* of the first company, placed in her hands the tricolor flag, with which she was delighted; and as there were no gold epaulettes there on the piazza, a sergeant of the sixth battalion of the Civic Guard detached his own, and fastened them on the shoulders of Polissena, while all the soldiers shouted: 'Long live our Ensign of the first company!'"

In the mean time, Alisa, waiting for Polissena, had returned to her little study; and as she approached the table her eyes fell upon a letter, directed to her in the handwriting of Polissena. "What is this?" She opened it hurriedly, and read:

"MY DEAR—My country calls me, and I respond to her call; she invites me to the restoration of her liberty, and I hesitate not; she imposes upon me the task of expelling the foreigner from her soil, and I obey. Whoever has the heart of an Italian can never remain in inactivity; and while the heroic sons of Italy face the perils of battle, it is an indelible disgrace to remain at home in luxury.

"Alisa, thanks to your bigotry, you are insensible to the reproaches of your country, because you do not understand them; ~~I wished to make you valiant, classical, heroic—in a word, Italian—and you have issued from my hands an insipid and despicable votary of superstition. Remain then with your Madonna and your Agnus Dei—I march to the war: I wished to inspire you with a virtue which would render you magnanimous and dear to the hearts of men of wisdom; but civil Christianity, which progresses with the march of nations, is not a religion of mean spirits and of minds of narrow views. Yours is too limited to admit *humanitary* ideas and the worship of your country; the nuns infused into it a piety—the vulgar and common piety of the middle ages—which feeds upon rosaries, novenas, masses, and communions. That is the Christianity of the Jesuits; you are incapable of elevating your mind to that noble, sublime, divine religion of Gioberti; so be it with you.~~

"Pay respects to your father; he ought to have joined in this war! But your father would have Italy free, and the queen of nations, without moving a finger in its behalf; but, all for the Pope as he is, he would have no other Italy but one of mitres, red hats, and triple diadems. Such was the Italy of Gregory VII., and of

Alexander II.; and we are seeking the Italy of Guerazzi, Poerio, and Mazzini.

“Will you have the goodness, dear Alisa, to give an eye to my few effects—I have already placed them in my trunks; and I desire you to tell Mariaccia to put them in the wardrobes: all the linen is in the drawers of the clothes-press. I have taken with me nothing but handkerchiefs and stockings, which alone can be of use to me in war. Adieu! Yours, &c.

“POLISSENA.”

Bartolo could scarcely overcome his astonishment; at length, turning to a captain of his battalion, he requested him to substitute some other officer in his place for that day, and engaged afterwards to take his turn on guard; when this request was courteously granted, he hastened to his dwelling, where he found Alisa in a state of consternation, and almost beside herself, in consequence of this unexpected occurrence. Thinking it unwise to leave her alone during these first moments, he ordered his carriage, and sent her to the house of his sister-in law, where she and her cousin might mutually console each other, and she would at the same time be a source of comfort to her aunt.

In the mean time he walked from one room to another, like one in a dream; the ridicule and the jeers which would everywhere meet him, all rushed through his mind, as well as the censure he would receive among all sensible men, for having placed his daughter under the care of a wicked and shameless adventuress, who had so cruelly reproached her.

While all this was passing through his mind, he entered Polissena's cabinet, where he saw in the first place, the

remains of a number of burnt letters. He took up several fragments which had escaped the fire, and on one, he read "Reven. . . We must slay Giulio Mer. . . ." On another, "We will rid the world of monks, priests, and cardin. . . ." And on another piece were the words, "Protestant . . . Rome, free and happy."

Bartolo next opened the writing-desk, in which he found the envelopes of numerous letters, bearing the fictitious names by which the conspirators were in the habit of addressing each other, with the post-marks of the north of Italy, of Tuscany, Switzerland, and even England. All these, the excellent young lady inquired for, and received at the post-office herself. Opening the desk still wider, and bending down to examine every part of it, he perceived in the farthest corner, a beautiful little casket of ebony, evidently forgotten in her hurry, by Polissena, who had not even removed the key.

His curiosity prevailed, and he opened it; he found it divided into three compartments, each of which was filled with neatly folded letters, some tied with silk thread; he then proceeded to open them. The first which he unfolded proved to be the document which admitted ~~Polissena as a member of "Young Italy,"~~ under the name of *Amethyst*. In another, she was praised for her notable services to the "Sacred Alliance." In another, the Grand Committee created her an *Enroller* of the first class, and assigned her many districts besides that of Rome. In another, fastened with a black tape, were the proscriptions, and the sentences of death with which she was furnished, as a warning against *traitors* and the *suspected*.

A cold sweat bathed the face of Bartolo, as he read the names of several of these intended victims, and he was almost deterred from opening any other papers.

But taking courage, he discovered in the last division of the box, a single sheet of paper, which contained a list of the accepted members of that infernal association. What names he read therein! What hypocrisy was unmasked before his eyes at that moment! What treachery among men, who, by their position and their offices, owed to God, to their sovereign, and to the state, a fidelity which they feigned to be unblemished before the world, but which they wickedly violated in secret! How many rash young men! How many women, who, in the eyes of the world, were irreproachable and pious.

He hurriedly folded this document; he repented that he had read it; he wished to blot out from his memory the names which forced themselves upon his mind with persecuting pertinacity; he closed his eyes,—there they were still; he shook his head like one who tries with contempt to banish some thought which will still intrude; he scrupulously replaced everything, and closed the desk; he looked around, as if he feared some one's observation, and said to himself,

“Now if that wretch should remember this unlocked box? And if she should suspect that I have seen it, I am a dead man;” and he re-opened it again. “Everything is exactly as it was; no, not that way,—a little nearer the corner; so.”

At the moment when Bartolo left the room of Polissena he heard a loud altercation in the entrance-hall, and could distinguish the angry voice of Angiolo. “No, gentlemen, no: either tell me your names, or I will not announce you to my master.” The cook and the scullion had run there also, and the dispute was becoming more serious. Bartolo rang the bell.

CHAPTER XXI.

SISTER OMBELLINA.

AT San Gallo, outside the gates of Florence, flow the crystal waters of the Mugnone, which, descending from the mountains of Fiesole, fall murmuring down the slopes, and over the rocks, and wander through the vales with innumerable windings until they lose themselves in the Arno. The valley, taking its name from the stream, is called the *Val di Mugnone*; and its jutting banks, bounded by beautiful hills, covered with olives, vines, and the fruit trees of every climate, while their summits are crowned with villages, pastures, and gardens, render it one of the most smiling and delightful spots in the environs of Florence. About half-way up the valley, where the hills encroach somewhat more upon a level, and where the torrent flows within narrower banks, there opens to the view a beautiful esplanade; upon this, among the high trees which protect it with their shade, stands an humble and solitary monastery of Virgins consecrated to God. This monastery is concealed, on all sides, from the eye of the traveller who passes on to ascend to the majestic Abbey of St. Jerome, without bestowing upon it a single glance, reserving all his admiration for that great edifice which crowns the valley, a monument of the munificence of Cosimo, the ancient father of his country. The humble virgin who turned her back upon the world, and secluded herself, with a few sisters, within these poor walls, was removed from the proud disdain of human grandeur and vanity, which

value not, and know not the heavenly sublimity of divine poverty.

That lady, so mean and despicable in the eyes of the world, formed the magnanimous resolution of establishing in this solitary recess, the primitive rule of St. Benedict, with the sweet but severe and arduous fruits of poverty, silence, contemplation, and penance. The few courageous young ladies who followed her in that exalted purpose, bade adieu to maternal endearments of parental home, to the society of their brothers, and the sweet converse of their companions, and buried themselves in this cloister, and as far as was possible, erased from their minds all remembrance of the living. The moment they crossed the threshold of this profound solitude, their hair was cut off, their heads veiled, sackcloth became their clothing, and their lips were sealed to every conversation; a cell, a crucifix, a straw mattress, a small lamp, and sharp discipline, become the only furniture with which they were provided. Their sustenance was herbs, vegetables, and brown bread; their sleep was interrupted: at midnight they descended to the choir, where they sung the divine office standing, and such was the length of the pauses, and so protracted was the cadence that the dawn frequently surprised them while still intent upon their chants.

During the long day they saw each other only after the midday repast, and even then in profound silence. One alone, by the invitation of the superioress, spoke on some topic relating to God, of the sweets of interior life, of the comforts of suffering, the ineffable delights of the cross, the consolations of contemplation, the treasures of poverty, the sublime conceptions of the humility of Jesus, the fruits of the redemption, and the voice of that

innocent blood, which continually ascends before the throne of God, washing away our faults, and sins, obtaining for us pardon, and opening for us momentarily the gates of heaven. "Suffering for us eternal joys,"—behold such was the exalted motto of those virgins of God.

While these devout hand-maids of Christ were leading this angelic life, there lived in Florence a young lady of surpassing beauty, of great talents, kind and affable in her manners, while these natural endowments were improved by a refined education.

These united qualities made her the admiration of every evening party or festival at which she was present, and she was courted by all. She performed admirably upon the harp, and accompanied it with a voice of such sweetness and delicacy that it rendered her beauty still more captivating; and in those pleasant evening parties she was the queen of the company and the enchantress of hearts. These natural gifts are full of peril and danger to a young lady, and not unfrequently, prove a source of bitter tears and endless remorse.

It happened one evening, she was playing and singing in the midst of a select and brilliant circle of ladies and young gentlemen, and in the company, among many foreigners, who constantly met in Florence, there was a rich English lord, who on beholding her skill, and hearing the entrancing sweetness of her voice, was captivated by her charms, and so deep was his admiration that he appeared insensible to all around, and betrayed his passion for her in the most extravagant and unguarded manner. The prudence and discrimination of Ombellina pointed out to her that the nobility of her distinguished suitor ~~was an insuperable barrier to their union,~~ as she

was only the daughter of a musician of the theatre of the Pergola, and that, even should he so far forget his dignity as to be willing at all events to make her his wife, she could never be persuaded to give her consent.

Such, however, was the unceasing and violent importunity of his pursuit, that Ombellina, after fervently praying for light and grace from Almighty God, determined to reject his proposals, and retire from the world. The silent solitude of the Val di Mugnone, the humble cloister of which we have spoken; the heavenly conversation of those virgins, the penitent, retired, and austere life of that holy foundation, attracted her magnanimous soul; and bidding adieu to the earth, she dedicated to Christ the flower of her beauty, and the spotless whiteness of her innocence.

The spectacle of a young lady of seventeen, beautiful, full of animation, and possessed of the most brilliant accomplishments, burying herself voluntarily in a cloister and live there happily, presents to human blindness a mystery which is insolvable. If the world should ask some young novice, in the first fervor of her noviciate, and her answer is, that she is consumed with impatience for the arrival of that happy moment in which she is to pour forth the vows of her profession. If it proceeds to question some nun, already professed, it hears her call down blessings upon the moment when she was elevated to the dignity of spouse of God, and listens to her protestations, that she would not exchange the noble and sublime sacrifice which she has made, for the position of the highest and most envied empress of the earth. If it next accosts some matron of venerable age, who has passed thirty or forty years, debarred of all the pleasures of the world, and it beholds her shed tears of joy,

and thank the God of all goodness that He has granted her the grace of holy perseverance, and she hastens, undaunted and secure, to the moment of her dissolution to unite herself with her Divine spouse, who awaits her with his eternal joys.

Amidst the disrepute into which a religious life has fallen, in the profane civilization of latter days, the Church derives the consolation, that the virgin who consecrates herself to God, does it with a free will, and with a resolution superior to all worldly affections; that her soul tastes the full conviction which came from the light of grace, and that the heart enjoys all its sweetest and purest delights. In our days the Nun of Monza has become a fiction,* and so far from deceiving and seducing youth to enter the cloister, no arts are spared to divert them from the holy resolution; and where artifice fails, parents not unfrequently have recourse to absolute violence.

Ombellina was not discouraged by the aspect of this life of penance; but, fortified by prayer, and with the holy courage infused by an entire abandonment of herself to God, she confronted with a bold heart the dangers of a battle with his enemies, whom she defeated with the arms of her Lord; and, binding them with an imperishable chain, made them obedient slaves in the service of Christ. Those generous and aged victors in the war against the passions, wondered exceedingly at the alacrity of Ombellina in the struggles of this new palæstra; they beheld her surpassing her companions in the noviciate in silence, in humility, in the internal and external mortification of the senses, and, above all, in that charity

* An allusion to that most noble of historical romances, the "*Promessi Sposi*" of *Alexander Manzoni*.

which made her the solicitous servant of the servants of God. Having been appointed companion to the sister infirmarian, day and night she watched over the sick beds of the sisters ; there was no occupation to which she did not demean herself ; no consolation which she did not seek to afford ; no suffering which she did not endeavor to soothe and alleviate. In the choir, her voice thrilled clear and brilliant above all others ; and on solemn feasts she accompanied upon the organ the psalms, the hymns, the mass, and the beautiful chants of the holy communion.

Thus, in the exercise of every virtue, she spent ten laborious years, when her Lord, wishing to purify her, like gold in the crucible, tried her with a long and painful illness, during which some of her limbs were paralysed. Her tranquil soul, in the midst of the most acute suffering, never lost its mild serenity, nor that holy joy, that exterior sweetness, those angelic manners, which carried away the hearts of the sisters.

Although stretched upon her sick bed, or supported by pillows, her hands were ever employed, and unless otherwise directed, she occupied herself in making lint and bandages for the use of the wounded at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. When alone, she passed her time in the contemplation of the sufferings of her Divine spouse upon the cross ; her sighs were aspirations of love, and her words were expressions of grateful thanks to God, who had deigned to send her a proof of his love, by afflicting her with sufferings.

In the midst of so much peace and spiritual joy, Om-bellina, in the recesses of her heart, yet concealed one secret source of grief, which held her in unceasing anguish, and urged her soul to beseech God with holy im-

portunity to grant to her the fulfilment of a most earnest desire, and the passionate longing with which, in her charity, she was consumed. Ombellina was the sister of Polissena, and wept inconsolably over her wanderings from the truth, and especially her renunciation of her faith; her vicious life, in which were included prevarication, her impiety, her hardness of heart, and contempt of God.

Not only did Ombellina silently offer up to God, in behalf of Polissena, the sufferings of her infirmity, but every vow of her heart was devoted to obtain his grace to soften the hardness of that rock; to render it tender and plastic under the operation of divine mercy. Although Polissena had always responded to her meek and sisterly admonitions with the most cruel indifference, Ombellina still clung steadfastly to her hopes, and taking fresh courage at every new repulse, she redoubled her importunities at the door of the infinite goodness of her Saviour.

Among the mysteries of human contradictions, is the spectacle of human souls which remain immersed in vice, while they admire virtue, and make it the confidant even of the errors into which they permit themselves to be hurried by the heat of their passions. Polissena, always deaf to the invitations of Ombellina, yet opened her heart to her with sincerity and candor on many occasions, informing her faithfully even of those acts which would draw upon her the just reproof of her sister. Hence, having resolved to throw herself madly into the war of independence, and to fight as a soldier, she wrote to Ombellina a letter, full of jests and conceits it is true, and requested her to direct her answer to Bologna, where, in a few days, she would arrive with the Roman legion.

At this news the servant of Jesus became almost insensible, and in the violence of her anguish could not restrain her lamentations; she raised her eyes to the crucifix, and complained in these words to her Divine spouse: "Even thou, oh my Jesus! Ah, is this the promise which thou madest to me to reward me with my Polissena? Dost thou thus present her to me?" After thus sweetly alleviating her grief in long communion with him, and beseeching his pardon for entertaining even a momentary doubt of his protection, she asked the sister infirmarian to reach her the small table and writing materials. She then wrote to Polissena the following letter:

MY DEAR SISTER:

The grace and charity of God and the peace of the Holy Spirit be with you. The grievous news of your departure has pierced my soul as with an envenomed dart, which has almost brought it to destruction; and had not the power of divine assistance hastened to my relief, my broken heart could never have survived.

You tell me, dear sister, that you are marching to drive the foreigners from Italy, and tear down and annihilate tyranny. ~~Would to God that you would drive the foreign enemy from your own heart, namely, the devil, and that you would confound the tyrant that enslaves you, that is sin; to the power of this monster you have given over your soul, which has been redeemed by Christ, and made free by the ransom of his divine blood. That sublime liberty which renders you the empress of yourself, no external tyrant has power to turn into slavery; but by your own will you can cast into the chains of sin the proudest and most cruel of all tyrants.~~

It is this which you ought to strive to drive from yourself, fighting in the war of Christ, the leader of the elect.

Polissena, many years have I wept over you; my sighs ascend to God that he would restore you to your own heart; that he would vivify the seed which he has sown in your soul; that he would awaken your faith, and enkindle in your breast the most pure and delightful flame of charity. You know, dearest, how in Florence we were brought up piously in the "*Conventino*," when our father lived in the Via de' Serragli. You were then so good, so modest, and so sweet-tempered.

At fifteen you went to Milan; father took you and placed you under the care of that good lady who had been our benefactress; would that she had lived longer, you would not then have been cast away! Alas! my own Polissena, you remained in a distant land, an orphan, accomplished and beautiful, skilled in music and in every polite art, but these accomplishments have seduced and led you astray. How my heart bleeds for you!—But ~~everything has~~ an end; now you are a woman of mature years, how can you still permit yourself to be ravished by the wild imaginations of youth? That an insatiable longing for romantic pleasures should reign as a tyrant in the bosom of a young girl; that she should demean herself in accordance with the inexperience of her years, at the mercy of the winds of human seductions, and the levity of her judgment, is conceivable; but at thirty years, ah! Polissena!

Then, again, what evil have the Austrians done you?
Are they not Christians and Catholics like ourselves?
And you have joined this crusade against them as if
they were Turks or pagans! Have we perchance re-

turned to the age of the Albigenses? Why do you profane the holy cross against the true adorers of the cross? Merciful God, what unheard-of folly! Do you know, Polissena, against whom Italy ought to take the cross? Against the real foreigner, against the real tyrant that menaces it, namely, infidelity. Woe to our beautiful land if it should invade it, triumph over it, and enslave it! It will plunder and despoil it of every good, even of its supreme treasure of the holy faith of our Church.

Therefore, Polissena, kiss the cross which you wear on your breast; revere it, and return to yourself. If this reach you in Bologna, place it near your heart, listen to its admonitions; come to me; the charity of thy sisters will never repulse thee. But if you are still bent on going to this war, go, and may God and your good angel accompany you! I, with six of my companions, pray for you unceasingly; alternately, day and night, we will besiege the maternal heart of the most Holy Virgin, that she may overshadow you with the shield of her love.

Polissena, accept the invitation of your sister; come, comfort me, and receive upon your lips the kiss of peace which I give you in my heart. OMBELLINA."

CHAPTER XXII.

DETRACTION.

IN Rome, we left Bartolo, a few days back, in deep anxiety, in consequence of a curiosity which might cost

him nothing less than his life, and he was tormenting himself with doubts, when he was disturbed by the noise of a great quarrel, and had rung the bell to learn its cause. Thereupon, Angiolo, red with anger, entered his room, and Bartolo asked him what he was wrangling about, at the door, with whom, and on what account.

"I'm doing my duty," replied Angiolo; "there are two rough-bearded fellows who came up, demanding Bartolo Capegli."

"Do you take him for a tinker?" said I. "Here lives the Signor Bartolo, my master."

"We want to speak to him, and we'll do it."

"And who are you? Whom must I announce to my Signor?"

"Make way, scoundrel! we're what we are."

"My orders are to admit no one unless he give me his name, and surname; is that clear?"

Then they put on a bullying air, and I called Christopher, who came running out with his apron on, and his cotton cap, and behind him, the scullion, with the pestle of the mortar in his hand. Their courage cooled pretty quick, I can tell you, and they spoke as innocent as two sanctified friars, and were beginning to say that they had come on an errand for the Signora Polissena, when I heard your bell.

"Bring them into my cabinet," said Bartolo; and in the mean time he took from the chimney-piece, a brace of pistols, which he placed in his breast, ready in case of necessity.

They came in, and bowing, said to him, with a bold and scrutinizing stare,

"We have come from Storta, for a casket belonging to the lady Polissena."

"What casket do you mean, and where did she leave it?" asked Bartolo, carelessly.

"She told us she had forgotten it in her room, in a desk which stands on the right hand, near the window."

"Come with me and we'll look for it. Did she give you the key of the casket?"

"It should be open; it is of ebony, with white arabesques, and a small steel key."

Bartolo took them into Polissena's room, and with well-affected ignorance, said, "Gentlemen, look for it yourselves."

They examined several drawers, and at length, at the bottom, on the right hand, towards the window, they discovered the ebony casket. One of them took it out and said that was it.

"Gentlemen," Bartolo replied, "your pardon, but I must lock it before your eyes; I then wish to fold it, with the key, in a covering, and to seal it and add my signature. You will then give me a written receipt."

This was accordingly done, and they departed, congratulating themselves in the full persuasion that Bartolo had neither touched nor seen it. Bartolo also thanked his stars, and felt that on the departure of that object from his house, he was delivered from the brooding of an evil spirit, by which he had been haunted.

Alisa sought every means to comfort her aunt, for the departure of her sons to the war. The first days were passed in receiving the condolences or congratulations of her friends, some of whom said that Polissena was a young lady of singular talent, of excellent manners, and high mind, and one whose acquaintance and friendship was an honor and a subject of congratulation; others, on

the contrary, did not spare her character, and gave an unsparing prominence to every failing.

"Now, did I not always say so? That hatchet-shaped visage of hers, and her turned-up nose, which seemed always pointing at the stars, was not to be mistaken. There was too much spite and reserve under them for me."

"Did you ever notice those owl's eyes of hers?" added another. "She was called a beauty. Tastes differ; but to me she seemed pretty much of a simpleton."

"Her dark-pale, livid complexion," continued a third, "was but an indifferent mark of a clear conscience; and she never smiled, not even when my Bice, who you know is such a perfect little take-off, made all the rest of the company convulsed with laughter."

"A very likely thing! as if such as she, had any sort of sympathy with candid and ingenuous young girls; they have some one else to think about. And Polissena—but enough; she could but end as she has done"—

"Is it possible! Ah, how can you say such dreadful things!"

"I know what I'm saying—Bartolo is too much of a book-worm—it suits us ladies. Believe me, the flight of Polissena was for Alisa the best thing that could have happened."

But the good Adele, who never joined in all this gossip, one day took her niece to St. Marcellus, and requested a learned and prudent father to accompany her to Bartolo's house. When they reached it, the father entered Polissena's room and removed from it all the pernicious books with which it was incumbered; and replaced them with others, which, to a pure style and taste

joined sound instruction. Then turning to Alisa: "My dear young lady," said he, "be convinced that bad books ~~can teach you nothing whatever; for either they are histories which, with intentional malice, distort and misrepresent facts, and they who read them, store up in their minds a collection of falsehoods; or they are philosophical and moral treatises, poisoned by sophistical fallacies, which fill the minds of those who study them with errors.~~ These works are the more dangerous, because they conceal the poison which penetrates the roots of the fundamental truths which form the groundwork in youthful minds, and corrupt them in matters of the first importance.

"Lying histories and false and erroneous speculations, are in our days the murderous arms by which impiety seeks to corrupt the world. The followers of Voltaire of the last century, were in the habit of interweaving their errors with the most disgusting obscenities; at the present day, more craft is displayed—vice is concealed under the mask of virtue by insinuating the venom into the first principles, that is, by no longer poisoning the fruit but the roots.

"What have these most subtle arts effected? While unfortunately they have succeeded in giving to books of education a tone of harmlessness, gravity, and as it were, of modesty, beneath this flowery surface they conceal from the eyes of fathers and mothers, deceitful descriptions, licentious and immodest ideas, and improper delineations. They say to each other: 'Oh, here is a book exactly suited to our daughters. See how beautifully it describes virgin modesty; how it inculcates guardedness in every look, and restraint in external deportment; how it will render them gentle, affable, and full of admi-

ration for virtue. How beautifully this author writes! What a pen of gold?" But under this gold lurks the poisonous adder, whose breath alone blasts the mind, corrupts the heart, and enfeebles and enervates the soul. ~~Hence, my dear Signorina, be watchful; and if you have already read any of these books, seek out the antidote, while it is yet time."~~

Alisa, blushing, promised that she would do so; and her aunt turned with a smile to the religious.

"Reverend father," said she, "will you give your benediction to my niece? Ah, what a misfortune! to what hands has she been intrusted! The Holy Virgin has been her safeguard. Had it not been so, believe me, father, that beauty would have made a pretty hand of her. And some fathers really don't seem to have their wits about them; they look mighty wise, but unfortunately they view things through the wrong end of the spying-glass. I say nothing against your father, dearest, but I have said a thousand times that Polissena would bring disgrace upon him, and cause him to weep tears of bitterness. But let her go with her soldiers, and try what war is like, and take her turn among the cannon; perhaps she'll find some ball of scented soap, which will clear that dark complexion of hers."

"Aunt, don't speak ill of her, I beg of you; she has yielded to a sudden caprice; I am sure she has already repented of it. But aunt, I should like my father to allow me to spend a few days at San Dionisio: what do you think about it?"

"I think it is an excellent thought; and retirement ~~for a day or two, is of benefit both to soul and body.~~ These nuns are so good! How glad they will be to

have you among them for a few days, and you will find, also, some of your old companions, who will be delighted with your company."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FIRST HALT.

IN the mean time the Roman legions were advancing boldly to the conquest of Germany. Those Drusi marched along full of spirit and gaiety through their first stage. They shouted, sung, whistled, and bawled like a swarm of scholars when school is dismissed, as they run to their games. From the Porta del Popolo, they raced in double quick time, as far as Storta. There they set the landlord to work, paying liberally with blows, and devouring piles of meat, fowls, eggs, and bread and cheese by the basketful. They were scattered about the road, over the fields and banks in knots and circles, of ten or twelve, soldiers, corporals, sergeants, captains, all together, without distinction.

The ensign, Polissena, planted her colors at the foot of a tree, and having dusted herself a little, and stretched her arms, she began to cry out :

"This way, comrades ; let us spread our cloth here, here in the shade. Hallo, you soldier, go and call the landlord ; tell him to bring us here some refreshment." And stretching her handkerchief upon the ground, she took her seat, with an officer by her side, and they called a few soldiers to sit with them.

A foraging sergeant, with five men, brought them provisions, bread, cheese, ham, and a fowl for the officer and Polissena, flasks, small kegs, and pitchers.

"Reach that to me," said one; "Give me that," said another; and, without glasses, each one took a pull at the neck of a flask, or a sup from the mouth of a pitcher. ~~They drank like the Germans, against whom they were going to war; and I can safely say, that if the battle had been a tippling-match, the victory would have been ours.~~

In another place the battle was becoming serious.

"These eggs are rotten!" growled a group of soldiers.

"Why, curse that landlord, they are!"

Enough said. The eggs began to fly at the waiters' heads; the waiters dodged, and the eggs, striking other soldiers, stamped upon their backs certain omelets and radiant suns with circles of gold.

"Come, young men, order, there; what foolery is this?" cried a captain; "Where is your Roman gravity? Do you use the eggs like the blackguards of the Ripa Grande?"

"Hurrah for our captain!" shouted the more jovial toppers; and at the same moment, another bomb burst upon the hat of the captain, close to his tricolor plume, making another of white and yellow.

"Ah, villains! this to me?"

Drum-a-drum-drum! Just in the nick of time, the drums beat for the march. There was a general movement: then followed a wiping of lips, and farewell pulls at the bottles,—which then whirled in the air,—a crashing of plates, and a cramming of huge pieces of meat into the pockets of the more greedy.

"Up! to your ranks! Corporal, bring up your men."

"Immediately. Jump up, you lazy swine, or I'll plant my toe—"

"Where? at me, Corpo—? What care I for a corporal, I should like to know? I'll take my own time."

"Gallantly, my young fellows. Ensign, forward, there."

"I'm of the second company; where is it?"

"Down there; this is the first."

One jumps over a ditch, another springs down from a bank, and a third has to take another drink; he gets up and gives a parting kick at the barrel.

At length the ranks are formed. "Support arms!"

"Shoulder arms!"

"Long live Pius IX.!"

"Italy for ever!"

"Down with the Austrians!"

They marched up towards Baccano in confused crowds, in groups, and small parties; six, seven, or eight, walk arm-in-arm, abreast, taking up the entire breadth of the road.

"Let's pass."

"Don't be in a hurry; we've got possession of the road."

And a small knot push past them, one by one, and pass onward.

"The devil squeeze you, ye unmannerly scum."

The other party turn, and, with their thumbs to their noses, and a tremulous motion of the hand, stretch out the little finger towards them, as much as to say, "Do it if you're able," and then march on at a rapid pace.

Not a cart, carriage, or wagon, can show itself on the

road without three or four, or more, climbing upon it on every side. The poor drivers may in vain make complaints. "Don't you see that the poor animals have as much as they can do to draw their own load? and here you throw yourselves on without mercy!" The men let them talk; and, without any concern, others pile on their guns, and others their knapsacks. Those who have got seats ride with their legs dangling over the sides, or hold out their hands to some other, who, in a twinkling, is on the top, and stretched at full length upon the load.

"Oh, here comes a carriage! Capital! It's coming towards Rome! Just in time!"

"Hold on, driver!"

"For God's sake—"

"Stop, will you?"

"Oh, I beseech you, let me pass, for it's late."

Some level their guns in front, others let down the steps and open the doors.

"Gentlemen, your passports? One, two, three, and three are six. Why, not one of them wears a beard! And what modest faces! what fine ashy complexions! What a smell of Jesuits!" Then one coughs, and another spits.

"Where are you from, gentlemen?"

"From Gubbio."

"Where bound?"

"We are going to Rome."

"What to do?"

"We have some business to—"

"Oh, your business is already done; they have all shut up shop there!"

The terrified travellers were really six Jesuits from the College of Camerino, where they had been outraged

in every conceivable way. Some would have burned them alive in their houses; others were for throwing them from the windows. One had his hand bound up, having had a finger crushed to pieces with a stone. On their way through Gubbio they fell into the hands of a band of raging madmen, who were for flaying them alive;* and with difficulty, in consequence of the indignation which this aroused among the good citizens, they escaped from their hands, and the charitable bishop of the place sent them secular clothes, and gave them guides to lead them to a place of safety. But the clothes, which had not been made to their measure, made it evident that they were borrowed, and thrown on in a hurry; and their terrified and pale countenances betrayed them to these heroes, who were convinced that they had made a legitimate capture.

"Down, infamous wretches! out of this carriage! Ah, traitors, ye enemies of Italy, ye hounds of Austria, it's all over with you now." "Down with them to satan, the whole six of them!" "Stand aside." "Let's shoot them." "On your knees, villains!"

Aser sprang into the midst of this swarm of assassins, and, dealing a few blows with the flat of his sword among the more furious, "Away, cowards!" he cried; "reserve yourselves for the Croats; let us not contaminate our arms with Italian blood."

"We'll have the carriage, then, say what you like."

"Take it."

* We have been told that several of those furious wretches complain of the above words. It is true they are not exact. They *only* said (a person who was present assured us of it), "We'll tear out your hearts and fry them in the frying-pan." This, of course, must be quite a civility in comparison with that horrible word "*to flay*."

“Driver, face about.”

“But, gentlemen, for mercy’s sake—”

Two of them seize the horses’ heads, turn them about; and then a crowd, springing inside, on the top, and on the box, cry, “Drive on, knave.”

The wretched fathers, having escaped from this peril, left the road, and, climbing over the fences into the fields, wandered all day on their way towards Rome. This they effected, but not until night was far advanced. Entering by the gate Angelica, one by one, overcome with terror and exhaustion, and defiled with dust and mud, they reached the Roman College.

The vanguard of the legion preceded the main body, and marched forward to prepare quarters for the soldiers. The first companies were to press forward as far as Monterosi, to find lodgings and provisions; the rear was to halt at Baccano, and in the suburbs. The company of Monterosi presented themselves to the municipal authorities, demanded quarters, rations of bread, and provisions for half a legion, billets, numbered according to the extent of the quarters, stabling and hay for the horses.

Another detachment took possession of the chief hotel of Monterosi. They found the tables set, beds made, and everything in order for a numerous company.

“Whom are you expecting here?” said a civic guard of Trevi to the landlord.

“The colonel and your officers; a messenger brought us orders, so long ago as last night, from Rome.”

“Very well,” was the answer. “Is the supper ready?”

“Everything is ready but the soup.”

"Throw the herbs into the soup, then, and be handy," shouted they, all together.

"Well; but the officers?"

"We're the officers. What preference, what tyranny is this? Black bread and tough beef for the soldiers, and capons and game for the officers! Here with your supper, landlord; and look sharp."

"But, gentlemen—"

"We're gentlemen, and no mistake. Here with it. Are we not all here for the cause of Italy, to drive out the Austrians? And the officers want a table apart! Go to ——!"

To say this, to threaten the landlord, and to fall upon the butter, fish, and ham, was the work of a moment.

There was a running to and fro between the dining-room and the kitchen, to make sure that the cook did not defraud them. "That stew, you know; and those chickens. See that they're all brought in, or by.—" Here was heard a volley of curses, enough to shake the vaults of heaven.

"Wine! Bring wine."

"Yes, sir."

"Orvieto; do you hear."

"Yes, sir."

"Wine!" the host whispered, as he went to the waiters; "who's to pay?" The waiters doubtfully shrugged their shoulders; the host muttered between his teeth; the heroes plied their knives and forks as if they had been famished.

A moment before they rose from table, the host presented himself with a pleasant smile. "Hope you've enjoyed your supper, gentlemen. We may as well settle the reckoning now. I'm an advocate of progress, my-

self, but a poor man. I have treated you well; have I not?"

"Yes; pretty well."

"You will treat me the same. Here is my little bill; seven paoli a head."

"Very good; all right. The quartermaster pays the scot." And one after another filed down the steps, and into the piazza, leaving mine host to scratch his head, and hope for payment on their return from the taking of Vienna.

The officers who arrived with the main body of the legion must have fared rather meagrely, and thought themselves well off that their beds were left them—which was something. The next morning they marched forward with renewed vigor, feasting again at Civita Castellana, and advanced towards Narni, calling at every tavern on the road, with toasts to Italy which rent the air.

At the bridge of Borghetto, across the Tiber, the foragers entered the hotel, and demanded wine and victuals for dinner. They entered the saloon, and saw from the window a carriage in the court.

"Hallo! Where is that from, driver? Who was in it?"

"Four gentlemen."

"We want to see them."

They were four Jesuits, from the College of Fano, who had been pursued through the mountains for many days, and had escaped almost by a miracle to Spoleto.

The landlord replied: "You shall see them; but have the goodness to wait a little; they are taking a short rest."

"No; we must see them instantly. This way, men;

cross your bayonets at the foot of the stairs. A guard at every passage, and sentinels to the doors!"

In the mean time, the mistress of the house, a pious and well-disposed lady, moved with compassion for the servants of God in their danger, ran around to the back of the house, opposite the mountain, and, raising a ladder to the window, made them descend, and sent them, under the guidance of one of her sons, among the crags, and behind the bushes. The unfortunate Jesuits, filled with terror, crept cautiously along behind the high brambles and thorn-bushes, until, winding round the side of the mountain, they reached some rugged and perpendicular precipices, under which they saw a number of caverns of the most ancient Troglodites, and there took refuge.

They remained in these the whole day; and from behind the brambles and brushwood they saw, in the valley beneath, those licentious and cruel bands filing across the bridge; yelling, assailing the wagoners and carters, dragging from their mules and horses the mountaineers of the Sabina, and taking their beasts of burden, which they loaded with men and baggage without mercy.

At nightfall, the landlord of the hotel sent for the fugitives. When they issued from those dens they found that their carriage had been forcibly turned back towards Narni, filled with soldiers, and their kind host dispirited as much by the threats of the soldiers for having aided the escape of the Jesuits, as by the immense quantity of wine they had drank, almost all unpaid for. He gave them refreshments; and, after sending them to rest awhile, in order that they might not again risk their lives among the legionary troops on the road, he placed them on board a steamboat, which plies upon the Tiber between the Sabina and Rome.

Those who kept no record of the daily occurrences which took place before their eyes would treat them as the dreams of a romantic and distorted imagination, as morose ravings, or as a silly longing for the marvellous, seeking to cajole the readers who live at a distance. Who, indeed, could relate a tithe of the iniquities, the treachery, the cruelties committed against religious men, expelled from their peaceful retreats with infernal rage, robbed, plundered, trampled upon, derided in the most degrading and revolting manner? Some, fleeing from the cities, betook themselves to the mountains; others buried themselves in the solitary houses of the country, in sadness and exile. Even there, they were ferreted out by the National Guards, assailed in the silence of night, pursued into the most desert and inaccessible places, and denied earth, fire, and water, like the accursed of mankind.

The legions which marched to combat the foreign enemy, which boasted of the august name of Roman, and prided themselves as magnanimous, courteous, and refined, were seen during their military marches scenting out, like hounds after their prey, the Jesuits who might be concealed in their neighborhood, or who were travelling the same roads, seeking to lay hands upon and destroy them, as if infamous, damnable, and loaded with crime!

~~Scarcely had they arrived at Spoleto, when the officers Checchetelli, Del Frate, and Teodorani, forced the Gonfalonier of the city and ordered the captain of the Civic Guard instantly to expel the Jesuits from their College; and that same night, in destitution and want, they were driven from their home without pity! This was published in Rome, in the Pallade of the 3d of April, in a tone of~~

triumph and cruel joy, such as could not be surpassed if the Roman legions had stormed the fortifications of Mantua or of Verona.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE LETTER.

BARTOLO was issuing, at a late hour in the morning, from the portico of the post-office, and progressing, step by step, towards the ascent of the Moncitorio, examining the address of a letter, and the post-mark of the city; "Where is this from?" said he to himself. "These post-marks are often nothing but a blot; they cover the stamp with oil, the oil spreads and runs over the superscription, and then good-bye; all becomes illegible." He pulled out his spectacles, and examined minutely: "It looks like the mark of Foligno. Yes, beyond a doubt. Foligno? I have no correspondents there. Let me see."

He opened the letter, set his spectacles, and looked at the date. "It is Foligno, to be sure; I said it was." He read the signature. "~~Oh, ho! Lando! Now that he has had the bravery to leave home, he would like me to act the mediator. But he'll wait awhile! Ah, you cast-away! ah, forsaker of your friends! A fine thing, to drive that poor woman into fits! to consume her with a broken heart! and then —~~ But let's see what the young innocent has to say." And so, a step or two at a time, he moved onward, reading, and then stopping.

He read over again certain passages, and smiles began to take the ascendant, plainly betraying his inward satisfaction. Having read it through, he folded the letter again, once more read the address, and, consigning it to his pocket, exclaimed: "It is impossible to deny that our young Romans are not gifted with quite the best of inclinations! Fiery as flame itself, stubborn as young mules, fierce as lions, they cut capers and get into scrapes without end; but then — yes, but then they are kind-hearted, and very good at bottom. Here is Lando throwing his arms round my neck, and begging pardon for the ugly treatment which he gave me in the Piazza del Popolo; weeping for the sorrow which he caused his mother, embracing her, and throwing himself on his knees at her feet, beseeching her blessing, and kissing the hand that blesses him, and sending her a lock of his hair, enclosed in the letter. Poor Lando! Ah, those bad boys! they first do it, and pretty roundly, too, and then, when there is no help for it, they begin to repent." Thus commenting with himself, he turned towards his sister-in-law's, to read to her the news from her sons.

The excellent Adele, on hearing that Lando had written (Lando was her Benjamin), colored deeply, then grew pale; the perspiration stood upon her forehead, tears filled her eyes, her heart beat violently, and her knees trembled beneath her: and yet (such is always the struggle with the affections) her first answer was made to Bartolo in a tone of displeasure:—

"No, no! I want no news from them, the cruel, hard-hearted boys! Is it thus they treat their mother? I wish to hear nothing of them. Let them go: may God protect them! I have no sons."

"But, Adele—"

"Alisa, Nanna, come here. Did you hear?"

"What, ma? What, aunt?"

"Lando writes to Bartolo. First of all, brother, are they well? Ah, my poor sons! who can tell how much suffering, how many anxious nights? to bring them up with so many anxious cares, and then — in war, food for cannon!"

"Pray, Adele, be calm a moment!"

"Mimo forgot even his stockings, and Lando put in his knapsack only two shirts! How will they do now? they who were so neat and particular about their linen."

Bartolo quietly opened the letter. Adele wiped her eyes, and the two daughters turned round a little to either side, to be able to obtain a side glance at the letter, and to follow as it was read.

"DEAREST UNCLE:

"I am ashamed to present myself before you; but you are so kind, you have a heart so generous, that you will not refuse to admit me. Yes, my dear uncle, on my knees I beg that you will forgive me. Believe me, I had not even passed through the Porta del Popolo before remorse for the disrespect with which I had treated you tore my heart. I marched sadly along in silent sorrow. The image of my mother was ever before my eyes; I could see her falling insensible, I heard her sighs, and, oh! how I longed to press her to my heart, and wipe away the sweat of death, which—"

Here Adele's tears flowed afresh, and Bartolo stopped reading, and looked at the two girls, who, with a mixture of emotion and curiosity, were endeavoring to read what followed. "Lando then continues," said Bartolo, "to pour out his heart in the beautiful and sweet sen-

timents of a son, and he begs your blessing also in the name of Mimo. Come, bless them, Adele."

"Yes, yes! a thousand times!" and her sobs prevented her from saying more.

Bartolo then ran his eyes over a few lines, reading rapidly to himself, and then he said, "Mark this, Adele; listen, daughters:"

"Ah, dear uncle, how can I describe the festivity that has awaited us everywhere? The foragers keep a half-day's journey in advance to announce our coming, and every city is filled with indescribable joy. The friends of Italy go from house to house, gathering subscriptions to treat us to collations, dinners, and most sumptuous suppers. Along the streets, wherever we pass, tapestry is hung from every window; those who have none borrow from others. It is bad for them if none is to be had; hisses, and volleys of stones, are cast through the windows. Everything, even to the bed-quilts, is brought into requisition as a substitute. They march out to meet us with bands of music, and accompany us, playing, and with shouts of 'Long live the Roman legions!' 'Hurrah for the liberators of Italy!' The ladies throw clouds of flowers, huge bouquets, and garlands of laurel. We catch them as they fall, and fasten them on the points of our bayonets, and entwine the garlands round our muskets, while the ladies cry out to us, 'Brave Italians, these crowns are for the patriotic courage which inspired your expedition. We will keep others for your return, to grace the triumph of your victory.'

"In fine, uncle, our march is a succession of delights; but it costs us dear, you must know. I know that in Rome you are informed that we reach our stations as fresh as roses; that, on arriving, we shake off the dust,

and stroll about as brisk and lively as ever, and then dance all night. All a pure farce! We arrive wearied and almost exhausted; and when vehicles of any kind are met upon the road, as many as possible throw themselves upon them, like cats springing upon mice, and would not give them up for the world.

"I am not now speaking of the plebeian soldiers, who are hardy and accustomed to fatigue, inured to rain, muddy roads, and the burning sun, hardened by their mode of life and their occupations; but I refer to ourselves, brought up in luxury, and used only to a short walk in the Corso or the Villa Borghese. I assure you we arrive aching and bruised, and it seems a thousand years before we can throw ourselves down upon anything in our way. Many lie down the moment we halt, upon tables, benches, sofas, at full length. But what we find most difficult to bear are our blistered, excoriated, and swelled feet. We bathe them with wine, and some with rum; others rub them with lard and tallow, and young ladies not unfrequently come to dress them and bind them up, with such kindness, that they frequently shed tears over them."

"Ah, my poor sons!" exclaimed Adele; and Nanna, with her eyes filled with tears, said, "Ah! if I were there, how gently I would bandage them with linen! Mimo, when he returned from his shooting excursions, always had his feet inflamed and blistered."

"Do you know," said Bartolo, "who invented the best method of preventing young men blistering their feet? The Chevalier Della Marmora, Colonel of the Piedmontese riflemen. When King Charles Albert declared war against Austria, all the students of the University of Turin, and many others, burning with eager-

ness to march as volunteers in the holy undertaking, swore that they would enlist in the army. The king was stunned by the supplications of their parents; one said that such a one was his only son; another lamented the delicate health of his; and another represented to him the tender youth of his. The king knew not which way to turn. He laid the subject before his generals; and the Chevalier Della Marmora, addressing the king, 'Sire, if your majesty will dismiss your anxiety, I will take this matter upon myself.' The king consented. On the following day Della Marmora, in the name of his majesty, published an appeal which excited all the youth to follow him: 'The rolls will be opened at Chivasso; let all that are ambitious to acquire glory meet to-morrow at daybreak in the Grand Piazza of Italy, in readiness to march with him and his riflemen.'

"Before dawn, several hundreds were in readiness for departure. The Colonel orders the trumpets to sound the charge, and away they go. The riflemen don't walk; they run at headlong speed. The young men, at the end of six miles, are bathed in perspiration, almost fainting, and panting convulsively. At the bridge of Dora-baltea, many sink exhausted; the more enduring still hold out. At the end of twelve miles, above half had given out; at Chivasso, six only remained! All the rest, scattered along the road, returned to their homes, and put their feet into the doctor's hands."

"Now let us hear some more from Lando."

"But, dear uncle, tell mother not to be alarmed, for we shall scorch them no more for awhile, at least. Aser is despatched on an extraordinary mission to the camp of Charles Albert, and he politely offered Mimo and myself a place in his carriage as far as Bologna.

Polissena also is to accompany us, to encourage the young Bolognese to march to the holy war against the foreigner."

"Oh, Holy Virgin! what do I hear?" cried Adele; "let them blister their feet, and lame themselves, rather than mingle with Aser and Polissena."

Alisa cast down her eyes, and Bartolo replied, "What would you have, Adele? *ætatem habent*."

"Yes, you speak Latin to me. That's a fine consolation! All the Latin about it is, that Mimo is not sorry to find himself with Polissena, and I'm beginning to fear that that sorceress has bewitched him."

Bartolo proceeded with his reading. "Our ranks daily receive new accessions. What a fine, dashing, youthful population joins us from every side! Young Bianchi, of Recanati, received a commission to visit the Universities of Perugia, Camerino, and Macerata, to invite the brave young students to unite themselves to the University legion, and more than a battalion are about to join us!"

"Yes, to be wept over by a battalion of mothers," cried Adele. "Ah, the uncontrollable, misguided young men! fine sciences they will learn! And their souls!—oh, their souls, exposed to perdition!"

"Really, you become extravagant," said Bartolo. "Can they not be good soldiers, and good Christians too?"

"Well, my dear Bartolo, you always have a piece for every hole, a patch for every rent. They will have some fine things to relate of those holy crusaders when they return, the cross upon their breasts, and the evil one in their hearts."

"Pray, Adele, don't say so, for mercy's sake."

CHAPTER . X X V.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

IN the luxuriant and smiling plain, diversified with hills and gentle undulations, and adorned with vines and fruit trees, which extends between the Livenza and the Tagliamento, there stood, among the fields, a solitary house, belonging to peasants, an innocent people, who were full of misgivings and fears regarding the war which raged in the country around. The father of the family farmed an estate, which he cultivated with his own hands, aided by his wife, her sister, and his sons, who were two robust young men. The elder of his sons was about nineteen, and the younger about seventeen. He had also four daughters, the oldest about fifteen years of age, each of whom bore her share of labor, according to her years. The oldest drove the oxen when her father ploughed up the fallow, and carried their dinners and refreshments to the laborers. The younger girls drove their flocks of ~~sheep~~ and other cattle to pasture.

After a severe engagement, which had taken place about two miles distant, between the Austrians, under General Nugent, and the Italian legions of General Zucchi, Toney, the second son, who had the care of the oxen when at home, was going out of the room under the porch, to give them fodder, and was moving towards a shed which was at the end of the same porch, near the stables. He had a lantern in his hand, and was walking with hesitation and timidity, for all the day he had

heard the thunder of the cannon, and the continual roar of the musketry ; and from the distant summits of the hills he had even seen groups of skirmishers firing into the valleys, rushing down and back again, and fighting and destroying each other.

This spectacle had filled his imagination with terror ; and his ears still incessantly resounded with the echo of the cannonade, at every fresh outburst of which he had trembled.

While Toney was silently passing the porch, he thought he heard, at the end of it, under the shed, as it were, a groan and a sigh, first distinct, and then hoarse and low. He stood still. A shivering sensation ran through every limb ; his heart beat violently ; he listened nervously, but all was still. He advanced a few steps, then stood again, then listened, and in another moment the words " Oh God !" moanfully prolonged and hoarsely plaintive, seemed lost sighingly among the straw. The boy did not stop to ask what it was ; he hurried back as fast as his trembling knees would bear him, threw open the door, and cried, " Oh my father !"

The father jumped up. " What ails you ?"

" Ah, father !"

" Well, what's to do ?"

" Under the straw-shed, I have heard the wailing of some soul in purgatory ; I heard it for sure."

" How ? a soul !" replied the father. " We prayed during the whole octave for all holy souls. I've had a mass said for your grandfather and grandmother, my own parents, may God bless 'em. For the whole eight days we've given half a sack of beans and a bushel of flour in alms, and besides that, we say the rosary for 'em every night. Don't think the good souls will trouble us.

I can tell thee what ; the firing of cannon and musketry has frightened thee. Go and fodder the oxen, and don't mind it."

Toney obeyed, and went out, telling them to leave the door open. Immediately the little girls threw the doors wide open, and peeped out towards the end of the porch. Against a pillar, immediately facing the stable, there hung a picture of the Madonna of Loretto (as this was customary in that country), with the brown face, the dress stiff, and colored with a deep red, and covered over with spots of white, blue, and green, which were to represent the diamonds, topazes, and emeralds, with which is ornamented the statue upon the altar of the Holy House. Around it the wall was roughly plastered and painted, so as to resemble a kind of cornice or frame, with five or six colors ; underneath stood a small stand, upon which, during the day, they placed a vase of wild flowers and sweet-smelling plants, and during the night, a glass containing water, upon which floated an inch or two of oil and a rushlight, which threw out a bright flame, every Sunday and Wednesday night. While the girls were looking towards the Madonna, Toney came running back, with his arms stretched before him, and his eyes almost out of their sockets, crying out, "There is one, father ; there is one !"

"Why, what is there?"

"The voice ! I fairly heard it moan, and sigh, and say, 'Oh God !'"

The stout peasant said to Checco, his oldest son, "Here, reach me a pitchfork, and thou take another. Toney, go before with the lantern."

"Well, but father—"

"I see ; give it to me."

Checco followed him. They advanced gently, on tip-toe, stopping every yard or two to listen. In reality, in the darkness and silence, there could be heard, in the far end, a long, trembling moan, which partook of wailing and sobbing.

They moved forward, and again they stopped, as the moaning became more distinct. Marco then stepped resolutely forward, and gave a look back at the Madonna, saying: "Mother of mercy, ora pro nobis!" and drew near the covering of the shed, on one side. He raised the lantern, and called out, "Who's there?"

From the midst of a great pile of straw was heard a weak voice, which said, "Help, Christians!" Marco advanced, raised his lantern, and saw, sunk among the straw, a soldier, with his knees drawn up to his breast, with one hand pressed against his side, and the other lying helplessly upon the pile of straw. He went close to him, and beheld a young man, pale and exhausted, with eyes languid and agonizing, and unable to bear the light. He attempted to open them several times, but they closed again. At the sight of the peasant, the soldier seemed reanimated; he put down his hand, with an effort to raise himself a little, but fell back again, lower than before.

The peasant, frightened, and at the same time full of pity, looked, and saw that he was wounded in the right side; he offered to take off his coat, but the soldier stayed his hand, and asked, in a voice weak and broken with pain, "Kind-hearted man, have you a wife?"

Marco replied that he had.

"Will you then have the charity to send her to me, with a little linen?"

"Can I not do you that service myself?"

"No ; let her come, I beseech you."

"Well, she shall come with my sister ; alone she would be afraid."

"Yes, let them both come, and you stand under the Madonna."

The astonished and compassionate Marco went into the kitchen, and explained this to the women in a few words. They excused themselves ; they were afraid. He encouraged them ; and, taking two towels and some pieces of linen from a box, "Come," said he, "the poor fellow wants you. I will stand at a little distance ; don't be afraid."

"Is he alone ?" asked his wife, Mattea.

"All alone. Here, Speranza, take the lantern, and hold the light for her. It seems to me the poor young man will never reach to-morrow. He must be some gentleman ; he is white, his features are really beautiful, and his appearance quite delicate. Oh, our poor young men ! they will go to war ! then, a single shot, and all is over !"

Marco had reached the light from its wooden holder in the kitchen ; he told Checco and Toney to take care of their sisters, and went out with the women, who were trembling from head to foot.

Marco approached the shed, and said to the soldier : "Here are my wife and sister. Be of good courage ; we're here to assist you. If my poor Checco were wounded (may God protect him !), I should be thankful if he met with the like charity from his neighbor."

The two women were overcome when they saw the forsaken state of the poor youth ; and Mattea said to Speranza, a stout, robust young woman of about twenty : "Raise him up a little ; he has sunk too low."

Speranza climbed upon the straw, took him gently under the arms, and raised him up ; while Mattea, with the hand which was unoccupied by the lantern, shook up the straw beneath him, pressing it with her knee, that it might not sink down again.

The unfortunate wounded soldier, feeling relieved, turned a grateful look upon the women, who stood looking upon him timidly. " Good people, pardon me for causing you this trouble, but I was unwilling that a man should bind my wound ; for under this soldier's dress you see before you a woman, like yourselves."

The two women started, and exclaimed, both at once, " Oh, Holy Virgin ! are you really a girl ?"

" Yes, dear friends. Loose this coat, and remove my clothes from my breast ; they are soaked with blood."

Mattea, with gentle fingers, untied the cords of her belt, and unfastened the hooks and eyes of the collar and down the breast. She then, with a pair of scissors, cut open the under-clothes, to reach the wound.

A musket-ball had struck her under the ribs. The wound was dreadfully inflamed, and the blood still trickled down beneath her clothing. The women first carefully removed the garments from the wound. The blood flowed more profusely than before, and Mattea applied the towels, doubled up in many folds ; still she was unable to staunch it. With anxious excitement, she called her husband. " Marco ! run into the kitchen, pour some pure wine into a pan, place it on the fire until gently warm, and bring it us quickly ! In the mean time, Speranza wiped the perspiration from the poor patient, as she bent over her, full of tenderness, and encouraged her to place her confidence in God.

This was Polissena. Whilst she was combatting bravely

from behind the trunk of a chestnut tree, in the act of kneeling to fire, a ball pierced her side. It was evening. She was still able to run rapidly down the hill, and through the little valley which ended with the fields in which the house stood. But, exhausted with fatigue and loss of blood, her strength failed, and she fell to the ground in a state of insensibility; then, recovering herself, with a great effort she rose to her feet, and after a few tottering steps again stumbled and fell. Thence she dragged herself upon the ground as far as the shed, and there, upon the straw, abandoned herself to her fate.

While Speranza was offering consolation, and Mattea making efforts to staunch the flow of blood until the wine was ready, Polissena suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, justice and mercy of God! Sisters, I am a sinner! an impious creature! I have committed many crimes! I deserve to be utterly abandoned by all! I have lived a wicked life; I ought to die as I have lived, and be cast to perdition! But no! God has not forsaken me; he has sent me your charity; the prayers of my sister—that holy—Yes, yes! my Ombellina! I see you; I hear you! Thank these noble women for me! Pray! oh, pray for me, for them!"

The women looked around, saying: "Who are you speaking to, signora?"

"With my sister. Do you not see her?"

"Where?"

"There, there! Look! she beckons to me to turn to the Madonna! She tells me to hope! that the Madonna has obtained my pardon! Oh! the Madonna, before you came, turned her beaming eye steadfastly upon me! the lamp became more brilliant; it cast its light so sparklingly upon the image of Mary! I felt my heart sud-

denly bound within me ; it was changed ; it became another ! How many sins, sisters ! Oh, Holy Mary, forgive ! Oh ! that I had a confessor !”

“ Signora, the curate lives at a great distance. How can we fetch him at this hour, in the midst of all these terrors of war ?”

“ Patience, then ! Oh, dear Jesus ! I repent from the bottom of my heart ! Ombellina, come ! embrace me ! I feel that I am dying ! Sisters, promise me that when I am dead, no one but you shall approach me. You—you alone ! You—you promise me ?”

“ Yes,” answered the women, with great emotion. “ Don’t be afraid ; we give you our word, no one shall touch you. But we hope you will recover.”

Polissena sought the hand of Speranza ; but when she tried to take that of Mattea, she had not strength to press it. A cold shivering ran through her frame, she trembled, and fainted away.

“ Quick, Speranza ! a little water and vinegar !” cried Mattea. At this moment, Marco came with the wine. Mattea hastily placed the towel upon the palpitating bosom of Polissena, sprinkled some of the wine in her face, poured a few drops upon her lips, and bathed her temples ; Polissena reopened her eyes, and with a deep sigh murmured, “ Oh God !” “ We are here, lady ; fear nothing.” At the same time she signed to Marco to withdraw.

Then Mattea dipped the corner of the towel in the pan, which Speranza held for her, and began very softly to bathe the wound, which softened and opened. She then tore off a piece of linen, folded it several thicknesses, and, dipping it in the wine, drew together the

sides of the wound, and bound it up in the best manner that the posture of Polissena would permit.

Relieved by the application, Polissena recovered a little; her eyes brightened as she looked upon her benefactresses; she at length, with a sweet smile, said: "Ah, kind friends, what gratitude I owe you!—to what painful trouble have I put you!—but you are so good, so full of charity. May God and the Holy Virgin reward you! But do not abandon me during those few moments of life which are left me,—they are short—short. What are your names, dear friends?"

They answered, "Mattea and Speranza." Their tears flowed as they performed every act of affection. "No," said they, "be assured we will never leave you. We are poor people, but we are also Christians; we have hearts like others. It is a consolation to us to help and comfort you, and God commands us to do it. Gladly would we carry you to our own bed, but we should thereby risk losing you."

Polissena often turned her eyes to the Madonna; she stretched out her arms to it, and addressed it with sighs: "Mercy, mercy!" She then would close her eyes, her forehead became clouded, her teeth set; it was remorse inwardly working, and the enemy arraying before her mental vision the catalogue of her iniquities; he was picturing them to the eyes of that terrified soul in all the horror of their deformity; he brought them before her as ferocious giants, as terrible monsters, which were rushing upon her to tear, crush, and devour her. The unfortunate creature was convulsed, her hands were clenched, her teeth gnashed, and her eyes rolled wildly; they fell upon the Madonna, and her terrors were dis-

pelled, her agitation was calmed, and a peaceful hope again took root in her heart.

After a severe struggle, "Help me," said she, holding out her hand to Mattea, "to repeat the Ave Maria. Ah, Mattea, can you believe the impious wretch before you? She has almost forgotten that holy prayer, so many are the years since she has said it. Instead of blessing Mary, I blasphemed. Ah, don't leave me, aid me; do not forsake me!—make the sign of the cross upon my forehead!"

The women thought this was the raving of delirium: they comforted her, dried her streaming face, and encouraged her; they said the Ave Maria, and while Polissena followed them with her lips, she felt her soul inundated with a hitherto unfelt sweetness, a new tranquillity, an unexpected hope, an impulse of ineffable love. She beheld Ombellina, with a brilliant, serene, and smiling countenance; she saluted and thanked her. "Come," said she, "~~my blessed sister, touch me, and I shall be made whole, embrace me, and I shall become white and pure,—my sins will be cleansed from my soul.~~" . . .

Was this a vision? Was it rather an interior sensation—a ravishment of the soul, which brought into the presence of Polissena her beloved Ombellina? Who can penetrate the mysteries of grace, the profound abysses of mercy? Ombellina no doubt at that moment was supplicating God from her bed of suffering for her unfortunate sister. The holy nuns were chanting their psalms in choir, and while the impious of the earth were keeping their vigils in reprobate assemblies, to concoct their machinations against Jesus, the Redeemer, and his Church, his devout handmaids, his beloved spouses, pierce

the skies with voices, that praise his holy name, and besought him to convert the erring, to vanquish, by the power of his arm, the strength of his enemies, humbling them in the dust, confounding their designs, and softening their obdurate hearts. How can the humble prayers which flow from the hearts of the simple-minded, and rise like a cloud of sweet incense to the throne of mercies, fall back unheard ! Every night the dew of celestial clemency descends in silence from the height of heaven, to refresh some sinful soul ; happy the man who welcomes it in his heart, who breathes its fragrance, who tastes its sweetness, who experiences its divine virtue. In an instant, a change is effected in his heart ; he rises again to a new life : like the eagle he soars aloft in renewed youth, the stains of sin are effaced, obscurity is banished by the light, every wound is healed. In a moment that heart, bursting the chains of Satan, flying from its transgressions, expands its wings for a joyful flight, and launches with impetuous love into the arms of the omnipotent God. There it loses and inebriates itself in an ocean of sweetness, hope, and love. Those who had known Polissena in the morning, who had seen her without religion, without feeling or shame, uttering blasphemy and imprecations as she mingled with the soldiers, with the hatred of her fellow-beings gnawing at her heart, and spurred on by malice and rage to accomplish their destruction, would certainly no longer have recognised her at night, stretched on straw beneath that miserable shed, wounded and agonizing in the hands of those compassionate peasants, and before the image of the Virgin Mary, which seemed to look down upon her with the eye of a most tender mother.

The good Marco stood there, in front of the pillar,

leaning against the door of the stable, with arms crossed upon his breast, in silence and wonder. He could hear the women answering, "Yes, Signora," "No, Signora;" he could not believe his ears, and could have joined them, but his courage constantly failed him. It seemed that there must be some mystery beneath it all; still he respected the promise exacted by the poor soldier, whose appearance had struck him as so beautiful, who sighed with such gentleness, and who had besought him with a voice of such moving entreaty. "Who can it be?" said he to himself; "he is so delicate in appearance! can it be some prince? But Mattea said 'Don't be afraid, Signora,' and it seemed to me that her voice was very like a woman's. ~~But who ever heard of women being soldiers?~~ Yet we see so many mad follies against those poor Austrians! Hundreds of mere boys, like perfect madmen, are seen running backward and forward; they remind one of hunters running after hares . . . Hares! poor children! they don't know that they are bears; ay, perfect lions! These Austrians don't suppose they go to war with gloves on their hands like you, or with beardless chins, and complexions spotlessly fair, or with scented and well-brushed hair. Their skins are bronzed by the sun and exposure; their bristling beards are stiffened with wax or grease, their hands are callous—hardened. ~~In fine—only such as we peasants,~~ are the men for them; but in this war I see none but delicate ~~young gentlemen, and even young boys,~~ who look every way more like young girls. If here and there a countryman appears among them, he seems to me to have the look of a knave. What can this mean? Is it, that in our times gentlemen who formerly remained in the cities buried in luxury are becoming soldiers, while peasants

~~and artisans, men well fitted for war, stand quietly looking on, because they bear no rancor, no hatred against the Austrians? Why the proverb is becoming true, that 'gentlemen are all a little bit mad.' It seems war is their hobby just at present; perhaps the Austrians are doctors enough to cure them of it."~~

While Marco was engaged in such thoughts, Mattea called him to her: "Marco, this young man," said she (and she signed to him to turn his ear so that she could whisper to him—"It's a young lady; but hush, don't speak"); "this young man," she repeated, "needs something strengthening—what can we do? we are so poor that we have nothing to make him such a thing as beef-tea, and the village inn is more than a mile off. It's pitch dark, too, and war is round us and the roads are dangerous—do you know what? Go and get a glass of milk from the cow, and bring it quick!"

Marco ran into the house; his girls had gone to bed, and his two sons were asleep—one stretched upon the table, and the other upon a bench: he took a glass and went into the stable, and milked it full; he then strained it through a piece of linen, and went out towards the shed: "A lady!" thought he, "poor creature! to come here to die upon the straw, while, God knows, how many luxurious comforts she was surrounded by in her own house! And what is it all about? ay, guess if you can. Can it be to kill the Austrians? . . . but others than ladies must come to do that. And where is she from? Perhaps from many a long way off; and if we don't find it out and she should die to-night, who knows how long her parents may be looking for her? What folly, what folly! . . . And he has absolutely come to die here! But, my Lord, I thank thee that at least she

is dying among Christians : she has not fallen in a furrow or in a ditch, like so many others."

Marco was making these reflections and was going through the porch with a light in one hand and the glass of milk in the other, when he heard a voice outside. He stopped, and in a moment, a soldier, panting for breath, rushed under the porch. "Who's there?" cried Marco, half terrified.

"My good man, help me to escape ! I am a soldier of the Roman legion, and was out with a night patrol, when a body of Austrians rushed out from an ambuscade and surrounded and captured the greater part of my comrades. I, by a fortunate chance, slipped through them and fled like a deer through the valleys, through the bushes, and down the rocks. I have been running through the fields for two hours without knowing where, and seeing a light in this direction I ran towards it, and throw myself into your arms. Help me ! receive me this night ; a little straw will be enough—you have a hay-loft, or"—

"Mister soldier," replied Marco, "you see I'm but poor. If you'll accept it, we'll find a hole somewhere But there is another there under the shed, on the point of death. If you'll come with me, perhaps—who can tell?—you may know who it is."

The soldier followed Marco, who was thinking, "Here again ! Here's another ! Poor children ! they are truly like scattered sheep. This one again ! how beautiful, and delicate, and graceful ! yes, yes ! it's their fancy to come and get killed. I suppose their skins have become a burden to them ; yet it's a skin of such smoothness, freshness, and youth !" When they entered, the women raised their heads, and seeing a soldier with Marco, were

frightened and became pale as a sheet. The soldier drew near and looked at his wounded comrade, who returned his gaze, and was the first with outstretched arms to exclaim : " Ah, Mimo ! you here ! and how ? "

Mimo could scarcely articulate, " Polissena ! " he was struck with such stupor, internal anguish, and heart-rending grief ! He stood motionless before that countenance, overspread with a deathlike paleness, and those eyes now sunk and languishing, yet lighted with a feverish brightness.

The women recovered from their fears, and taking the glass from the hand of Marco, with gentleness they raised the head of Polissena, and slowly poured the milk into her mouth. The poor creature, exhausted by her increasing sufferings, the sight of her lover, and the agitation of her still accusing conscience, could swallow only drop by drop : she remained motionless, turned her eyes in all directions, as if struck with fear ; then looking through the little group of bystanders, she fixed her regard upon the Madonna, and with renewed calm, was able to drink a little more. When she had taken as much as she wished, she appeared somewhat restored, and having composed herself, she extended her hand to Mimo, took his, and pressing it languidly, said : " Mimo, the Holy Virgin has brought you here, I know not how ; ~~you see that I am dying. I am pierced through, and I feel my strength and life fast gliding away.~~ But this death is life to me. Mary, the refuge of sinners, in her mercy, has obtained for me, from Jesus, the pardon of my sins ; ~~he has cancelled my iniquities ; my heart is transformed.~~ Ah, my beloved ~~Ombellina~~ has obtained me this grace, so much has she prayed for me ! See, she is here still ; she does not abandon me a moment. "

Mimo looked round amazed ; he sought to discover this

Ombellina; and Marco and the women also glanced round, but they looked in vain; they saw but the lengthened shadows, cast by the light, which stood upon the stand before the Madonna, and the light itself beginning to flicker and sputter as the oil ascended, mixed with the water upon which it floated.

Polissena with a loud sigh (the young Speranza was drying the cold sweat which streamed from her face), "Forgive me, Mimo, the evil example which I have given you; the mockeries of Christ and of holy things which you have so often heard uttered by this wretched tongue, and above all, the solicitations with which I have urged you to become a member of the secret societies, to initiate yourself in their oaths, in their treacherous, execrable, and infernal contracts. ~~Swear that you will never enrol yourself among them; swear it to me, Mimo.~~"

"I do swear it, Polissena," replied Mimo, with a voice broken with sobs.

"Give me your hand, swear it by the Madonna, . . . turn then, behold her; she hears us and sees us."

"Yes, I swear it by that holy image."

"Mimo, among all my iniquities, now more than ever I am stung, I am consumed with remorse, that I induced those unfortunate young ladies of Forli and Bologna, and especially that betrayed Juliana of Padua, to join in this war. Poor young girl! but in her fifteenth year! torn from the bosom of so good a father. What bitter tears will it have cost that excellent man! Ah, seek her out, and lead her back to her paternal arms. Juliana will go, for already the poor creature has sorely repented!"

"Yes, be calm, I will see that it is done."

"Mimo, if God should grant that you should return to

Rome, tell that pure soul, ~~Alisa, that angel on earth,~~
~~that I cast myself at her feet, that I beseech,~~ I conjure
her by the Most Holy Virgin, ~~to forgive the scandal~~
~~which I have given her, to burn the impious books which~~
~~I placed in her hands to pervert her, to eradicate from~~
her heart the irreligious and corrupt maxims which"——

The poor creature was unable to proceed; her features became agitated, her grief overcame her; she breathed with difficulty; she wished to speak, but was unable. Mimo threw himself on his knees, buried his face in his hands, and with his head resting against the straw, burst into passionate weeping and sobbing. Polissena signed to Mattea to come near her, and taking her hand, directed her to draw a small pocket-book from the breast pocket, saying in a whisper: "Mattea, there are ten gold *gregorinas*; lay apart two for masses for my soul, and those of so many poor Italians who have this day met their death in the combat; and accept the others for yourself and Speranza, in return for the tender care which you have shown me." She was then silent; she turned her eyes as if to greet another person who stood by her side; her countenance became calm and beautiful, and she said in a gentle tone: "~~Yes, I come, Ombellina,~~
~~.... oh, pray for me.~~" She turned her head slightly towards the Madonna, thrice reopened her eyes, looked upon it, ~~smiled and murmured, "Mary!"~~ She joined her hands, but they fell back upon her breast. Her breathing became indistinct, slow; she opened her lips, bent her head, and breathed her last. Marco, himself shedding tears, took Mimo's arm, and said, as he raised him up, "Come with me." Mimo, like one that was stunned, said not a word, but let himself be led away, and entered the kitchen, as the first rays of dawn appeared in the east.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PIEDMONTESE CAMP.

AT this period, all the country north of the Po was covered with the Italian legions, which, after crossing that river spread themselves over the States of Venice, Rovigo, Vicenza, Padua, Treviso, and up as far as the Piave, and literally, as far as the Talliamento; every place swarmed with soldiers, marching and counter-marching without a moment's rest. General Durando* held his troops as near as possible to the positions occupied by King Charles Albert, to open communications with the Piedmontese army, or at least, to retain the advantage of receiving reinforcements from the King, as he advanced with the intention of arresting the advance of the column which was descending through Carnia, to the succor of Verona, where Marshal Radetsky was endeavoring to baffle the movements of the King, between the Adige and the Mincio.

General Ferrari, with the Roman legions, hastened, by forced marches, to reinforce the garrison of General Zucchi, who was maintaining himself with difficulty in

* General Durando, a native of Piedmont, had been transferred to the Pope, by King Charles Albert, to discipline the pontifical army. The Pope committed to him, in conjunction with General Ferrari, the command of the Roman legions, destined for the defence of the boundaries of the States of the Church. General Zucchi, who had been implicated in the commotions of Romagna, in 1831, at this time, at the head of the revolted Italians, was harassing the Austrian army in Friuli. Zambeccari, a Bolognese gentleman, had constituted himself the guide and leader of a corps of volunteers levied in the Romagnas.

the fortress of Palmanova; already Udine had fallen into the hands of the Austrians, and after losing, in skirmishes and indecision, a great number of his men, he was undergoing a sort of siege in that place. Zambecari, with the Bolognese and the Romagna troops, had crossed the confines in advance of the two pontifical generals, and after throwing himself into Modena, to succor the rebellious subjects of the Duke, he thence changed his course, and directed his march beyond the Po, to carry aid to the Venetians, who had risen against Austria, but who, left by Charles Albert to their own prowess, were in danger of being surrounded by the army from Carnia and Pontieba. Venice, after expelling Marshal Zichy from its territory, became its own mistress, and proclaimed itself a republic; upon the piazza of St. Mark's was unfurled the ancient lion of the Adriatic, to which the cities of the main land had turned and dedicated themselves, hoping to receive aid and protection from its roaring. The lion of Venice, finding itself exceedingly enervated, did in effect roar again, not, however, in the defence of its confederates, but to invoke for itself the aid and support of the Roman legions, and of the valiant troops of Naples and Lombardy.

One morning in May, two Veronese youths, forming part of a body of volunteers of the University of Padua, posted at Treviso, were taking a walk on the delightful banks of the Sile, and resolved to go as far as the Dominican monastery, to see the celebrated painting of Fra Sebastiano del Piombo, preserved there as a miracle of art. As they walked slowly along, their plumes waving in the golden light of the morning, one by the name of Mezzusbergo addressed the other, called Antenor: "You

were not at the caffè in the piazza, yesterday, and I suppose you have not heard the great news brought from the King's camp, by the Commissary of the Roman legions, sent by General Ferrari."

"What good news does he bring?"

"Peschiera is at the last gasp; it is crumbling to pieces under the cannon of the besiegers. Ravelins, half-moons, scarps, counterscarps, and bastions, and every defence crushed, pounded, and levelled with the ground, under the shower of balls. Large portions of the fortifications are already overthrown, and the breach is nearly practicable. So you see, if the Duke of Genoa continues this gentle treatment, the poor fortress must soon give in, and to-morrow we are expecting a messenger to announce its surrender."

"If that's the case, Mantua and Verona will soon be in the hands of the Piedmontese."

"Exactly; the King has already fixed his general quarters at Mozzambano. It must be admitted, the Piedmontese are brave and warlike beyond any other Italian race."

"For my part, until I see Charles Albert dining with his generals upon the terrace of the Canossa palace, facing the Adige, I will not put much trust in that. ~~Radetzky is old and skilful. What says the~~ Commissary of the feeling in the camp?"

"He says, both officers and soldiers are real lions, and hold the whole of Lombardy and Venice in their grasp."

"May God grant it!"

"Do you know, Antenor, who this Commissary is? I got a glimpse of him, last night, among a crowd of Roman riflemen, who accompanied him to the hotel. At

the quarters, he is thought to be a valiant young fellow from the Hanseatic towns, come to promote the war of independence, and all consider him a Danish or Swedish prince."

"You're mistaken, my friend; he is simply a fellow-citizen of our own, and you must remember him perfectly."

"Ay? who is he, then?"

"Don't you recollect Aser, that rich Jew, who was studying rhetoric in the schools of the Imperial Lyceum of St. Anastasia, when we were in the third?"

"Yes, very well; and what has he to do with Denmark or Sweden?"

"Nothing at all; but, if you remember, he was the only young Jew, who was not a mark for some sneer or practical joke of the students. Such were his talents that few could keep pace with him, and at the same time, he possessed such elegant and courteous manners, that so far from reminding us of the Jew's quarter, he was in everything a gentleman. He used to take solitary walks outside the Porta Nuova, and along the banks of the Vittoria, reading or in silent reflection."

"Oh, yes; I remember. He not unfrequently invited me to accompany him to that caffè near the two Torri. He left suddenly, and I thought he had gone to the University."

"No. His father, who is a banker, often has business with mine: and even last autumn he came and spent several days with us in the country. He told us several times, that after Aser had completed his first year of philosophy, he was called to Hamburg, by an uncle, a rich merchant, who has vessels at sea, and carries on commerce with every shore of the Baltic, and in the

White Sea, as far as Archangel, where he possesses stores, and a bank in high credit at the exchanges of Stockholm, Christiania, and Copenhagen. Aser was not idle in the house of his uncle; he travelled a good deal, acquired a proficiency in several languages, and lived in a style and fashion in keeping with such immense wealth. We were told by his father, that at the northern courts he was not surpassed in splendor and magnificence by the princes and dukes, with whom he lived in familiar intercourse. But he afterwards became so ardent in the cause of liberty in Germany, and so intimately connected himself with all the great agitators, that, abandoning youthful pleasures for more lofty aspirations, he consecrated himself entire to the cause of European resurrection, and now devotes his immense wealth and distinguished talents to that alone. At this moment he supports, ~~at his own expense~~, and that of the German Societies, a host of young men in this war of Italian independence."

"I understand among the Roman legions he passes himself off as a prince."

"Quite the contrary. The fact is, Aser conceals his origin; but as a man of wealth and generous disposition, handsome exterior, great accomplishments, and exalted aspirations, common report has dignified him with the title of prince."

"'Principes Nephtali, Principes Juda, Principes Zabulon!' He is to be, I suppose, another Samson, and the Austrians the Philistines; but I doubt if they'll let themselves be annihilated with the jaw of an ass."

"You're usually witty, I see; a real Veronese, my good Antenor."

"Well, what's to be done? The madness of breaking

off our studies, and plunging with the partisan bands in this war, we have already committed ; and unless Charles Albert makes his way into Verona, we may cast to the winds every chance of ever setting foot there again, even if the balls of these Austrians should be so very obliging as to take their flight harmlessly over our heads ; therefore, my dear Muzzusbergo, what else can we do but get over our mad frolic in the best humor, and with as much enjoyment as we are able ?”

“ Would you like to seek out Aser, and renew our ancient intimacy with him ?”

“ With pleasure ; and the more gladly, as I am impatient to hear exactly how things are progressing in Lombardy.”

After a prolonged consultation with the Generals Ferrari and Guidotti, with the legionary colonels, and the majors of the battalions, in which they had laid down a plan for raising the siege of Palmanuova, and driving the Austrian troops, not only from Udine, but not less than a hundred miles beyond the Piave, Aser had returned to his hotel, to dine with a number of legionary officers, all in high spirits. While dinner was in preparation, the two young Veronese found him conversing with his friends, and saluting him courteously, they requested him to allow them a few moments’ conversation in private. Aser, after shaking hands with them, took them into his own apartment, where, as soon as he learned their names and country, he welcomed them with great joy, and asked them innumerable questions, especially concerning their former fellow-students. When they had satisfied him on those points, he turned to others of more immediate interest ; on the present state of Verona ; the opinions, tendencies, and aims of the citizens ; the mili-

tary fortifications; the supplies of provisions, and the condition of the army of Radetzky. But the boyish couple knew better where the best flavored cigars were to be had; what hotel was the most noted for cooking, or where the best wine could be found; and that was about the extent of their military knowledge. Whereupon Aser, taking their arms, led them back to the saloon, and invited them to take their seats with the rest of the company at dinner. There a lively conversation took place, chiefly upon the hopes of the Sardinian army; and Aser related some true and admirable signs of the valor of those brave men, and of their eagerness to expel the foreigner from the soil of Italy.

“You ought to see the King,” said he, “and hear the noble sentiments which flow from his heart, when he is surrounded by his generals. I was in his suite when, from the heights of Mozzanbandò, he was admiring the declivities, and at their feet the wide plains which stretch around Verona, the majestic windings of the Adige, the hills of Massimo, and on the left, those of Bussolengo. The star of victory shone forth in his countenance; that star which has been so many years the object of his admiration, in his device of the couchant lion, which, with his head gently reposing upon its outstretched paws, says, as he looks up at the benignant light: ‘I await my fortunate star.’ And I tell you, that that star glitters like a most brilliant ruby before him, and gives promise of his triumph over the oppressors of Italy. Nor is he discouraged by the view of the invincible fortifications which surmount the heights of Verona, on the north, or the palisades and parapets which frown upon the aggressor on the south. As he looked upon the towers of Maximilian, which stretch their ponderous mass from

the crests of Avesa to the cliff of San Leonardo, turning to his aide-de-camp: 'There,' said he, 'upon that platform shall I drink to the restoration of Italy.' But if such high spirits and such firm hopes are entertained by the King, the officers of the entire army are not behind-hand in their ardor. I have seen their eyes flashing with impatience for the onset; and they bear themselves like lions, in every engagement. - One morning when I was in the camp of the vanguard, upon the Mincio, I saw all the officers grouped around a spreading linden tree, upon the high banks which face Valeggio, on the side of the bridge of the Borghetto. What youthful fire! what spirits! what gaiety and boldness! There were lieutenants of artillery mingling with the dragoons; then a knot of royal guards and light horsemen; next some of the cavalry of Aosta and Novara; a captain of the regiment of Genoa, a lieutenant of that of Nice, and other officers of the brigade of Savoy and Pignerol. Scattered here and there, some were conversing, and describing exploits in which they took part; others were reposing beneath the shade; while more were drinking toasts, with shouts of 'Long live the King!'

"'I charged on the right wing.'

"'And I, at the head of my men, tore through a column of Bohemians.'

"'And I, suddenly rushing with thirty men, from an ambuscade, fell on the flank of a squadron, and pursued them, in their headlong flight, up to the muzzles of the enemy's guns.'

"'You must confess,' cried a hardy young fellow, 'that that scornful fool basely calumniated us, when he said that the education of the Jesuits unmanned us. We

should like him to come here and see, in the midst of battle, whether we are sheep or leopards.'

"'Bravo, you! Hurrah for the Ruggiadosi.'*

"'Long life to us all, and to our bravery into the bargain. But say, are we not probably above two hundred officers, of all arms in the king's army, brought up by the Jesuits? Well, don't we fight as valiantly as you others of the Military Academy?'

"'You fight marvellously. But you still carry a certain flavor of monks about you.'

"'We savor of gunpowder, if you will, and glorious sweat on the field of battle. Who was the first to leap upon the bridge of Goito, and die for the glory of Italy? No other than a student of the Royal College of Turin, who fought in the regiment Real Navi. That officer of dragoons, who charged against the bayonets of the Austrians, spurring his horse upon them, and hurling himself into the midst of the enemy's ranks with a valor which filled them with admiration, was also one of our comrades in the College. And crowds of others, at the batteries, among the light artillery, in perilous explorations, in the midst of furious assaults, have clearly shown whether they have unmanned, or he who wrote such insipid mockery, seated lazily in his arm chair, and far removed from danger.'

"'Capital! nothing could be more true. Here, take a glass of wine; your throat must want moistening after such a peroration.'

* The name applied to the Jesuits, by Vincenzo Gioberti. This must be a joke, by the rule of contrary, as it is called, for those poor fathers are, for the most part, of extreme meagreness, while the Ruggiadosi, blessings on him, is represented by a jolly, fat, and rubicund personage.

“‘Contagi!* and we,’ cried another ex-student, ‘who in the cause of Italy have cast our scientific laurels upon the pinnacle of San Lorenzo, and donned the helmet and military cap, to join the army, will any one say we don’t fight like brave men? The Ruggiadosi taught us to recite the rosary, but they did not thereby pluck from our souls the love of our country. We had no sooner seen the King beyond the Ticino, than our Piedmontese hearts bounded in our bosoms; we did not forget that the nobility of Piedmont was born to arms before it assumed the toga; the glory of our ancestors is inscribed above, as in our ancient castles; the House of Savoy has ever beheld them ranged at its side, bearing the white cross whenever the field of honor called them to battle, to victory, or to death.’

“‘Prodigious! What rhetoric! That’s a bit of Livy; yet they say you were plucked, at the examination of the third year in law.’

“‘Plucked in law, but crowned upon the field of battle. Those are the laurels of a Piedmontese gentleman. And you know that I started, with not a few other fellow-students, all as simple soldiers, and here we are now, with lieutenant’s epaulettes, won at the passage of the Mincio, at the battles of Goito, Villafranca, Sommacampagna, Sona, and Pastrengo. Long live the king!’

“Such, my friends, was the tone of their conversation. I assure you I never passed a few days more satisfactorily, than in the camp of King Charles Albert. Would that I could say the same of the camp of the Roman legions, which, upon honor, are absolutely a confused

* Contagi; the favorite exclamation of the Piedmontese, who use it in joking, in anger, or even in cursing.

mob, such as I have never beheld, and hope never to see again. I blush that I should have to confess it."

The company rose from table, and Aser, shaking hands with the two young Veronese, went to the caffè in the piazza, to meet the general officers at a consultation on the measures to be adopted in prosecuting the war.

Aser drew a correct picture of the bravery of the Piedmontese officers: it excites the sorrow of all good Italians, to see it cast away in a war so manifestly unjust. If they, who, under color of glory, liberty, and the restoration of Italy, urged King Charles to this unfortunate enterprise, had not been blinded by the rage of the secret societies, they must have known that if it were lawful for the Lombards to call Piedmont to support them in this rebellion, by the same law, it would have been just for the Genoese and the Savoyards to call in the intervention of France and England, to deliver them from the Piedmontese rule. But the golden maxim, "Do not unto others what you would not have them do unto you," is now an antiquated law of nature, to be cast away as useless rubbish.

CHAPTER XXVII.

GOSSIPING AND FALSEHOOD.

BEFORE proceeding further with our narration, it is desirable to arrest our course for a few moments, in order to consider the safest path of arriving at the true state

of facts, a labor which is more difficult of attainment than may at first appear, for according to an old Italian proverb, "the time of war is the time of gossip and falsehood," as if they were not sufficiently rife in the world in all other seasons. But the proverb is thus expressed, perhaps, because those commodities are never so cheap as during a period of commotion, when every one assumes the liberty of speaking according to the dictates of his passions, his hopes, or his fears, and when a large number, actuated by no other motive than that of gratifying their itch for gossiping, extenuate every fiction and again retail it in the new.

In this war for Italian independence, however, a true balance, in these matters, was not maintained, for the field of gossip was made a monopoly, or as it were, a park, in which they alone were permitted to hunt who wished the expulsion of the Austrian, and the glorious and triumphant resurrection to a new life of the whole Italian peninsula. But to all who did not see fit to side with this party, which clamored for the resurrection of Italy, either because they could not discover that Italy was dead, or in slavery; or because they found themselves quite as comfortable without war; or because their brains were too obtuse to take in the promised happiness of the new institutions; or because instead of brilliant light they saw only profound darkness; or because they adhered blindly to the "Old Creed," and had not yet seen the baptism of *Civil Christianity*, and therefore held it, as a pagan, a Turk, a Jew, or a heretic; or because in the midst of fulsome praise of religion, they heard nought but curses against its ministers; or because they were unable to see that, "Hurrah for Pius IX." and "Death to the Pope" were

one and the same thing; or because they beheld in Rome and in the Legations, certain good Christians, who until then had hated and persecuted Christ, holding the offices from which they had ousted the cardinals; or because, in the midst of encomiums upon the public prosperity, rumors reached them of exhausted treasuries, accumulated state debts, commercial ruin, of arts and science paralysed, poor starving, despised and trampled upon; or because their gold and silver currency had vanished, and liberty had poured forth paper enough to cover the walls of the Vatican; or because they saw a number of purses which yesterday were exhausted, but to-day they had grown bulky, and swelled; or because —

Stop! cut short this string of becauses; they are enough to drive one distracted!

There are still many more, however; they would form a string that would reach to Milan: but if you have enough, I will go no further. It suffices to say that they, who could not side with the restoration party, from whatever cause, were not permitted to gossip as they thought proper, but were forced to swallow the whole bundle of becauses, and brood over them in silence. And if in the exuberance of their new liberty, they were so bold as to say nothing at all, then a shower of execrations, curses, insults, and threats, both in public and private, fell upon their heads, and to fill their measure of enjoyment, they saw upon the walls sheets of paper in print or in handwriting, "such a one is a 'black,'" "such another is a 'retrograder.'" "If Tizio can't keep silence, he shall hereafter find himself gagged." "If Caius goes on talking, he will lose his tongue," and "if the man in such a street, on the third floor, number 36,

don't stop his croaking, he'll meet with a knife that will stop it for him."

The Romans read. Each one assumed an air of satisfaction, and said smilingly to the crowd which hemmed him in: "All goes well; 'down with the blacks.' " In the mean time, a sweat of terror was oozing from every pore, as he thought within himself, "I see, the *holy invitation* is meant for me; now good tongue keep quiet or else shout, 'Liberty for ever!' " and he passed on with the air of supreme contentment. Thus the liberals had all their own way. Is there a doubt of it? They proclaimed that "Speech was to be as free as thought," therefore the universal vote was spontaneous; no one doubts it.

"Yes, but those red, and green, and yellow papers, which were stuck on the walls with the abovementioned names, their doubtful compliments, and" —

"Oh, that was mere fun, simple pastime, pure jokes to raise a laugh!"

"But, that poor fellow, who was found dead the other night in the Piazza di Spagna?"

"Oh, he was drunk and cracked his skull by a fall."

"But the other one, down there by Bouchi?"

"Oh, he stumbled and struck his head against the corner of the curbstone."

"Yet the former was found with his head unhurt, and a bayonet wound through his side, and the latter with his throat cut; but the one had spoken against the war, and had given vent to some expressions against Ciceruacchio at a tavern in the Monti, and the other at the cookshop of Monserrato."

"They were a couple of simpletons; people must mind what they are doing in taverns. You may say

what you like about priests, or the Cardinals, or the Pope, or Christ; but not a word against the war; not a hint against Ciceruacchio or Sterbini."

"What, can't a poor father vent a few words of complaint, when they have enticed away his son, and sent him to the war?"

"Fools, I tell you; knaves! The war is sacred, Ciceruacchio is the tribune of the people, Sterbini is the father of his country; woe to him who shall say a syllable against them. Death to the blacks."

But those who had obtained the royal patent for gossip and falsehood in the cause of the Italian war, were the newspaper editors. Why, of course, the Press! Full liberty, and universal passports, bills of credit for every merchandise, notes of exemption at every custom-house, safeconducts in every stubborn whim; let no one presume to demand taxes of them for contraband effects; let no one assess them; let them pass exempt from every impost, from every burden, every duty, every penalty. And the greater, the more gross, expedient, and long-winded their lies, the more let them bear away the praise of loyalty, the stamp of candor, the diploma of sincerity, the palm of veracity.

All exclaim with one voice, that the news published to the world by a hundred papers, and rained in torrents from the clouds upon every city in Italy, is nothing more than the capricious fancies of dreamers, the boasts of ~~braggadocios, the ravings of madmen.~~ What has that to do with it? What is that to the question? Every one greedily drinks it in, as the quintessence of all that is capable of replenishing the mind. Let those lies lead Italy to the happiness for which she has sighed during so many years; let it infuse into her the healthy

vigor which shall fortify her sinews and muscles to contend with the Austrian, to crumble her power to dust, and fill her with despair and confusion. Only imagine! At every cannonade of the *Pallade*, at every bombardment from *Don Pirlone*, the Austrian phalanxes are thinned by thousands, Marshal Radetzky falls dead, he is dragged at a horse's heels through the cities of Lombardy, or he is hanged or quartered, and his quarters posted upon the gates of Milan, Lodi, Bergamo, and Brescia, as people nail up kites and owls.

You still say that lies have short legs, their arms are mutilated, and their body is a shadow! What! when they led Charles Albert three times in triumph into Verona; when they kindled revolt against the Emperor through the Tyrol, and raised a storm of fury in the Valleys of Ledro, of Nonè, of Fiemme, and of Folgheria; when they cut off the retreat of Radetzky, killed General Aspell, destroyed the walls of the fortress of Legnano, made the bulwarks of Mantua tremble and fall to the ground with terror; consumed Vienna ten times over, put to flight a thousand Austrians before a hundred and twenty Tuscans, and with eight pieces of cannon captured a whole park of artillery, which was taking an airing on the esplanade outside of the walls of Mantua! Will you still say that lies are not warriors, and that they can't fire sixty-pounders?

In fine, in less than one month, in pitched battles, in constant engagements, sudden skirmishes, fights in ambuscades, encounters of explorers, meetings of foraging parties, and contests at the fords of streams, the Austrians lost more thousands than were in the whole army of the Adige and of the Piave, ten times told.

Where, then, was the laboratory in which such a flood

of falsehood was concocted and poured forth in such a voluminous and unfailing stream? And by what means did it spread with such rapidity, clothe itself with such an air of sincerity, impose by its audacity, and gain credit among the simple? Now we come to cut this Gordian knot. One evening a young man, habited in black velvet, in the fashion of Young Italy, sought an interview with a well-known prelate. He was admitted, and said, bowing: "Monsignore, I come to God and to you for succor, for I am forsaken, and I die of hunger unless you stretch forth your hand to help me. I am a writer for the press, by which I earned an abundant support, but as I had not yet abandoned my soul entirely to the spirit of evil, I have forsaken my occupation, for I was stricken with terror at the danger which I have been constantly incurring."

The prelate, who was quicksighted, and a deeply discerning man, replied: "My friend, the press is like the conduit pipes of a fountain, they conduct the water as they receive it from its source. If the water be pure, clear, sparkling, fresh, and sweet, they transmit it to the fountain with the good qualities which it possessed when they received it; but if the source be impure, and the water turbid and bitter, such they deliver it at the outlet, and the people that resort there taint their food with it, and poison their blood. Such are also the effects of the public papers. They are, as it were, the public fountains which irrigate and supply drink to the cities, but your fountains conduct no other water than what flows through your own channels; if their teachings be sound, their maxims pure, he who drinks finds his mind and his heart refreshed; but when the contrary is the case, he imbibes poison, delirium, and death.

“If the water,” continued the prelate, “which we dispense, flow through canals muddy, putrid, and disgusting, no others can be expected from the guilty source whence they issue to the destruction of Italy. Their fountain-head gushes from the depths of wickedness, which are ~~the secret societies.~~ From the clefts and crevices of their dark caverns, the poisonous stream oozes forth, ~~and guided~~ into the light through their journals, spreads its pestilence through the world. Learn then, Monsignore, that this black pool is in Rome. Every night the directors and editors of our dailies hold their meetings, and there read the orders of Mazzini, which they transmit to other central committees at Naples, Florence, and Bologna. Young Italy operates directly from Switzerland through Piedmont and Lombardy. The directors then discuss the steps to be taken; in those meetings each member offers his advice and opinion, and after mature consideration, the plans which meet with general approbation are adopted. The ‘*Contemporaneo*’ takes the higher walks of state policy; the ‘*Bilancia*,’ the ‘*Epoca*,’ and the ‘*Speranza*,’ advocate discordant views; one is for, the other against a certain measure; but while they carry on this contest with an appearance of hostility, they still preserve such a direction as will lead their readers to the same false conclusion. In the morning they storm at each other in their prints, in the evening they sup pleasantly together, and drink to the health of the silly dupes who give credit to their inventions.

“You must say, ‘We’ll have no republic!’ ‘You, without disapproving of the proposition, must turn about and dispense a blow here and a thrust there.’ ‘You exclaim against Mazzini, and that Italy wants no tutors; as long as Italy was young, it was verily so childish,

that without the leading-strings of Mazzini it was too weak to keep its feet; now it has waxed strong, and thrown off all tutelage; it is already a woman of mature growth, tall, fair, and powerful, *and can attend to its own affairs without the aid of guardians and advisers.** ‘You laud the Constitution to the skies.’ ‘You, again, say that Mazzini loves Italy more than his own soul, and that Guerrazzi would shed the last drop of his blood for the liberty of our country.’

“Thus we enact the quarrels of knaves, and at night divide the spoil; thus are the paths smoothed for the introduction of a republic, and without exciting the suspicions of our senseless dupes, we stun them with our incessant strife, until by slow degrees they stumble into the snare. ‘You, *Pallade*, banter, fume, persecute the *retrogradists*; sow abroad rumors of conspiracy, sedition, and treachery by the *blacks* and the *Ruggiadosi*. You, *Epoca*, and you, *Speranza*, never tire of calling aloud to Italy to turn its eyes upon Rome; in it are centred all its hopes; to Rome it must look for redemption; preach that Charles Albert is the first sword of Italy; let your conceptions be sublime, your diction noble, your periods sounding, your phrases full of fire and ardor.’

“Would you believe it, Monsignore, these recommendations are the signal for jokes, mockery, sarcasm, and sneers? ‘Ah! we can scoff at them all! Wait awhile, and the Red Republican cap shall replace the tiara!’ And with similar vaunts they separate and stroll through the streets with cries of ‘Long live Pius IX.’

“I frequented this society for a livelihood,” replied the stranger, “and every article that I wrote brought

* These words are extracted from the *Pallade*, a mistress in this species of gossiping, for the misleading of the vulgar.

its harvest of dollars; and the more impudent the lie, the more it turned to my profit. I invented news from Vienna, Berlin, Milan, or Venice; ~~I put to death emperors, kings, princes, and generals~~; then, after a few days, ~~I retracted or explained my previous news~~; I made predictions, modelled out a number of incidents favorable to the cause of Italy, and always kept on hand some article on the atrocious cruelty of the Austrians; the assassinations which occurred in the various cities of Romagna, Umbria, and of the Marches, I laid to the charge of the 'Blacks,' and above all, to that of the Jesuits, who thus revenged themselves upon those generous Italians who had hunted them from their homes; I coined millions concealed by the reverend fathers, or scattered by the sackful among the Italian cities to bribe them to commotions and revolt in favor of the Austrians. After they had been expelled from Rome, I represented their general as flying, at one time, to the camp of Radetzky with the treasures of which he had plundered Rome; at another, in the Piedmontese camp, engaged in corrupting the leaders; at another, at the Imperial Court, fostering machinations for the destruction of Italy; I even took him all the way to St. Petersburg, to propose to the Emperor Nicholas to hurl down upon us his furious Cossacks, that they might pierce with their lances all the new Constitutions, like so many fowls upon the spit.

"You see what absurdities; yet thousands of wouldbe politicians would arch their eyebrows, puzzle their brains, and hold forth in endless comments upon them with consummate subtlety, and an expenditure of syllogisms, which was never surpassed. The other papers of Italy copied

them, and made them resound and reach from end to end of this credulous and maudlin Italy.

"I confess, however, Monsignore, that I looked upon all such falsehoods as leading to no serious consequences, but I was not permitted to confine myself to such fooleries, for, finding that I wrote in a strong and vivid style, they assigned me a less innocent part; they ordered me to turn my ear against God and his Church, to preach heresy, pantheism, and socialism. To contend against this, was difficult; to refuse, dangerous. I feigned indisposition; I was suffering under an irritation of the nerves, which allowed me neither to write nor think. They all turned their backs upon me, and where I was loaded with caresses, a dollar or a meal is now refused me.

"Monsignore, if you will receive me in any capacity, I will endeavor to serve you faithfully, but as for any more writing, it is a thing which has become impossible. The good can henceforth never print a single line in defence of truth and justice. The factions have hedged in the field of error and falsehood at every point; they have fortified it with bulwarks and bastions which leave no opening for assault, and they live in security within. They have corrupted the majority of the printers of Italy, who have enrolled themselves in the phalanx of impiety. The small numbers of the good, and those who remain neutral, have received intimations that, under pain of death, they presume not to print a single syllable without the condescending permission of their Master of the Sacred Palace, the name which they give, in mockery, to the Revisers of the Association.

"They raise an incessant clamor against the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, while their own inquisition surpasses, immeasurably, those of Spain and Portugal.

You, no doubt, have not forgotten, Monsignore, that only a short time ago, there was published in Rome, a loose sheet, and I do not now recollect the name, in defence of several calumniated personages. The secret Committee was instantly convened; imprecations and blasphemies, shouts and yells were vented without end: 'Menace the printer with death!' 'No, murder him!' 'Let him not live another day!' 'This very night, in his own house!' 'No, in the public street, as an example, and a terror to others.' 'But at this moment the sheet is being sold in the Corso; fly, snatch it from the hands of the venders, seize them, and strike them down; force them to confess where they received the paper.' This was no sooner said than done. They rushed out like bloodhounds, upon those poor children, shouting and roaring, as they compelled them to lead them to the printers. They seized the whole impression, and piling it in a heap, they set fire to it, and then threw into the flames the forms of type, two counters, and the presses, and would have burnt alive the printer, the foreman, the compositors, the pressmen, all down to the printer's devils, had they caught them.

"Imagine, therefore, Monsignore, if ours are the times for printing anything tending to good, in Italy! And people exclaim: 'The public authority ought to interfere; it ought to speak out; it ought here, it ought there,' and they are unable to see, that no power on earth can dam up so overwhelming an inundation. That is reserved to the arm of God, that when he shall be moved to pity for His Church, he will crush the impious like earthen vessels, and scatter them as dust, to the winds."

"Of what use," some may ask, "is all this dolorous

history of the villany of the public journalists of eighteen hundred and forty-eight? Are not their indecent expressions trumpeted forth, with unsparing effrontery, before the whole world? Since eighteen hundred and fifty, we have a different mode of action."

Really! We offer our congratulations on the improvement since eighteen hundred and fifty, but in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, things took their course, as described by the poor writer to the prelate, and they are here repeated, because they are invaluable, in placing in their proper light, certain transactions which were sworn to be so indubitable, so true, and so well ascertained, that to doubt them, was a crime.

Conversations, in substance, as follows, were frequently heard in Rome:

"What are the sentiments expressed by the Pope, on this point?"

"Why! they are published in the *Contemporaneo*; there is nothing more to be said; there they are, as clear as day!"

"But, with your permission"—

"I tell you they are given in the *Contemporaneo*! I am astonished at you; a paper of such authority knows what it says."

"But the Pope never said, and never imagined such a thing: he thinks and says the very reverse."

"You're a simpleton; the *Contemporaneo* never deceives; it is never mistaken; it's like a *bull*."

"Yes, a bull with horns, I suppose. Good day, simpleton."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CROATIAN.

IN the centre and narrowest part of Croatia, and at the foot of the great western branch of the high mountains of Bellenar, stands the little city of Ivanich, in a most delightful spot, at the confluence of the silvery streams, the Chasma and the Illova. The declivities of those hills, which rise with a gentle ascent to the surrounding forests of beech, larch, and fir trees, are famed for the richness and fertility of their pastures, and for the aromatic and sweet-scented herbs which flourish here and through the surrounding country, as far as the Drava. Through these pastures roam the countless flocks of sheep so highly esteemed in Bansto, Hungary, and Italy, on account of the softness of their wool. The extensive valleys descending southward, towards Slavonia and Turkish Erzegovina, afford abundant pasture-grounds for herds of a small, spirited race of horses, which are rapid in their evolutions in battle, hardy and enduring in travel, and which scramble boldly and securely up the steep mountain paths, and along the edges of yawning and overhanging precipices.

Upon those mountains, and among those valleys of Ivanich, is scattered a great number of cottages. The foundations of these cottages, and a few layers above ground, consist of huge stones, with their angles and joints fitted together with great skill, and in strict accordance with the laws of symmetry and solidity. These

walls support the roof, which is thatched with straw, fern or stubble, so firmly and so evenly fastened to the rafters, that neither the rain nor the melting snow can soak through into the interior.

The fireplace occupies the centre of the building, on the ground floor, and the smoke, blackening the boards and rafters as it curls upward, escapes through an opening at the top; the hearth is surrounded by large stones, within which the grate is set; around this, at night, the young men stretch themselves upon mats, with their feet towards the fire.

These people lead a patriarchal life; and even those among them who possess immense wealth, in flocks of sheep and herds of horses, do not abandon their native simplicity. Temperate, upright, and sincere, the happy ignorance in which they live, leaves them untainted by cupidity; but contented with their hills and valleys, they spend their days without being once disturbed by ungratified desires; they fear God and honor their priests; they meet, with cordiality, the wishes of the Emperor, and hold their superiors in veneration; they obey their parents, and submit to the head of the family, who, though king and sovereign among them, reigns with natural love; the women discharge the household affairs, the girls attend their flocks, while the young men are engaged with the horses, in hunting, or in military exercises.

Every group of houses, village, or hamlet, scattered over this wide extent of territory, maintains a body of guards against the Montenegrini, who are the robbers of the country; against the vagabond and fortune-telling Zingari or Gipsies, and against several tribes of Bosnia and Servia, a wild and fierce race, who live by rapine

and war, and who, flying with their booty, betake themselves to the fastnesses of their dense and black forests.

The Croats are descended from the Pelasgi of Liburnia, and have scarcely ever mixed with other races. They are handsome, tall, active, muscular, and well proportioned; their complexions are dark, and their sparkling eyes of the deepest black; they wear their black hair parting in long curls over their shoulders. Their dress is picturesque and highly ornamental, and round their waist is folded a voluminous scarf of variegated silk, in which they wear a short sword, and in war, a brace of pistols. They shave their beards, but their thick black mustaches hang down on each side of the mouth. On their heads they wear red Greek caps with a large purple tassel waving over the neck.

The women excel in horsemanship, and like the men, confine themselves to the beautiful but unchanging national costume, varied only when on horseback, by the addition of wide Turkish drawers, of the finest white manufacture, gathered in minute plaits at the ankles. Their long, flowing hair is woven in two parts, with broad yellow or rosecolored ribbon, and when loose, reaches below the hem of the vest, but when bound up, it is round the head and over the forehead like a graceful and natural diadem.

~~The young Olga Ukassowich, until her fifteenth year,~~
~~watched her father's flocks, in company with her sister~~
and cousin, upon the hills which surrounded their habitation. Nicholas, their grandfather, who governed their family, had six sons, all married, and they, with their numerous children formed a joyful circle round the venerable old man, who was close upon his ninetieth year. This house, rich in flocks, was still richer in

virtue and peace; and Nicholas governed it as its lord, feared, honored, and beloved by his children and grandchildren, to the number of forty-five. They all eat at the same table, and at the close of the day, they all joined in the evening prayer, around the fire in winter, and in summer, under the widespreading elm, which shaded the space in front of the cottage.

George, the fourth son of Nicholas, had one son and five daughters, of whom Olga was the oldest. As, therefore, according to the abovementioned custom, the male population spends a portion of its time in martial exercises, both for the defence of their native valleys, their flocks, and other property, and to enter the regiments which are furnished by Croatia to the army of the Emperor, Leo, the only son of George, was more frequently in arms than his cousins, who could take their turns with their brothers. For this reason, Olga, on attaining her sixteenth year, through love she entertained for her brother, and according to the custom of her people, applied herself with such resolution to the acquirement of skill in the use of arms, and in horsemanship, that from patrolling the country, in expeditions and in nightly watches, she became equal to the most robust of the young men, and on more than one occasion, at the head of her cousins and other borderers, she put to flight the roving bands of Bosnians, Servians, and Albanians, who, in search of plunder, had fallen upon the neighboring villages.

In this brave girl were united a remarkable beauty of person with a mind of admirable vivacity and penetration. Both when under arms, and when pasturing the paternal flocks, she snatched every moment to read, in Slavonic as well as in German, which she had learned

in the public schools, the histories of her own country, and of the other nations of Asia and Europe. She also took every opportunity of gratifying her thirst for knowledge, by extracting from her grandfather, and the other old men of the valleys, the traditions of her own race, and of the neighboring people; and such was her diligence, that she far excelled her cousins and the other girls in that region.

In the mean time, it happened that the wife of George brought him another son, whom they called in Slavonic tongue Ostutni—that is, The Tardy; and in the year 1846, the period having arrived for renewing their share of new levies for the imperial squadron, Nicholas was required to furnish three from his house. The family assembled, and placing in a box the names of all the young Ukassowich, from the age of twenty to twenty-four, three were drawn out,—Babba, or Barnaby, the son of Stephen; Janni, of Anastasius; and Leo, George's son. But Olga came forward, and said with firmness: "It shall never be said that Leo went to the war leaving my parents without a son; for we cannot count Ostutni, who is as yet but an infant."

The aged Nicholas placed his hand upon the head of Olga. "Well spoken!" he exclaimed; "the blood of Ukassowich is ever generous. Remember, my daughter, that Irene, my own sister, served as a substitute for me, under the Empress Theresa, in the campaigns of Silesia, and displayed such valor that she was created, upon the field of battle, colonel of the regiment of Gradisca. Remember, that in our domestic records we have a Zoe, who acquired fame in the war of the Spanish succession; a Euphemia, who fell in the assault of Belgrade, in the act of planting the imperial standard upon the outer for-

tifications. Olga, be virtuous, pious, and valiant." When the venerable old man had ceased speaking, his three grandchildren knelt before him, and he blessed them.

In 1848, Olga had already formed part of the garrisons of Capo d'Istria, Verona, Padua, and lastly, at Nestri, when Marshal Zichy so tamely ceded Venice to the rebels. After this period, she retired, with the rest of the Austrian columns, towards Klagenfurt, whence she afterwards descended with General Nugent, to defend the Austrian possessions in Italy.

It was already three in the afternoon, and Babba Stefanovich had not yet returned to his quarters, after the fierce engagement of Carbonera, so well contested by a body of picked troops from the Roman Legion, and a detachment of the Exiled Italians. The Austrians advanced in a dense column along the Fontani road, concealing behind a body of troops two pieces of heavy artillery, and a numerous squadron of cavalry behind a cluster of houses. In the heat of the first onset, their leading troops opened, the two pieces of cannon fired, the cavalry charged, and the ranks of the Italians broke, and fled back to Treviso for refuge, with the Austrians in hot pursuit at their heels. General Guidotti was slain, and with him a number of youths from Rome, and various provinces of Italy.

After this bloody engagement, Olga retired with her own cavalry to their quarters at Fontani, where she found her cousin Janni slightly wounded by a ball which had grazed his arm near the left shoulder; she removed his coat, and rolling up his sleeve, she saw that it had only pierced the skin, and having bandaged it up, she next gave her attention both to her own horse and that of Janni.

Olga waited for her cousin Babba, the greater part of an hour, but not seeing him, she went about inquiring if he had joined the patrol; but one man was currying his horse, another was cleaning his bridle, another was shaking the dust from his horse's trappings, another was scraping, with an old knife-blade, the foam from his saddle-cloth, and no one, in fine, had time to heed her inquiries. She waited a few minutes more, which seemed to her interminable. At length, overcome by a thousand fears, she saddled Emir, the name she had given her horse, and started in quest of Babba. She asked for him at Madonna di Rovere, at Fiera, Visnadello, Castrette, and Ponzano, but as no one could give her any tidings of him, she was reduced to the greatest distress.

At length she turned, with great anxiety, towards the place of the combat, between Carbonera and Treviso, to discover if perchance he had been killed or wounded; she ascended a hill and looked around in every direction, over the whole extent of the field of battle, and descending slowly, she continued to stretch her sight in advance.

Those who have never beheld a field of battle, can not form an idea of its confusion, and the shuddering and horror which it inspires. Over a vast circle is seen every form and aspect of suffering, disorder, despair, and death. On all sides are arms and baggage, muskets thrown away, and caissons, for the most part, broken to pieces by the fugitives, to prevent their pursuers from using them against them; sabres, swords, and bayonets, scattered upon the ground, some drawn, and others still in their scabbards, attached to the sword-belts; cartridge-boxes, some empty, and others filled; helmets, caps,

flasks, pans, and knapsacks with their belts and straps entire, or sometimes cut, to save time in unbuckling them ; here shoes, there cravats and stocks, torn from the neck to give them more freedom to breathe in their flight, coats, waistcoats, jackboots, portions of trowsers left hanging upon the thorns of the hedges. Here a wounded horse lies gasping, there a gun-carriage broken and overthrown, with a horse which could not be disengaged, struggling and plunging, and covered with foam. The ground is stained with blood, and strewed with fragments of trees, torn down by the cannon-balls, and the grass and crops are trodden down and destroyed. Death, in every hideous shape, stalks over all. Here are heaped up groups of slain, among whom a discharge of grape-shot has coursed, their limbs are torn, their bodies with arms or legs shot away, their eyes hanging out of the sockets, their mouths rent open, jaws crushed and wrenched from the joints, their ears cut off or hanging by a shred, their skulls shattered, and brains dashed out and mingled with the hair, their bodies torn open and mangled, their blood contamination and loathsome. New horrors of death mark the passage of the cavalry, where the sabre has done its work, disfiguring the face with hideous gashes, cleaving the forehead, cutting the cheek from the bone, and leaving the teeth exposed, heads half divided from the neck, wrists without hands, shoulders and arms severed or connected only by the tendons. Then the horrible variety of postures among the dead, on their backs, on their faces, their sides, and some others still struggling in the convulsions of their agony, all with their limbs contracted and drawn up to the body, knees against breasts, and hands clenched and full of earth, mire, and blood, which, in their last paroxysms,

they had torn up with desperation. Some are stretched in the furrows of the ploughed land, others have rolled into the ditches, others hang dead in the hedges, or pendent from the trunks of broken trees, or the steep of high banks ; others lie mangled, and crushed into the soil by the wheels of heavy artillery, as it coursed the field, either to reach a place of safety, or to occupy a rising ground to form in battery ; others trampled and mutilated beneath the hoofs of the horses that had galloped, in solid squadrons, over the wretched foot soldiers. What can be said of the wounded ? for, to the terrific spectacle of their gashes, and of their dismembered and transpierced bodies, surrounded by pools of blood, is added the anguish of beholding them still alive in their inconceivable sufferings and torments, as they lie covered with blood, and shrieks and deep groans resound on every side, incessantly.*

On arriving at the place of the first attack, Olga dismounted and tied her horse to the trunk of a tree and commenced her search, noticing only those who wore the Austrian uniform, who were few, and examining narrowly none but the soldiers of the cavalry to which Babba belonged ; but she found, to her great joy, that her cousin was not among the two or three who lay there. The heart of the courageous young woman was grieved at the sight of the beautiful flower of the Italian youth, stretched in death upon those fields and among the hills ; she thought of the weeping mothers and sisters, and perhaps their betrothed, or their wives who would wait for their return in vain. She lamented the

* The author describes only what he himself saw after several of the battles of Napoleon.

rebellion of the demagogues of Italy, who under pretence of restoring liberty, aspire to power and thereby to tyranny, by the sacrifice of the lives of so many young men, whom they had seduced by their perfidy and sent to the war, while they themselves were trembling even in the security of their homes. She saw the people already flocking from the neighboring villages to bury the dead, and wagons were arriving to remove the wounded; she shuddered as she saw them search the pockets of the slain, and remove their money, watches, gold chains, and the rings from their fingers; then stripping them of their garments, they threw them in confused heaps into holes, and covered them with earth. Here and there a degraded camp-follower or sutler, attracted by her greediness of plunder, was seen despoiling with blood-stained hands, the unfortunate dead. Troops of dogs congregated amid the carnage, and lapped up the blood; and crows and rooks already flitted round, in narrowing circles, to throw themselves upon the carcasses of the horses.

Olga, through the midst of those horrors, had advanced to within sight of Treviso, for the Austrians had so far pursued the flying legions; and returning thanks to God that she had not found her cousin dead or wounded, she concluded that he must have been in the escort of the foragers. She was returning to mount her horse, and had arrived at three cross-roads, in the midst of which stood a small oratory in honor of St. Anthony, when she heard, at the far corner, a plaintive moan; she passed round the oratory and found there, stretched upon the ground, a noble-looking young Italian wounded.

It was Lando, the cousin of Alisa, who had fought with great valor during the action, but he was struck by

a musket-ball a few inches above the knee; with a great effort he had dragged himself from the midst of the combatants, and had fallen there exhausted and fainting. Olga had acquired in the garrison at Venice a complete knowledge of Italian; and turning compassionately to the wounded youth, she said: "Brave young man, be not alarmed; we are enemies in battle—elsewhere, we are brothers. Where are you wounded?"

"Above the knee," replied Lando, reassured by these courteous words.

Olga removed the clothing from the wound; then taking a small flask, which she carried with her, she poured a little wine into her hand, and gently washed it: "It is not mortal," said she, "and I hope that with a little care it will not be long before it is healed." She took from her neck her black silk cravat, and folding it like a bandage, bound up his knee with care and rapidity.

Olga was remarkably tall, strong, and robust; she assisted Lando from the ground, and placed him gently upon her horse; he rode at a slow and easy pace to avoid irritating the wound.

Lando had begun to recover his strength a little after his knee was bound up, reanimated by the thought, that he was not left to die of hunger and with exhaustion by the hedge-side, deprived of all human comfort; then a distressing idea forced itself upon his mind: "I am a prisoner of war—in the hands of an enemy justly irritated against us volunteers, who have taken up arms through hatred and contempt for their name; they will send me, I know not where; no more shall I see my mother, who will weep for me inconsolably. God chastises me. Dear Lord, look with a compassionate and merciful eye upon my folly!" He then turned to Olga:

"Generous soldier," said he, "I commend myself to you—where are you taking me?"

"To the quarters," answered Olga, "where you will be cured of your wound. Be of good heart. Of what country are you?"

"I am a Roman."

"You have seen the Holy Father Pius IX.?"

"Yes, very often."

"Ah, you are fortunate! If I could see him only once, and receive his fatherly benediction, I should be happy. I would walk to Rome barefoot to obtain so great a favor. I have two most ardent wishes: to visit the Madonna of Loretto, and to see the Pope. You Romans enjoy, to the fullest extent, the sight of the great father of the faithful—the Vicar of Christ; and you have abandoned so exalted a presence to come here and kill us, your brethren in the holy Catholic, apostolic, and Roman Church."

Lando blushed with shame at so just a rebuke, and dared not raise his eyes to the face of Olga, whose bosom harbored a faith so pure and a charity so lively and noble. When they arrived at Fontani, and entered the court of the house where Olga was quartered, she saw Babba, who had returned from an exploring expedition, and calling him aside, she said to him: "Take softly upon your shoulders this prisoner of mine, who is wounded, and lay him upon my mattress; I'll be here again in a few moments."

Babba followed the directions of his cousin; and Olga, after putting up her horse, and seeing it well rubbed down by two soldiers, returned immediately to Lando's room. Upon another camp-bed Janni was laid or seated with his arm in a sling, quietly smoking his pipe, for his

wound was so slight, that it gave him but little pain. Olga sent a soldier for the surgeon, and in the mean time she gave orders to prepare broth for the refreshment of the wounded youth, who had tasted nothing since morning, and was faint and languid. The surgeon examined and dressed his wound afresh, probed it, applied lint and bandages with great skill, and then left him to attend to the other wounded.

Olga spoke to her colonel, who was distantly related to her, and a great friend of her father, and obtained his permission to watch over her prisoner, and exemption for a few days, until he was restored, from military duty, in which her cousin had lovingly offered to act as her substitute. The young Olga unceasingly watched by the bed of Lando, both day and night; no mother nor sister could have shown more solicitous and tender care, had he been sick in his own paternal home.

She asked him if he had a mother or sister, and on his answering that he had both, "Well," said she, "I will take their place beside you; you must know that I am a woman, and the life of a soldier has not deprived me of the natural tenderness and compassion inherent in our sex; the arduous life of war has made me strong and patient under fatigue, which if supportable in the camp, will become a pleasure by the bedside of a sufferer." These were not empty words; she performed every office of a most watchful infirmarian, preparing his bandages and his meals, and rising frequently during the night to administer restoratives, all with that pleasant tenderness which wins the heart of the most obstinate enemy.

Lando, by her assiduous and exquisite pains, improved so much in a few days, that his wound closed and healed

so that he could take a few steps in his room, and in a short time he gained so much strength that he was able to ride even long distances. Yet in the midst of so much kindness he was sad and in great doubt of his future lot; he heard that the Austrians were rapidly recovering the cities of the province of Venice; that General Nugent had effected a junction with the main army of the enemy at Verona, and consequently Udine, Belluno, Castelfranco, Bassano, with the entire line of the Brenta, and the whole circle of the mountains of Vicenza, were reconquered for the empire by the imperial troops.

One morning, at an early hour, he saw Olga enter his room, and she said to him with a pleasant smile, "Brave Roman, now that you are entirely recovered, you are free to return to the arms of your mother; I can not consent to prolong the maternal anguish of her who loves you so fondly: go to Treviso, where the Italian garrison still remains, and thence return to Rome with as little delay as possible."

While Lando, abashed at such generosity, was preparing to return grateful thanks to the magnanimous young heroine, Olga interrupted him: "When you embrace your sister, tell her that you found another upon the field of battle; tell her that she is a Croatian who has the heart of a Roman; tell her that charity breathes not only upon the Tiber, but also on the Illova, and that even in the bosoms of Croats there beat the hearts of Christians. Of you I ask no other reward for myself, for my family, and for our race, than that you will visit the Holy House of Loretta, and when you arrive at Rome, that you will prostrate yourself before the shrines of the Princes of the Apostles, St. Peter and Paul, and

beseech them to obtain for me the grace to preserve, intact, my catholic faith, pure and unsullied, to the hour of my death."

She then took Lando by the hand and led him to the court, where he found horses in readiness, and presented him with a fine chestnut charger; she and her cousins, Babba and Janni, threw themselves into their saddles to accompany him with a band of horsemen as his escort. When they were approaching the first Italian sentinels, Babba rode forward bearing a white flag of truce, and Olga, before bidding farewell to her prisoner, said to him: "Lando, may you live happily, and some time recall to mind Olga the Croatian; tell the Roman legions that they are unjust in their perpetual cries of 'Death to the Croats,' and in holding that warlike race in such detestation. As the greatest indignity, they call the Emperor a Croat; so also they call even the Neapolitans, Croats; the liberals of Italy are in the habit of denominating all soldiers who are faithful to the sovereigns, Croats, in the same manner as they call all that are faithful to Christ and to his Church, Jesuits. Jesuits and Croats are the two great bugbears of 'Young Italy.'

"But, I repeat, tell them that they do wrong to consider the title of Croatian as one of contumely, for as your Gioberti and all your demagogues call the Italians Pelasgians, they ought to hold the Croatian in great reverence and love, because he is a Pelasgian above all other men. We are the Liburnian Pelasgi, and we have always preserved our race pure from admixture with other nations; and among us there still lives a tradition, that we were the first to people Italy. While I was in garrison at Padua, that man of profound learning, Me-

nin, who is writing the history of the costumes of all the nations in the world, held long conferences with me respecting the traditions of our country of Croatian Liburnia, and founded an exact comparison between our present costumes and those of the primitive Pelasgi, described by ancient writers.

“You see then, Lando, how senseless those Jacobin Pelasgians of yours prove themselves by holding us up to execration, whereas we retain in our customs much of the primitive simplicity of those first inhabitants of the world, and a voluptuous and effeminate civilization has never penetrated our country; we strengthen our minds and bodies in the arduous occupations of a pastoral, agricultural, and warlike life. Tell them, that while in Italy, the Pelasgians preserved their ancient simplicity of manners, and a frugal and warlike life, they founded the extensive kingdom of Etruria, which extended from the plains of Adria beyond the Volturnus; that afterwards, corrupted by an Asiatic and licentious effeminacy, they lost their broad territory, their liberty, and even their name. Tell them that you Romans, so long as you led the simple and moderate life of the Osci, the Ausones, and the Latins, bore your victorious eagles to the furthest limits of the earth; but afterwards, turning to the effeminate luxury of the Sybarites, you lost your empire, together with the valor of your ancestors.” Hereupon they joined the advanced sentinels of the garrison of Treviso, they delivered up Lando, and saluting him courteously, left him filled with unbounded gratitude and admiration.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THE love of one's country springs spontaneously in the human heart, and the flame is more pure and sacred in proportion as it is true and genuine; and it cannot be too loudly inculcated, nor sown too deep in every heart. But, in these days, there is an exaggerated, bombastic, and empty patriotism, which consists in certain set phrases, not unlike the drawers in a drug store, on the outside of which are gilded the words, *cloves*, *coriander*, *nutmeg*, but which are empty, or contain but a little dust or shavings. Thus, for the last two years, patriotism has been a sort of epidemic, but when the drawer was opened, there was found lurking in its stead, the love of self, the love of supreme power, the love of the gold belonging to others, with licentiousness, vanity, ambition, pride, and impiety; and all these vile and shameful passions were clothed in the garments of constitutionality, or of republicanism, and signed themselves with a red cross, as with a robe of sanctity.

"There again!" some one will say, indignantly, "does it not seem impossible to speak or write, in these days, of the year 1848, without falling into extremes? It is evident that the *Blacks*, the *Retrograders*, and the *Jesuits* are taking their revenge—they are making reprisals. I will grant that the demagogues had the most mischievous and hypocritical intentions, but people ought sometimes

to notice, if not to praise, those temperate and wise men who desired a liberty, honest, upright, subject to God, and friendly to our fellow-men. Behold how many such there are in Tuscany, Rome, Naples, and even in Piedmont."

All true, most true. But if, again, we examine the views of the *moderate* men, together with nobleness, generosity, civil wisdom, there will be found, brooding in some corner, beneath these admirable virtues, powerful opiates and narcotics, and above all, one baneful and frightful error, which is the belief, that States can be led to real felicity by a medicine concocted from poisons and antidotes.

This is the *claudicare*, the *duobus dominis servire*, which the Word of God, the eternal Truth, the infinite Wisdom, has declared impossible, not only in the government of civil states, but even in the private conduct of each individual. Our politicians have introduced a new dogma, a sort of patchwork of the two extremes, which they denominate the *Golden Mean*; the most absurd, and the most mischievous heresy of our times. These wise savans, perceiving that every child knows, both in Latin and in the vernacular, that in *medio stat virtus*, invented the paltry conceit of the Golden Mean, to persuade the multitude that they are enfolded in the arms of virtue, when they are seated at the feet of this masked counterfeit.

The Golden Mean, from the time of Adam down to the birth of the moderate party, has been that point which holds the balance between two extremes and contrary vices; precisely as the needle of a balance holds the centre between the scales; for instance, the cen-

tral point between *prodigality* and *avarice*; between *scrupulousness* and *laxity*; between *timidity* and *audacity*. But the pretended moderates fixed the Golden Mean between *vice* and its opposite *virtue*, namely, between *religion* and *impiety*; between the *Catholic faith* and *heresy*; between *justice* and *iniquity*;—in fine, between *good* and *evil*; between *truth* and *falsehood*. How is it possible to discover a Golden Mean between these things? It is like seeking to unite fire and water,—a manifest impossibility, for the water will extinguish the fire, and there will only result a mixture of ashes and cinders. A little vice and a little virtue; a little truth and a little falsehood will certainly produce a most wicked composition; for good, if it be not all good, becomes evil; and truth, if it be not all truth, becomes falsehood. Tell me, you *moderates*, is this argument logical? It is clear as the sun. The Golden Mean is the assassin of the world; satisfied, like Pilate, with one act of justice and another of injustice, it washes its hands, and seated gravely, *pro tribunale*, it declares itself innocent of our destruction. Do not they show more consistency, who take the extremes? At least, they say openly; “Italians, make yourselves Protestants; renounce Christ; ye are, each of you, emanations from God, and, therefore, equal to God; you have consequently no further need of laws, human or divine; the right of property exists no more, you are all masters of all; the people are God.”

This is at least frank and honest; Guiseppe and Mazzini are, in this respect, worth more than all the pretended moderates of Italy, who, inciting at one moment to truth, at another to falsehood, now to justice and

liberty, now to iniquity and tyranny, would finally plunge Catholic nations into a lethargy, which would consume them with exhaustion and want, and then sink them into what is neither more nor less the aim of Mazzini, the unfathomable abyss of impiety.*

Most certainly, they who pass for *Moderates* in Italy never view themselves in such a mirror, yet the reflection is neither distorted nor partial; it is a picture of every individual, and whether they deny it or not, this and no other is their faithful likeness.

The excellent Olga, with her Croatian patriotism, never supposed, while she was speaking to Lando in her classical style, that her words amounted to a lecture to the Moderates against wavering between two scales. How indeed could it concern her? Was she on that occasion to compare the patriotism of the Croatian with that of certain Roman citizens, who rushed down from the Seven Hills to exterminate the Croatian from the soil of Italy? Such conversation would not have been tolerated in public, and was scarcely listened to, much less reciprocated, by persons closeted in private, without witnesses, as it precisely happened to Bartolo in his private study at Rome.

* These evident truths inflamed the zeal of the Risorgimento, the organ of the moderate ministry of Turin, which, on finding the principles of Mazzini declared more frank and honest than the hypocrisy of the moderates, exclaimed: "There, again, the Retrograders are advocating extremes. They are amalgamating with the Mazzinians." Is that a fact? What remarkable logic Italy is taught by the Risorgimento.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

BARTOLO was one day after dinner conversing with Don Prospero, a gentleman who a few years back had been one of the *Conservatori* of the Capitol, and, as often happens among friends in time of war and faction, Don Prospero took sides with the advocates of the ancient order of things, and Bartolo with those of the new, and each one, of course, maintained that he was in the right.

"I tell you, and I maintain it," said Don Prospero, "that the Romans are making themselves ridiculous through the whole of Italy. We'll say nothing of the Pope's sending them to the frontiers, with distinct orders not to cross the Po, the refusal of the legions to heed those orders, and their thousand excuses, that they also are Italians, that the war is national, that Italy must be evacuated by the foreigner, that the Croat insults and disgraces it, that all nations have a right to their own *autonomy*,* that God is with them, the angel of Italy guides them, and the cross protects them. Yet I maintain the Romans have committed a most gross blunder in throwing themselves into this war."

"Oh, you know, Don Prospero, you have some rather antiquated notions; you can't shake off your old prejudices, looking upon Rome as the same city that was governed by a senator with his *cipria* on his head, and

* That was one of their Jacobin words.

his toga of cloth of gold. During these last two years, my dear friend, Rome has awoke from its long sleep; the Senate has changed to a municipal body, the Capitol recruits its new Camilluses, its Fabiuses; and its Torquatuses. The Roman youth are inflamed with patriotism, as in the times of Brutus and Scævola."

"For the sake of common sense, Bartolo, say no more. Patriotism is not bought at the apothecary's; the love of country cannot grow in the hearts of the effeminate, ~~the corrupt, and the irreligious.~~ Among the designing of our days, patriotism is a mask which covers ambition, pride, avarice, and the most cruel tyranny; among the simple it is not a feeling, but a mere vague and high-sounding expression, which echoes and then loses itself in the air: ~~thus, among youth, it is a fire stirred up to fury by the demagogues; a fire noble in itself, but rendered noxious and malignant by the breath of the associations, who use it to wrap the world in flames.~~ Such is the love of country which all the conspirators of Italy, both old and new, congregating to our destruction, have been transplanting into Rome."

"Why you talk like the most abject *Retrograder*, and I look at you with amazement, for I tell you that you do Rome great injustice in speaking in such a manner."

"Rome, did you say? As if Rome wished itself represented by proxy by that handful of madmen! And to fill you with still greater amazement, I'll open your eyes to another truth, which you certainly don't expect, which is, that this patriotism which you so highly extol in the Roman citizens who are gone to this war, has turned to their shame, and has made them the by-word and the laughing-stock of Italy. The volunteers from Lombardy, Tuscany, Piedmont, Naples, Venice, and the

Romagnas, maintain the war with more or less valor ; but the Romans, ah ! the Romans ! my dear Bartolo, I really blush to repeat it, conduct themselves worse than the abandoned women of the Piazza Navona."

"Why, Don Prospero ! Don Prospero !" (stroking his mustaches) "you have a mind to invent a little, to try my temper."

"I invent ? ay ? Have you the *Pallade* ?"

"I have, but I never read it ; Polissena used to read it."

"Well, do you think that the *Pallade* has much patriotism ?"

"Yes,—for sale !"

"That's true, and it has it cheap ; will you reach it here, if you please ?—that *Pallade*, which, with all its stores of patriotism, speaks of many Romans as the loudest talkers, and of those who threw out sparks of patriotism, like a wheel of fireworks ; he speaks of them, I say, as of so many hares, deer, and rabbits. Here, give me No. 247. You shall hear about our Scipios and Metelluses.

"On Monday we reported in our notices of the Roman Legions, the news of the taking of Verona, and of the defeat of the Croats at Cornuda, taken in flank by General Durando. That news was not true. The following is the origin of the mistake : A little after noon there appeared coming down the highroad, at full gallop, a vehicle full of civic officers, shouting 'Victory ! victory !' But, lo ! those officers have turned out to be vile deserters, who, to pursue their flight in safety, without interruption from their comrades, invented these lies. Shame upon the wretches ! Oh ho ! a vehicle full of *civic* officers ! Romans, you see,—not Tuscans, not Lombards, not Neapolitans,—Romans !"

"Well! and I also exclaim, Shame upon the wretches! Anything more than a few officers?"

"Wait a moment, Bartolo, we shall see that few multiplied," said Don Prospero, turning over a few leaves; "here, No. 245—listen! 'If our troops' (at Cornuda) 'had been led by men of greater courage and experience, Nugent's corps would have received a notable defeat.' Mind, they had courage enough upon their lips in the Piazza del Popolo; at the groaning tables of Terni, Foligno, and Ancona; at the assault upon the henroosts on their marches, and especially upon the hens and chickens of the upper plains. What say you, Bartolo?" "Read on, Prospero!" " 'Pallas has it from a reliable source, that various lieutenants and other officers' (of higher rank is here meant) 'have shown themselves unworthy of their rank, and even abandoned their posts. Thus they proved themselves mere theatrical and review officers.' "

"I am indignant at such cowardice," said Bartolo.

"And I laugh at it!" rejoined Don Prospero. "Do you suppose that those braggadocios, whom we have seen so many years living in Rome on imposture, roguery, and trickery, should become Cincinnatuses and Coriolanususes. But do you know who did combat bravely in the Roman legions? Those honest and ingenuous youths, who were beguiled by the cunning agitators and went to the war—as for them, yes, they are true Romans. If the Roman legions had contained none but these, the honor of Rome would now be intact and unspotted in the sight of Italy and of Europe."

"I beg of you, Don Prospero, read no more; I have heard enough."

"Just a little more. Pallas, putting on her helmet and buckling on her coat of mail, brandishing her spear and seizing her shield, with its horrid snake-haired Gorgon, breaks into a grand philippic against the fugitives, who, if they before trembled at the whistling of the balls of the Croats, must now be ready to give up the ghost. Listen !

" 'If it should fatally be true, that a part of you have vilely deserted the flag of Independence, which before your departure you kissed and embraced—woe to you, if that was the kiss of Judas ! Your fellow-citizens, your brothers, your wives, who are expecting on your return to be presented ~~with your victorious laurels~~, oh, with what indignation will they reject you from their embrace !' And then—why, and then—Bartolo, this Pallas Minerva breaks into an imprecation so awful, that I have not the heart to read it all. She then proceeds to speak of flights ; of fears ; of tremblings ; of the manner in which they threw themselves on their faces into the ditches, while balls were flying over their heads ; of inflicting slight wounds on their own hands and arms, to suspend them to their necks and be admitted to the hospitals as wounded ; and a number of other shameful acts of cowardice. No doubt, Bartolo, this Pallas is no other than the Goddess of Wisdom, and she can with her owl's eyes discern who are cowards ~~and worthless. And do you know who they were ?~~' "

"Whoever they were, their names ought to be placarded and exposed to the scoffs of the public !"

"Who ? Here they are, in No. 247, and elsewhere. They are—'A number of Croats, disguised as Roman civic soldiers.' "

"Why, what nonsense is this, Don Prospero? You are really in a good humor to-day!"

"I am not joking with you—read here; this letter of Horatio Antinori, dated Venice, May 16th, is worth one of Livy's harangues. Antinori, after asserting that discord had been introduced among the legions by the intrigues of the Croats, so far as even to proclaim General Ferraro himself a traitor, continues: 'The vile traitors are those officers who from the midst of a life of luxury have passed into the camp of Mars, and thus suddenly exchanged their crowns of flowers for musket-balls and the shouts of a people exulting in the tremendous thunder of war; but when their imaginary chivalric valor was cowed, they sought to excuse themselves by proclaiming, "that the camp was a confused Babel; that there were no heads; that they were eager to defend Italy"' (with their tongues, not with their blood.)

"There is not a doubt, that in this most disgraceful state of things, the soldiers are also culpable; but not on that account can they be excused for the inconstancy shown in forsaking the enterprise. I know that Padua received with hisses those deserters of the Italian cause. I hope they may meet with the same reception in every other city; that when they re-enter the Holy City it may be as disgraced runaways, despoiled of the Cross which they have betrayed.' Good heavens! If I had said as much, my dear Bartolo, I should have been a calumniator—a double-dyed Croat. But besides the Croats, there glided into the Roman camp in the helmets with the red horse-hair crests and the great coats of the Civic Guard—could you guess who? I'll wager my head that you wouldn't guess right once in a thousand."

"The good-for-nothing young fops of the Caffè Nuovo?"

"Try again."

"The galley slaves of Termini, who threw off their striped doublets, for the military tunic and tricolor cross?"

"Try again."

"The thieves let out of the prisons, who exchanged their chains for the red trowsers?"

"Try again."

"Who were they then? I give it up."

"Don't faint, my good friend; they were the—*Jesuits!*"

"The Jesuits, disguised as Roman citizens, went and mixed with the legions to raise a panic among them in the heat of battle, and put them to flight?"

"Yes, it's a positive fact. Look here, in No. 250: 'Italian news. The Jesuits, who were with us, dressed as civic soldiers, have caused our defeat. The moral prestige of our legions is destroyed,' &c., &c. Don't you see now?"

"Yes, I see now, what puts you in such a laughing humor."

"And I tell you, Bartolo, that if the Jesuits had been there, mixed up with the legions, they would have shouted at the top of their voices: 'Stand fast there, cowards; do you wish to become the laughing-stock of the Croats? If your own honor is not worth defending, at least have some regard for that of Italy and of Rome.'"

"But let us speak seriously; we are not to consider this as applicable to the whole of the Roman legions; there are exceptions to every rule."

"Undoubtedly, the Romans are naturally brave men, and many that went to the war have proved themselves

such, as I have already said ; but that was not the case with the impious and vicious sots by whom they were surrounded. God has permitted so much baseness, because they were filled with arrogant boasting, beyond all the other Italians. In the other cities of Italy our youth are less given to noisy vamping, and act with persevering courage. The civic troops were valiant heroes, ~~as long as they had to contend against the unarmed, defenceless Jesuits, but when in front of the Austrians, so shameless and numerous were the desertions among them, that at Padua and Bologna, as the Pallade says, they were received with hisses, the honorable uniform of the Roman Guard was torn from their backs, and they were overwhelmed with contumely.~~ The Minister, Mamiani, found it necessary to publish a circular to the provincial Governors, to 'imprison the runaways.' A fine thing, truly ! They who had rushed to the redemption of Italy, with such vaunting, are loaded with the chains which they had prepared for the Croats. Prince Aldobrandini, in the order of the day of May 19, says : 'Let us blot their names from our rolls ; they cannot, they ought not, henceforth, to form part of the civic troops of Rome.'"

"Yet I flattered myself," said Bartolo, "with such sanguine hopes that the redemption of Italy would be achieved by the prowess of our heroes ; and here it all ends in smoke."

While the two friends were conversing, Angiolo brought some letters from the post-office.

"Ah, reach them here," said Bartolo. "This comes in good time ! Lando writes to me from Padua. Let us see."

Lando had written to his uncle the particulars,

already related, of his wound, and of his approaching return to Rome, and gratefully describes the manner in which he owed his life to the generous and sisterly care of Olga. He expatiated upon the generous treatment extended to all the prisoners by the Austrians, and the mirthful indifference with which General Nugent and their other officers saw the calumnies and insulting caricatures, daily published against them, in Rome. "It is not to be denied," said the General, laughing, "that the Italians are of a facetious turn, and if they handled their swords as well as they do their pens and pencils, it would be a dark day for us." Lando went on to express the alteration which had taken place in his own sentiments, and in those of Mimo and many others of his friends. He was indignant at the vile cowardice and shameful defiance of all order, on the part of the rabble which formed a large portion of the Roman troops; while, on the other hand, he gave due praise to those who had distinguished themselves in the performance of their duty. The latter, he described as overwhelmed with shame at being confounded with such miscreants; and at beholding, instead of the valor and discipline, so much boasted of in Rome, the population everywhere flying at their approach, as if invaded by licentious savages.* "I hope," continued he, "that you will already have received Mimo's letter, informing you of the death of Polissena."

"What!" exclaimed Bartolo, "Polissena dead? When? Where? I have no letters from Mimo, they

* It is fortunate that those who have accused us of using exaggeration can refer to the testimony of whole cities, in the States of Venice, in proof of what is said above.

must have been lost. Let us see what Lando says about it. 'What a beautiful end! How God touched her heart! How passionately the poor creature longed to confess her sins! How fortunate to die, as she did, the death of a Christian and a heroine!' Angiolo, go! run to the post-office; ask if there are no other letters to my address. 'She died a Christian and a heroine!' Angiolo, stop! I had better go myself. Don Prospero, let us go."

They went out, arm-and-arm, to the post-office, continuing their conversation on the progress, or rather the decadence, of what was called the Italian cause. And Don Prospero proved, by authentic letters, that as in Rome, so the inhabitants of the other chief cities of Italy, so far from benefiting by their newly acquired liberty, became the prey of the licentious and lawless ruffians that infest every state, and rise to the surface in times of revolution, subverting the laws necessary for the protection of society, and endangering the honor and lives of individuals, as well as their property. Bartolo, on leaving Don Prospero, who had to attend to some affairs of importance at noon, continued his way to the post-office, reflecting on what he had heard and read. He was personally acquainted with Giusti, whose letters Don Prospero had quoted, during their conversation, in support of his views; he knew him to be one of the supporters of the new ideas in Tuscany, and saw his confidential communications to his friend.

"The Retrograders," thought he, as he walked along, "are not so much to be blamed, for not taking as gospel the heroism of our agitators; for considering them as cloaking their base hearts with a noble exterior, as

covetous of riches more than of glory, of power more than of liberty, and actuated more by hatred against monarchs than by the love of their country. This Giusti, one of the principal leaders in these revolts in Italy, admits, without concealment, that the whole affair is a rascally business, and a farce! Yet, in public he shouts himself hoarse, in defence of a cause which he considers bankrupt, both in merit and in conclusion. Confessors would call such tampering with one's own conscience, neither more nor less than downright hypocrisy."

At this point in his meditations, Bartolo reached the post-office, and asked if there were any letters for him.

"We have delivered them to your servant," said the clerk.

"They are not all there; I know that another letter was written to me some days back, and you are always inattentive in your deliveries, and particularly since this idea of the resurrection of Italy, your brains are gone a wool gathering."

"It's you that are out of humor, Signor Capegli; I repeat that there are no other letters in the box C."

"Come now, have the goodness to look about a little; there ought to be a letter, of great interest to me; you will oblige me infinitely."

After a good deal of searching among the letters to be kept till called for, the clerk produced one addressed to Capegli, and Bartolo walked away with great satisfaction, and soon discovered as he went, that it was, as he expected, from Mimo. It is unnecessary to relate his extreme astonishment at the narrative of the edifying death of Polissena, and how he felt his soul moved to sentiments of piety, reverence, and faith; but on arriving

at the passage which described her ardor to make her confession to a priest, and how, when in that solitary place, at such an hour and in the midst of the terrors of war, it was impossible to obtain one, she turned, with an impulse of contrition and love, to the image of Mary, Bartolo burst into tears, which he was unable to restrain until he arrived at the house of Adele, towards which he had turned his steps.

He found his sister-in-law grieving that so long a time had passed without hearing from her sons, and when she saw Bartolo's saddened countenance, and the traces of his tears, she was filled with alarm.

"Be calm," said Bartolo, "your sons are living, and behave like brave men; they are both, moreover, on their way back to Rome, and will throw themselves into your arms within a few days."

Nanna gave a cry of joy, while Adele could not utter a word, and was so overcome by her maternal feelings, that she stood with her eyes open, and fixed upon her brother, like a statue. Bartolo aroused her by the recital of the death of Polissena; he repeated what Mimo had written, his voice frequently broken by sobs so that he was compelled to stop, but when he read the passage in which the dying lady so affectionately entreated the forgiveness of Alisa, Adele threw herself on her knees, before a beautiful Madonna of Carlo Dolci, and with her arms upraised, and her hands joined,

"Oh, mother of mercy," she exclaimed, "how great is your merciful love for us poor sinners! obtain for that unfortunate soul, full pardon, from your divine Son, and that she may be spared the dreadful pains of purgatory."

"What a consolation," said she, turning to Bartolo, "this will be to Alisa! Bartolo, give me the letter; I will take it to her myself, to San Dionisio, and you go to the Anima and to the Suffragio, and have masses said for her soul. Ah, Nanna! what a miracle of grace! Poor Polissena, let us never say another word to her disparagement, her soul is among the blessed."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ROME ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 1848.

WHILE the Roman civics were preparing to achieve against the Austrians the feats of prowess which are in part related in the last chapter, the Pope wished to take some step with reference to the disobedience of his troops, in passing the Po, and entering the Venetian territory, contrary to his prohibition. For, as it will be remembered, they snatched up their tricolor standards, and raising them upon the Capitol in sight of the whole world, swore they would never rest until they had planted them upon the tower of San Stephano, in Vienna. When the Pope saw this from the Quirinal Lodge, he gave his benediction to Italy, declaring, at the same time—

~~"That he was at war with no one; that all Christians were his children; that he pressed them all paternally to his heart; that the Roman volunteers were at liberty to unite themselves to his troops, which he was sending~~

to guard the Pontifical States, but that they were not to cross the borders."

He spoke to the deaf. In the interpretation of good Catholics, this blessing of Italy, signified that the Roman Pontiff prayed that it might receive those celestial gifts, those superabundant graces, that strength of faith, that firmness of hope, that ardent charity, which, raising Italy above all other nations, as well as above itself, would render it, in the eyes of God, strong, and incomparable in magnanimity, peace, concord, and emulation in the choicest virtues, both of soul and body;—a benediction which, raising it still higher in the brilliancy of the eternal light of the gospel, would make it the mistress of truth to all nations, far and near, in these days, as much as in past ages; a shining light to all that are benighted and overclouded in the shadow of death, a guide to wanderers from the paths of eternal life;—a benediction which would draw upon Italy the dew of heaven, and the fertility of the earth; which would engage the princes of the apostles, Peter and Paul, to overshadow it with the most exalted patronage of their invincible power; which would invoke upon its cities, upon its towns, its plains, the powerful arm of St. Michael, the champion of the Most High, the guardian of the Roman Church, the terror of the angels of Satan, the shield of the faithful, and a sword of fire against the impious;—a benediction, which would restore to Italy, that supreme dignity and grandeur which crowns her among nations, by the sublimity of her genius, by her skill in the arts, by the power of her arm, and the wisdom of her counsels.

Such was the benediction pronounced upon Italy, and

upon her sons, by the lips of Pius IX., the sovereign Pontiff of the Church of God; but this blessing was commented upon, expounded, and distorted into meanings, intents, and purposes, without end.

"He blessed Italy! Therefore, he cursed the Austrians!" was the conclusion of some of those interpreters in the Piazza Colonna. And if some honest Trasteverino shook his head, and said that "these inferences don't quite come home to me, for if I bless my daughter, Nunziata, it don't exactly follow, that I curse my other daughter, Felicita," he was called a sheepish blockhead by his mustached opponents.

"Well, even a sheep can bleat," replied Menico, as he went on his way.

"He blessed Italy, therefore he blessed the swords, spears, and daggers of the united Italians." Another added, "and he blessed the arms which wield the swords, and still more the heart which trembles not in its pericardium."

"Who's talking of picaroons?" cried out one of Ciceruacchio's sash-bucklers.

"Who are you talking of pitching into now, you cursed 'Black?'"

"The Austrians," replied the other.

"That's something more like; down with the 'Blacks,' say I."

"He blessed Italy, therefore Italy ought to act for itself; it ought to be free, it ought to be a nation. This time then let the Croat tremble, and flee; let not one dare to turn his head for a parting look; it is a sacred land, a land that is blessed!"

"Ay, it is precisely because it is a blessed land," said

to himself more than one 'wig and gown,' "that foreigners love it so much, and they are so charmed with it that they will shed a stream of blood for every foot of it."

Then the public papers, from the *Isonzo* down to the *Jillaro*, had every one its say; there never was a blessing so blessed as that; and it echoed from troop to troop, from cannon to cannon, from musket to musket, until it was a perfect wonder of a blessing. The Roman Civics carried their bagful of blessings upon the Piave, upon the Livenza, the Sile, the Tallamento; they scattered them by handfuls until the air was redolent of blessings. But since so many ran away, it can only be explained by supposing that some stitch must have given way and let out the blessing, or that when they left their camp in the keeping of the Austrians, it fell into their hands with the other arms, and with the baggage, and they had made it a prisoner of war, and still keep it as a dear favorite, turning it to good account against the Italians who lost it.

Every one knows that for the last three centuries, commencing with Luther and Calvin down to Voltaire, and from him down as far as Carlo Botta, the world has been stunned with cries against Papal excommunications; that poor Gregory VII., that Alexander III., that Boniface VIII., that Clement VII., and finally Pius VII., were loaded with so many excommunications by various writers on the excommunications fulminated against the German Emperors, against Philip le Bel, against Henry VIII., and against Napoleon, that in our days to mention the word excommunication, is held a crime of the blackest dye against our present civilization; and one might advance the most gross absurdity,

rather than that the Pope has still the power to excommunicate, not an emperor, but even a beggar. Let us proceed to an instance. Six, would-be great personages (of those that had particularly distinguished themselves in persuading the Romans to go to the war) had met to dine at the Lepri eating saloon, in the Via Condotti, and were conversing with a pompous, magisterial air, on the present state of Italy and Rome. They were already at the fourth course of dishes, when Sterbini, who presided at the table, said to the waiter :

“Bring the Madeira.”

“Yes, sir ;” and he ran to the sideboard.

“No, dunce, that’s the claret ; that has passed round twice already ; the Madeira, I tell you.”

“Good : after the pheasants you will pour out the Marsalla, and after the sturgeon let us have the Bellet, which is our Radetzky.”

“And the champagne, when will you have it ?”

“Ah ! our Charles Albert ! we will pass that round the last ; it is sparkling and brisk, and the very thing for a toast to Italy.”

Then turning to the other guests, among whom were Pier Agnolo Fiorentino, and the Italian Prelate, he said :

“We must give a lesson to those miserable Austrians, who have had the audacity to issue from the citadel of Ferrara, and quarter themselves through the city, as if upon their own ground.”

“Accidenti !” cried Ciceruacchio, who sat at the other end of the table facing Sterbini, “Accidenti ! so these greasy beards really had the impertinence to set foot on our ground, had they ? We must put them all on our

spears, and make a roast of them. We will mince them to sausage-meat."

"Well done, our excellent Angelo! You will make an admirable store-keeper of the Austrian's swine-flesh!"

"But, then, my good fellow," said Count Mamiani, smoothing the hair upon his temples, and in a tone of suavity, "what you would require from the Jesuits, monks, and priests, might be had cheap, but those wild Croatian swine have awful tusks, and belch fire and flame with a grunting and a rage so tempestuous, that you would perhaps not find it so easy to grasp them by the bristles, and go through all the other operations for reducing them to sausage-meat."

Then Sterbini, with a slight frown and his head pompously thrown back, and his chin forward, said, with the gravity of a Cato, "To strike terror into the Austrians, besides the invincible valor of the Roman legions, we need a sharper weapon: that sword of fire of the Cherubim, which expelled our first parents from Paradise."

"What cherubim are you speaking of?" said Pier Agnolo. "The cherubim! why they have had their wings clipped, and they have betaken themselves into the highest heaven until they grow again!"

"I mean to say," said Dr. Pietro, in a tone of indignant wisdom, "I mean to say that this is not the time to stand with our hands in our pockets, and if it was ever for the advantage of the Pope to unsheath the sword of St. Peter, and hurl the thunders of the Vatican, this is the time. The Austrians have set foot upon the soil of the Church; they are therefore excommunicated ipso facto. But that is not enough. Pius IX. must make an example before the world; he must fulmi-

nate against the Emperor the major excommunication, 'latæ sententiæ.' "

The Prelate hereupon burst into a boisterous horse-laugh, exclaiming, "Really, Sterbini, is it you?—positively you? You?—excommunication—Pietro Sterbini—1848!"

"Well, sir?"

"That last glass of Madeira must have contained the Spanish spirits of Torrecremada and Ximenes; it can be nothing else. And whence would you hurl this excommunication?"

"From the steps of the Vatican, with the usual forms."

"You would have to turn over the entire sacristy of St. Peter's to find the old parchment rituals, and drag them out of the dust; Ciceruacchio would serve as the living bookstand, and you and Count Mamiani, with lighted torches in hand, would answer 'Amen,' as soon as the tremendous words should have been pronounced by the Pope, and then you would extinguish your torches according to the rubric."

"This is not a mere joke, Monsignore. Everything has its own time. Learn that I say it not as originating with me. This morning at the Caffè Nuovo, at the Piccioni, and in the Circolo Popolare, the cry was unanimous—'Excommunication!' "*"

"But what will the world say? After three hundred years, during which the world has been making itself hoarse with shouting against excommunications, would you forge one upon the anvil of the Vatican, and hurl

* It may appear a ridiculous joke, but we heard it with our own ears, and all Rome heard it for several days.

it hot and piercing at the head of an emperor? And it was not the Sacred College that provoked this, but the Roman Circolo Popolare, which sent troops first to invade the Austrian territory."

"The Pope is Pope, *hodie et nudius tertius*; therefore Pius IX. ought to maintain his territory inviolate. God gave it to the Church, woe to them that meddle with it!"

"Ah! there is the cloven foot! Yet it has more than once been sounded in my ears that Pietro Sterbini and Co. were only waiting for the rebounding of the ball to seize upon the States of the Church, and invest themselves with the sovereignty of Rome."

"Whoever says it lies in his throat. Our friend Galletti swore to Pius IX. that he would shed the last drop of his blood in defence of the Pontificate, and I would give not only the last drop of mine, but the systole and diastole of my heart."

While they were becoming heated in this dispute about excommunication, Torre rushed into the room breathless, and with his eyes protruding from his head, shouting: "We are betrayed!"

"How?"

"What has happened?"

"The Pope, as you know, has to-day held a secret consistory. Well,—he has made pretty fools of us all. We have been trifling like children with the future triumphs of our legions, the approaching redemption of Italy, the birth of liberty, the indissoluble nationality, and eternal;—all has vanished like the dream of a sick man."

"Explain yourself. Has he excommunicated the Emperor?"

"He has signed our downfall, and has stricken us with a plague that will blister us worse than a hundred excommunications."

"Well; but let us know in substance why?"

"The why and the wherefore consist in an Allocution most ruinous to us, printed in secret, and posted on every wall in Rome."

"But what does it say?"

"It says that he has no intention of making war with Austria."

"You have not read right."

"Ay, I have not read right, eh!—I have not read right?—Look here a moment at this copy of it. Listen. 'It being the desire of some' (some, says he!—all desire it, except the *Blacks*)—'that we should join in the war against the Austrians, with the other Italian States and princes, we believe it to be at length our duty to declare openly in this your assembly, that it is most foreign to our counsels' (ay, did I read aright?) 'because we, although unworthy, are the vicegerents upon earth of Him who is the Author of peace and the lover of charity; and, in accordance with the duty of our apostleship, we embrace equally with paternal affection all races, all people, and all nations.' (He is also the father of the Austrians!) 'If, notwithstanding, certain individual subjects have been borne away by the example of the other Italians, how can we find means to restrain their ardor?'"

When this was read, Sterbini struck the table such a blow with his fist that the plates rattled and the glasses were broken; Monsignore stared at him stupidly; Ciceruacchio shouted, "Blood and thunder!" and ended with

a volley of curses against the Cardinals. "It's them cursed cardinals, that have put into the ears of Pius IX. this wicked Allocution; but their red caps won't serve 'em this time. Death to the Cardinals!"

Count Mamiani, on the contrary, with his impassible countenance: "Peace! peace! my brethren," said he, "peace! While you are all carried away by a passion which robs you of your discernment, I, on the other hand, have conceived a smiling idea, which tinges everything with rosy light."

"What rosy light? Ideas of blood they ought to be—of terrible revenge—of death!"

"Peace, brethren! This strong step of Pius IX. will cost him dear. I see the passage open to a new liberty, to new plans, to new enterprises. Be but cautious, and the blow will not fail."

"Speak, Count; what course do you advise? For the contest is pretty near desperate."

"Not at all. If the ministry were a Mamiani, a Galetti, do not doubt but that the battle could be restored. Now for the steps to be taken. You, Sterbini, go into the Corso, influence the people, cry out treachery, stir up to fury that part of the Civic Guard which is wholly ours. You, Ciceruacchio, fly through the Monte, the Regola, and Trastevere, collect your scattered fellows, shout that Rome is in danger, that a conspiracy of the Cardinals threatens a reaction, that we are on the point of falling again into the grasp of Lambruschini and Nardovi; that the *Blacks* are for killing us all. Yell your best, rave, curse,—there is no time to be lost. In the mean time, I will hasten to the Senator Corsini, to the Duke di Rignano, and to the Minister of War. Wait

a moment, Sterbini ; stop, Messer Angelo ; you, Monsignore, put your shoulder to the wheel,—the city papers must be set agoing ; let them breathe fire and fury ; leave the rest to me : we shall come off victorious without a chance of failure.”

Every one hastened to his business. Sterbini went down to the Piazza di Spagna, jumped into a carriage, and away towards the Corso. While the horses galloped madly, he stood up supporting himself with one hand upon the back of the carriage, and with the other waving a white handkerchief, he signed to the crowds who were streaming from every cross-street, to hasten towards the Ghigi palace. From the tobacco shop of Piccioni there rushed a crowd of brethren,—from the Caffè Nuovo there flowed a swollen and foaming torrent ; every group, and knot, and company of people who had stopped along the Corso to read the Allocution, or to comment upon it, or to rave against it, fell in with the vortex, which dragged with it everything in the street, in the stores, and in the other caffès.

“To the Poli barracks !”* shouted Sterbini : “to the quarter of the Piazza Borghese ! Run ! fly ! sound the tocsin ! We are betrayed !—we are murdered ! Pius IX. is in danger ! Quick ! I say, presto ; to the barracks of the Piazza of Venice, of the Sant’ Apostoli ; seize the first carriages you find ; whip, spur, fly to the quarters of the Monte, to the Cancelleria, to the Piazza Farnese. Drive in haste ! There’s no time to be lost !

* The various battalions of the Civic Guard were distinguished by the names of the fourteen wards of Rome ; but some were usually called by the name of the place in which they were quartered, as that of the Poli palace, of the Piazza Borghese, of the Piazza of Venice, etc., etc.

—to the gates of Rome!—to the gates, I tell you!—to the Castle! Ah! the infamous traitors! To the Ponti barracks! Rush to the assault!—seize them before the Cardinals can get possession of them to bombard Rome!”

“What! bombard us, the Roman people? The sovereign people bombarded? The incarnate imps!—death to the Cardinals!—death to the bombarders!”

In another part of the city Ciceruacchio, in his light cart, drove through the streets like a thunderbolt; everywhere he kindled the populace to fury; he rushed into the grog-shops, into the barracks of the Civic Guard, and into certain peculiar dens, where he kept a set of the worst of characters.

“Out with you, scoundrels, out! Yell and howl, ‘Death to the Cardinals!—Death to the Priests!’ ” He flew to the Campo Vaccino, among the excavators of the *beneficenza*, the retreat of the sacred phalanx, Satan’s skirmishers:

“Up, you, to the Corso; shoulder to shoulder! Up, ye gallows-birds! Go you to the hill of the Capitol; you, through the Piazza Montenara; and let these go down through Trajan’s Forum and the Sant’ Apostoli. A cask of wine shall be yours to-night; bread and cheese, and a *papitto* a head. Run! and the devil squeeze your hearts!”*

For a day and a half the most dreadful anarchy reigned in Rome. The most furious of the Civic Guard

* Such is a tithe of the foul language used by those ruffians. Others would have hesitated to soil their pages with such expressions, but how otherwise can a faithful picture be given to foreigners of the depth of misery to which Rome was reduced in those days?

rushed past the little fountain of Borghese, through the Orso, the Panico, and the Banchi; they met at the head of the Bridge of Sant' Angelo, and filed through the grating of the Castle.

"Who goes there?" cries the sentinel.

"The Roman Civic Guard. Quick! the officer of the picket."

"What do you want?" says the officer.

"We have orders from Pius IX. to join you in the defence of the castle."

"Produce your order."

"The order is verbal—our word of honor—Lieutenant, with the good—we are brothers"—

"Enter!"

They crowd in, drive out the sentinel, and two of them place themselves on guard. The rest cross the drawbridge, take possession of the outer wall, and pass into the keep. Others join them in small parties, and swell the numbers of the garrison. The whole Castle is theirs. It was an amusing spectacle to see those heroes with the flaming horsehair, strolling about the walls and terraces of Sant' Angelo. Elated and puffed up with vanity, they looked down menacingly upon Rome, as if they were its lords, and made it tremble at every nod of their terrible crests. Alaric with his Visigoths, Genseric with his Vandals, and Attila with his Huns and Alani, viewed it with less exulting eyes. On the right, looking towards the Vatican, and stretching out their victorious arm, they said, "Thou art conquered!" They turned to the left, and pointing their swords towards the Quirinal, they said, "Pius IX. is ours!" From the quarters nearest the gates, detached bands marched at a furious pace; they

planted sentinels at the officers' and at the dragoons' stations: it was the express command of Pius IX., of the Senator, of the Minister of War, that the gates of Rome should be closed; and the city in a few hours was shut up, and, as it were, imprisoned and sealed; none may enter, none may leave it; those outside may knock in vain, those within dare not approach.

"Away! Can't pass—back!"

"But my wife and children are at the 'Casino' outside."

"Back!"

"I have the most pressing business."

"Back!"

"But I am from Tivoli; and I from Monte Perzio; and I from Frascati; and I from Viterbo."

"Back!—And willing or unwilling, every one must retrace his steps; and return home, if a Roman, or go to a hotel, if a stranger."

It happened precisely on that day that the Archbishop of Tuam, with another bishop from Ireland, who had arrived in Rome a few days before, wished to pass through the Salara Gate on his way to the country-house of the Irish College; but on arriving at the gate a Civic soldier called to the coachman: "Turn back!"

"The Archbishop of Tuam," replied the driver; "open!"

"Back, I say!" and the simpleton rushed to the horses' heads, and barred the passage with his musket, forgetting that the gate was barred with innumerable bolts and locks.

"Well, what are you after with your gun there?" continued the coachman; "don't get excited, Master

Soldier ; don't you see that gate's barred ? Maybe you're thinking my horses may leap your towers and portcullis !"

Hereupon the Archbishop looked out, and said :
"What is the matter ? Open the gate."

"It is closed to all," replied the sentinel.

"How closed to all ? Where is the officer of the guard ?"

"Here."

"Why are citizens prevented from going about their own affairs ?"

"Such are our orders."

"And who gave such insane orders ?"

"When a soldier, Monsignore, receives a trust he makes no distinction of persons."

"Ah, base cowards ! with your swords and helmets. You act the bullies with the Cardinals and Bishops who have no other arms than the Cross ; but if you had to do with two or three Austrian hussars, we should see ! And is this the liberty which you boast of ! Free with barred gates ! And you the Roman Civic Guard, who have solemnly sworn to the Pope to protect order, property, and persons—you are the bitterest enemies of Rome !"

Then turning to the coachman : "Turn to the left," said he, "towards the Pincian Gate ; let it not be said that the Archbishop of Tuam, who has so strenuously defended the true and holy liberty of the Irish nation against the Parliament of England, turned his back before these counterfeit soldiers." And in reality, as if it were an amusement, the Archbishop turned down the Pincian Hill to tell his mind to the rodomonts of the Porta del Popolo.

Count Mamiani in the mean time was not idle. Conceiving that the occasion was propitious for a *Lay Ministry*, he did not stop half way; but such was the activity with which he stirred the passions of the conspirators that they inflamed the people to shout for a *Liberal Ministry*! ~~The Pope contended stoutly; he remained firm in his resolution of opposing the war; he dissented from every argument urged by those who were sent to move him to alter his determination, and among them were the representatives of Tuscany and Sardinia.~~ Many others, also, incited by Mamiani, set themselves in motion and incessantly stunned the ears of the Holy Father, who was exhausted with so much importunity. "His Holiness should not disregard the agitation of the people—the most earnest entreaties of fathers, the despairing lamentations of mothers, and the loud cries of brothers. The Allocution which he had addressed to his people was a holy emanation, worthy of the Vicar of Christ, the father of the faithful: but the Romans were also his children; and now they were beyond the Po, upon Austrian ground, with their enemies facing them—all that fell into the hands of the Austrians would be butchered or hanged as murderers, after so definite a declaration of their prince against the war: the Romans indeed could not any longer call themselves soldiers. This sole consideration should be enough to cause him to recall his sentence. Let him create a *Lay Ministry*, composed of men beloved by the people: he might as Pope be adverse to the war, but as a Prince he might permit his ministry to wage it. There were in Rome fortunately men of distinguished talents, of unimpeachable resolution: if there were no other but Count Mamiani, he was worth a hundred."

The Pope was immovable ; with a firm countenance he replied : " That in order that the Roman volunteers might not be treated by the Austrians as banditti, he would despatch legates to the camp of King Charles Albert, to engage him to receive them under his flag, and to proclaim them auxiliary soldiers to the Sardinian army, and under his order in every respect. By these means the volunteers would have nothing to fear from the Austrians. Let them wait his decisions."

" Holy Father, you are the angel of the Council ! You, you alone decide in your inspired wisdom the destinies of Rome and Italy ; you need not the advice of counsellors. You, you alone give your own decision." The Pope stood firm. These embassies came and returned ; the Circolo Popolare was waiting in the most violent uproar ; the Civic Guard fenced in that rock of Minerva. At length their envoys made their appearance. " The Pope is resolute ; he says he will grant a reply to-morrow."

" To the Polverura !" shouted a voice ; " to the Powder Magazine !" echoed a hundred others : and a strong body of Civics jumped into a number of carriages and hastened to the assault of the Powder Magazine at the gate of San Paolo. Of this comfortable kind of assault in carriages Rome gave some admirable examples to Europe during those commotions,—a new device, but unworthy of the world's conquerors. The ancient Romans on foot surmounted the Pyrenees, the snows and glaciers of the Alps, and crossed the burning sands of Lybia ; but the sons of those heroes flew to their triumphs in carriages, with their guns between their knees, cigars in their mouths, making descents upon the taverns and strewing them with—empty bottles.

Let us once more revert to the journals. The *Epoca*, after relating that "the people, impressed with its dignity and exalted position, had pronounced its decree,—*the independence of Italy at any sacrifice*,"—thus continued :

"About the hour of ten, there took place a numerous convention, of about fifteen hundred persons ; five citizens were elected to determine the projects afterwards to be resolved upon. The Casino [of the Circolo Popolare is meant] was externally surrounded by the Civic Guard, under arms, and by an immense concourse of people. The whole proceeding bore the impress of the imposing dignity of a people, with deliberate reflection, deciding its own destinies. [And the Pope, had he no longer a voice in such decisions ?] The members of the Assembly were ranged in a semicircle, and the President and deputies stood upon a platform in front of the people. [Homer's gods in Olympus.] On the right, was a picket of the Civic Guard, commanded by Angelo Brunetti [the Marshal Ciceruacchio], and in solemn calmness, the discussion opened."

In the mean time, in the caffè of the Belli Arti, a Catiline jumped upon a marble table, and shouted at the top of his voice :

"Romans, we are betrayed ! but to discover the treachery and the betrayers, there is no better means than to make ourselves masters of the secrets of the post-office. Away ! run to the Couriers' office ; seize the letters, despatches, packages ! we'll read all the wicked designs which are written among kings, ambassadors, nuncios, legates, consuls, and villains of all nations !"

"The Pope's too ?" cried a voice.

"Those of the Pope must be read first of all; those of the Cardinal Secretary of State, and then those of the other cardinals!"

In the midst of this Pandemonium, one honest voice was heard.

"Infamy! Abomination! Letters are sacred and inviolable: the rights of mankind are entrenched beneath every seal; he who breaks it is a traitor, a felon to security, and civil liberty!"

"What liberty? What security? Tyrants are deserving of neither! To the Post, brethren!"

"To the Post! to the Post!" shouted those madmen.

A crowd of villanous wretches rushed to the Post-office: "Deliver up the letters or die, all of you!"

The clerks were compelled to throw the letters into their hands, as the traveller his purse to the hands of highway robbers. The Civics filled the hoods of their cloaks, others their helmets, others carried them away in their arms.

"To the Capitol! Let them be opened upon the platform, and read to the people collected below. It is the people's right to learn the treachery of its tyrants!"

Hereupon, Ciceruacchio and the others, possessed madmen, wished to force the Senator to commit this felony.

Never, from the foundation of Rome to the present time, did the Capitol behold so criminal a breach of trust, nor a transaction so foul as this. Our descendants will refuse to credit it, like so many other enormities stated in this narration; for even our own contemporaries accuse us, from various parts of Italy, of dilating upon those topics through envy and revenge, of inventing charges that are

extravagant, and colored and shaded with scoffing and ridicule, and of describing grotesque and mad antics, like Don Pirlone, to excite laughter.

But the Romans do not make the same accusation. They, who were eye-witnesses of all these monstrosities, loudly attest to all Italy, that our narration does not depict a thousandth part of what took place in Rome in those days. Neither can we be accused of being actuated by rancor and revenge, inasmuch as we have introduced into this narration nothing but what the conspirators transacted in Italy, in the full light of day, before the eyes of Rome, and of all Europe. The journals of every state in the Peninsula admired, praised, gloried, and triumphed in their achievements, in strains of such bombastic and glowing eloquence, that it excites disgust, pity, and contempt.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE UNDECEIVING.

“OH, as for me,” said Bartolo to Signor Fernando, in the parlor of San Dionisio, where he had gone to see Alisa, who was still with her good and dear mothers, “as for me, I no longer know where I am. During these two days, Rome resembles a madman struggling in convulsions. After a terrible fit, he is calm for a moment; a mixture of joy and terror sparkles in his eyes; then he again grinds and gnashes his teeth, he clenches his fists and shakes his head with violence, his body and limbs

are twisted into the most deformed contortions, and he sends forth the yells of a demon. The night of the 29th of April, Rome seemed sinking into ruin, and the Corso resembled an abode of demons. The whole night it was a scene of horror, and not until three in the morning was tranquillity sufficiently restored to permit a few hours' sleep."

"If it had all evaporated in a fright and noise," said Signor Ferdinando, "we might console ourselves; but it is far otherwise, and I should not wonder if these combinations end in such enormities, that Rome will become a desert."

"God forbid! This can be but one of those sudden outbreaks which sometimes agitate Rome, and then subside: you know the disposition of the Romans. After a violent outburst, a gathering of mobs, a distracting roar of shouts, every one calms down again, and returns quietly to his ordinary occupation."

"You'll see, Bartolo, that it is as I say. This is no sham disturbance: there broods under this a diabolical spirit, which springs from the abodes of Young Italy. For ten Romans, I see among them a hundred strangers stirring and blowing up the flames. The Romans have this day exchanged their natural, honest characters, to break out into every brutal act. What they have done to the Cardinal Chancellor, is of itself enough, if they had done nothing else."

"Why, what has happened to that most excellent dignitary? I am well aware that the brethren of the societies have long had a crow to pluck with him; for so early as thirty-one, he scattered them like chaff before the wind."

"I see very well that you are unacquainted with what has happened during the last two hours. I must tell you then, that the Pope, hearing cries of death against some of the Cardinals, sent for them to his palace. One of the most venerable among them had scarcely crossed the Corso, when a mob of scoundrels, enraged by the satellites of Ciceruacchio, began to hiss him, to throw mud and cabbage-stalks, and were already snatching up stones, when the coachman turned his horses full gallop up the Via di Condotti.

" 'What is it?' cried the people, assembling in crowds.

" 'A spy.'

" 'No! an Austrian in disguise.'

" 'He was for setting the Caffè Nuovo on fire.'

" 'The Lord save us!'

" 'He killed somebody.'

" 'Ah, the savage! hit him, seize him, he's an Austrian!'

"I had just arrived at the foot of the hill of Capo alle Case, and I saw a carriage whirled along and pursued by a number of enraged fellows, shouting, 'stop! stop!' but the driver plied the whip to the horses, and they flew like the wind, while a long way behind was a stream of men, increasing and swelling fearfully. 'Who is he?' shouted the new-comers. 'An Austrian; catch him! down with him!' The people in the houses rushed to the windows and doors; the women in the street lifted their little children above the crowd and ran with the rest, or rather were borne along by that raging tide: 'Strike him down!' 'Death! he's an emissary.' With difficulty the poor Cardinal succeeded in making his escape to the palace of the Pope."

“What is this you tell me, Signor Ferdinando? What infamy! Such excesses in Rome.”

“That’s nothing in comparison with what took place in the Palace of the Chancery. The Pope sent Monsignore Maggiordomo, and a Secret Chamberlain in his own state carriage to fetch the Cardinal, who was guarded as a prisoner by the Civic Guards. At the appearance of the carriage they flocked out of their quarters, drew up in front of the gate with fixed bayonets, and shouted ‘Stand! you can’t pass.’

“Monsignore Maggiordomo said that he had orders from the Pope to take the Cardinal to the palace. An insolent young sub-lieutenant immediately thrust himself forward, and asked: ‘Have you a written order from the Pope?’ Monsignore nobly replied, ‘that when the Sovereign Pontiff sends his Maggiordomo, in person, to execute his commands, it is not usual to give his orders in writing.’

“‘No!’ cried the shameless youth; ‘you shall not pass without an order.’

“When the Pope heard of this violence, he called the General of the Civic Guard, and ordered him to bring the Cardinal to him. The Prince, entering his carriage, went with a Prelate to the Court of Chancery, and calling the Captain of the Guard, gave him the order of His Holiness. But before the Captain had time to answer, the same lieutenant who had addressed the Cardinal, interrupted him.

“‘What Pope?’ cried he, in a ruffianly tone. ‘The Cardinal is a traitor; he is our prisoner.’

“‘But you, officer and soldiers, pray be reasonable; this is an order from the Sovereign, a positive command:

He requires the Cardinal in his presence. Be Romans ; make no further opposition.'

" 'No ! he shall not go out.' The General eyed him sternly, and said, 'I shall see who will dare fire at my breast when I take with me his Eminence.' The lawless villain replied, 'We will fire upon you both ;' and casting a glance at the others, those reprobates ran to their muskets, threw themselves upon the stairs and the landings, and planted themselves with fixed bayonets at the doors ; the Cardinal, therefore, remained in his apartment, and the General, boiling with rage, withdrew amid the yells and hisses of that rabble."

At this relation, Bartolo chafed and writhed in his chair ; he seized the partition grate of the nun's parlor, and shook it in the violence of his anger ; Alisa, who had in the mean time entered, turned her astonished eyes from her father to the superioress who had accompanied her.

"Well, what do you say to that, my friend ? You, who so loudly proclaimed the Civic Guard as the deliverer of Rome, and almost of the Holy Church ! And now while we are speaking, siege is laid by this same most religious Civic Guard to the palaces of the Cardinals, and they are held there prisoners. As I came here I saw, with my own eyes, double guards at all the gates and doors, and you will see them yourself as you return home."

"To Albano ! to Albano ! Alisa, get ready, for I will remove from the sight of such a scandalous spectacle. What will the world say ? Because the Pope refuses to yield to the factious, they vent their rage upon the cardinals, outraging in them the Pontificate ; they make a

mockery of his august commands ! Ye senseless fools ! do you suppose that you will move a Pope from his resolve with such scarecrows ? Firmness is a virtue peculiar to the Pope, and you can stir him no more than you could the rocks of the sea."

"Well said, Bartolo ! You speak like a man of judgment."

"I assure you, my dear Ferdinando, the scales are daily falling from my eyes. Alisa, have all your things in readiness ; I will come for you to-morrow morning : and when you have seen your aunt, we will seek a little peace in the villa at Albano."

In the mean time the demagogues persevered in their perfidious assaults against the determination of the Pope, to force him to recall the Allocution, or at least to declare that the new ministry had continued the war by its own authority and upon its own responsibility. The Vatican rock is immovable. Pius IX. has passed a Pontifical decree ; his word cannot vary, or yield a hair's breadth. He has said Peace, and peace shall be. His Holiness did in effect send a proposition to the King of Sardinia to receive the Roman volunteers into his service ; and a new Legate was to be sent to the King and to the Imperial camp, suggesting conditions of peace. He proclaimed the Roman militia to be under his command ; and on the other hand, no soldier or volunteer was taken prisoner by the Austrians that had not extended to him the same security as if he was lawfully engaged in war.

Notwithstanding this, in order to increase the rage of the maddened partisans, the false report was spread, that the painter Caffi, who had accompanied the legions,

in the uniform of the Roman National Guard, was taken by the Croats and hanged upon a tree, with this inscription, in large characters, upon his breast: "Thus are served the Roman Civic Guards." Yet the worthy Caffi was at that moment quietly smoking his cigar in the camp, and writing to his friends in Rome that he was never in better health and spirits. Moreover, the prisoners of war, taken by the Croatians, in the encounters on the Isonzo, the Livenza, and the Taliamento, everywhere proclaimed the kindness and courtesy generously shown them by the Austrians.

To the Allocution were also ascribed a variety of occurrences unfavorable to the conspirators, or disgraceful to the Roman name. For a pretended conspiracy at Ancona, invented by the *Pallade*, men of honor were impeached and imprisoned as traitors, whose only crime was a sincere and loyal devotedness to their sovereign; the sole fact of their being denounced by the *Pallade*, was a sufficient guarantee of the truth of this, for that paper held in detestation none but men of the most exalted virtue.

The object of this and other inventions, was to propagate a belief that the Pope, in adhering to the terms of his Allocution, was acting in opposition to the dictates of his own conscience, and at the instigation of a conspiracy of the partisans of Austria. The dissensions among the Roman legions, on the march and in the camp, the mutual recriminations of the soldiers against their officers, whose equals they considered themselves, and of the officers against the soldiers, whom they reproached as turbulent and insolent, and devoid of all military discipline, of regard for the honor of

Italians, and of that love of duty, and that confidence in their leaders, without which no army can be brave and effective in action; all was laid by the *Pallade* to the charge of the Allocution. Was it unnatural that an army so constituted, should fly in the most disgraceful manner before the army of Nugent, so distinguished by its rigorous discipline? Yet the defeat and flight of the Roman legions, according to the *Pallade*, were owing, solely, to the Allocution.

But if the demagogues were cowardly in the open field, there was another field in which they displayed a valor above that of any other people in the world; namely, that of *assassination*. If they fled before the Croats of Nugent, they abounded in that bravery which secretly lies in wait for its victims, as the *Pallade* unblushingly relates:—

“No. 236. On Tuesday (May 3d, 1848), about one o’clock, during the night, near the palace of the Rospigliosi of Zagarolo, the surgeon Angelo Zauli, of Faenza, was killed with a stiletto.” Every honest mind would suppose that the *Pallade* would comment upon this with expressions of horror, or at least, with compassion. No, to assassination he adds contemptuous raillery: “Poor surgeon! It appears that he had not given satisfaction to everybody. The deuse! What an idea, to leave Faenza to go and die at Zagarolo! There are certain cases, certain combinations, which cannot be explained. Let them pass. We only observe in general terms, that there is *no corner in the world* capable of hiding him, who for just motives is *justly proscribed*.”

Every one will turn from these lines and cast round him a look of shuddering amazement, to discover if he

be really in Rome, in Italy, among civilized men, among Christians, and not among cannibals and anthropophagi. And if any individual, at the imminent risk of his life, for the sake of Christ, raises a voice to warn youth against throwing themselves into the abyss of the secret societies, and of the conspiracies, he is assailed by a file of newspapers, and a thousand voices, as a calumniator. The document is a solemn one. God has permitted that it should be brought to full light, for the most exalted ends of his Providence and his mercy. Youth of Italy, the hope of your religion, and your country, learn to profit by it! The unfortunate Zauli, and innumerable other victims of assassination, stand as ghastly and awful shades upon the threshold of those portals, within which brood sacrilege, and every deed of darkness, of rebellion, and of death.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE VILLA OF ALBANO.

ON the fourth of May, at about eight in the morning, the hour when the gates of Rome were permitted, by the strict watchfulness of the Civic Guard, to be opened, Bartolo went out with Alisa, on his way to the hills of Albano. That lovely young lady grieved at this new separation from her excellent teachers, and her affectionate companions, who had enriched her mind during those days of her retirement with that celestial wisdom

and sweetness which are unknown to those who yield themselves up to the seductions of the world, and who are strangers to that golden innocence of youth, which imparts to the heart the purest joys of that happy period of life. Let the young lady, who may read these lines, recognise this truth; let her understand the meaning of my words: she will thank me and love this beautiful Alisa, who is the representative of the sweet virtues of your own innocent heart.

In that beautiful asylum of peace, where she had been educated, from her childhood, in the holy and benign principles of piety and faith, Alisa had fortified her mind, which had been softened and dissipated by the poisonous atmosphere of worldly society and conversation; and on arriving at the delightful retreat of her father, it appeared more beautiful than ever. The flowers seemed more fresh and odoriferous; the green of the trees and grass more brilliant; the sky more bright and crystalline; the birds sang with more sprightliness; the fountains were more limpid and silvery;—for purity of heart, creates in nature a mirror, in which it sees its own reflection. This was the first time that she had been at home without the company of Polissena, whose death she had wept with tears of sincerity, and whose memory had become dear and grateful by her return to God. A good heart readily forgets the wrongs it has received from others, and Alisa had truly forgotten the evil insinuations of her false friend; and, whenever there arose in her heart sentiments of indignation and disgust at the scorn with which Polissena had frequently treated her piety and devotion, especially towards the Most Holy Virgin Mother of God, Alisa felt the

greatest sorrow, and humbled herself, saying: "God has pardoned the poor sinner, and shall I refuse her forgiveness? The Madonna now embraces her as a beloved child, shall I still keep in remembrance her failings? Ah, my beloved Mother, grant rest and peace to her soul in your bosom."

Thoughts of Aser would also intrude; she could not banish from her mind the dangers which her fancy pictured as surrounding him. She would then take her harp, and, as if in expiation of her transgressions, she intoned in the sweetest measure, "*Virgo singularis! Vitam præsta puram, iter para tutum,*" with a warbling of exquisite melody, which died gently on the enchanted air.

Bartolo was fond of riding out in the mornings, on horseback, accompanied by his daughter, whom he looked upon with delight, as she rode gracefully by his side. He frequently conducted her along the beautiful and flowery banks of the Alban lake, or into the ancient wood of Ferentum, and through Marino to the foot of the declivities of the mountain of Jupiter of Latona, thence to the Madonna del Tufo, and to the Abbey of Grotta Ferrata, to admire the magnificent frescoes of Domenichino.

"But if you wish to see," said Bartolo, one day, "some other wonders of the art of painting, we will pass up here, above the Abbey, through the thick forest of green-oaks, and I'll take you to the Villa di Montalto."

"Oh yes, father," said Alisa, "it would afford me much pleasure, for Erminia often told me that the woods are most beautiful, and afford a dense shade. Beneath a magnificent green-oak stands a little oratory of the

Madonna, protected by the immense branches of the tree; and the students of the Propaganda, who pass their vacations there, illuminate all the grove, on the eighth of September, with lamps contained in many-colored globes, suspended among the branches of the trees, so as to produce emblems and devices, which have a most enchanting effect. They also sing the praises of Mary in every language of the world. My friend told me, that she went last year with her brothers—their house is just above the grove,—and heard them sing in Chinese, in Indian, Persian, Curdic, Arabic, Coptic, Ethiopian, Greek, Armenian, Slavonic, and in all the other tongues, both of the Eastern and Western hemispheres. Is it not something really admirable, father! How grateful it must be to the Madonna, who, you know, understands them all, to hear her own praises chanted in so many tongues, and praises of her Divine Son, Jesus, who redeemed, with his blood, all the nations of the world. She related to me, that among those fathers who educate the young students, there was one, who, with an Indian from Ceylon,* accompanied their chants with the sweet sound of his flute, and that another young man played the piano, all which must have added, in the midst of the silence and obscurity of the grove, a ravishing sweetness and gracefulness to the harmony."

While they were thus conversing, they passed through the dense forest, had seen and bowed to the beautiful Madonna in the oratory, contemplated the ancient holm-oak, and entered the gateway which opens upon the

* Signor Farnando, now a priest in India. The performer on the piano, was Signor Rohl, now teaching Oriental languages in England.

ample esplanade of the Villa. An old man came to meet them, and received them with a courteous but saddened countenance, and when they made known their wish to see the painted halls of the palace, he held their horses and assisted them to dismount. Alisa stood a moment, while they were opening the windows, to admire two spreading holm-trees, that join their branches over two seats, upon which the students sit beneath the shade; she walked round the fountain, that throws high in the air a thick jet of limpid water, which falls again in spray into a reservoir which is surrounded by an iron railing. In front is a garden, containing the most beautiful flowers and rich espaliers of lemon and orange trees, and terminating in a rising ground, covered with brilliantly green and short grass, the whole forming, in front of the palace, a delightful prospect.

After admiring those beauties they entered the great hall, painted by Zuccheri, who, to give an appearance of great elevation and spaciousness to the arched ceiling, which is somewhat low, decorated the walls with delicate columns supporting a bower of vines, in which are seen a variety of birds, up among the foliage, so delicately touched, in the coloring, that they seem to have life, and to hop from twig to twig, among the leaves. On the left hand is the "Hall of the Sun," a splendid work of art of Doménichino, who gave to the groundwork of the vault, a most vivid orange. At one end the heads and breasts of two horses are seen, thrown forward, panting from the rapidity of their course, with eyes of the most fiery vivacity, their nostrils distended, and their fore-legs arched, in the act of bounding through the liquid air, as they seem to draw from the ocean the

chariot of the sun. A curved shell forms the half visible chariot, and above it, bending slightly forward, is seen a youthful figure, of divine beauty and brightness, urging on the horses, representing the rising sun, and shedding from his eyes, and from his radiant and serene countenance, a flood of dazzling and flaming rays. It is impossible to imagine the beauty and the delight experienced at the sight of this divine representation. In the middle of the vault, the sun, with admirable foreshortening, stands upright in his golden chariot, the flaming horses speed through the high heavens, with rapid flight, upon banks of clouds that seem on fire, above and on the sides, but ash-colored and dark beneath; while at the other side of the vaulted ceiling, the steeds are seen to descend into the ocean, leaving visible, nothing but the back of the chariot, and a portion of the shoulders of *Phæbus*, who throws back his hand, in the act of applying the whip to his horses, and seems to melt from before the eyes.

This magnificent villa was erected by the Cardinal di Montalto, nephew of Pope Sixtus V., and in consequence of this it is named Montalto. Within the recesses he caused two inestimable frescoes to be painted, in which he desired Pope Sixtus to be represented as in his early youth. In one, Domenichino painted him as a boy returning with his father from the fields, and leading two oxen, which are still yoked to the plough. The young boy is so lively, and so gracefully caresses a little dog, which runs bounding before him, that the spectator cannot resist the idea that he is really animated. In the other he appears as a youth of fifteen years, resting at noon after his harvest labors, and fallen asleep with

fatigue beneath the shade of a fine spreading tree. It is the dinner-hour, his mother is preparing the plates, his father is cutting the bread upon a stone, and his sister (afterwards the mother of the Cardinal), in a frock of azure, is bending down and reaching water from a silvery rill with one hand, while with the other she timidly shakes her brother, who awakes and rises to partake of the meal. That sleep is so sweet, the timidity of the young girl so touching, and the face and attitude of the father so ingenuous and thoughtful, that the beholder is unable to turn away his enchanted eyes.

The other end of the room opens into the chamber of Night, painted by Annibal Caracci, who upon a field of ultramarine depicted a starry sky, with the youthful *Hesper* in the centre, admirably drawn, in the act of lighting two torches, one from the bosom of a *Cynthia*, who serenely guides a chariot drawn by a pair of yoked oxen, and the other from the fingers of the ascending *Aurora*. On the opposite side, in the deepest shade of night, a *Mercury* is in the act of descending, with his head downwards, and foreshortened with unequalled boldness. He has a winged cap upon his head, and winged sandals on his feet, wielding in one hand the caduceus, and in the other a purse, the one an emblem of his patronage of thieves, the other the sign of his office of guide to the dead into the gloomy realms of *Pluto*. Round this painting runs a frieze in which are represented symbols of night; and above appears *Night* herself, bearing in her arms *Sleep* and *Death*.

The other apartments of the Villa are painted by Zuccheri in fanciful arabesques and graceful designs, of rare and admirable execution. From the balconies of

these apartments are enjoyed magnificent views of Tusculum, also that of the Villa Aldobrandini, the Villa Conti, and other palaces, gardens, parks, fountains, and valleys, which lead the eye in one direction as far as Rome; in another to the Sabine mountains; in a third over the Plains of Latium as far as the sea, which may be seen glittering on the far distant shores of the south.

Alisa was so delighted with so much beauty, that she reluctantly tore herself away, when her father finding it later than he had supposed wished to return to Albano. As they passed out through the court of the fountain, Bartolo said to the old guardian—

“You bear traces of sorrow on your countenance; has any misfortune befallen you?”

“My dear sir,” replied the old man, “I am unused to this secular dress, for a few days ago my superior was compelled in consequence of the threats of the conspirators, to leave the college and abandon his beloved students; that little room near the chapel was his, and when we passed through it, I was unable to conceal my grief. The will of God our Lord be for ever blessed!” Bartolo pressed his hand in silence, Alisa cast upon him a look of compassion, and, remounting their horses, they silently returned to Albano.

Notwithstanding the salubrious air of those hills, Bartolo remarked that his daughter frequently suffered from nervous headache, and that she was delicate and dejected, he therefore resolved to take a pleasure trip to Naples, to pass the end of May at Portici, June at Castellamare, and all July upon the beautiful and cool shores of Sorrentum, where, in the little bay below the hotel of the Syren, she might have the advantage of its baths, so

strengthening to the nerves, and so efficacious in restoring bodily vigor. He lost no time in preparations, and within three days they were rapidly approaching Terracina, to the great delight of Alisa.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FIFTEENTH OF MAY AT NAPLES.

"OH, papa, why will you expose yourself to so great a danger? Why will you cause us so much terror, and this insupportable agony? For charity's sake, dear—dear papa, don't go to the barricades!—don't join with those criminal—"

"Luisella, ah! criminal? Criminal?—the defenders of their country, the supporters of the laws, the combatants for liberty—criminal? Get out of my sight, simpleton! It's that bigot of a mother of yours that teaches you to disgrace our heroes with such epithets."

"Forgive me, dear papa; but don't go out, I beg of you, I conjure you! You have a wife, and sons, and an aged father. Ah, poor grandfather!"

"No; I have no family, no children, no father; I have a country to defend, its glory to sustain, its liberty to secure. Reach me the powder-flask; where have you put it?"

"Papa!"—

"The powder! the powder, I say! There; they are

beating: it calls every citizen that has the heart of an Italian."

Hereupon, Luisella, a girl of sixteen, beautiful, graceful, modest, full of spirit and the most ardent affection for her father, threw herself upon his neck, kissed and caressed him, while her tears flowed upon his face. The aged Don Gennaro, near upon his eightieth year, kept immovable in his chair by the gout, tearfully beheld from the next room, this contrast of phrensy and affection. Donna Cecilia was in her own apartment, with her other children, and was not aware of the mad and wicked intentions of her husband. But Luisella, who had on the previous evening seen her father take an English rifle by stealth into his study, and knew how strong a partisan he was, of the new projects in Naples, never took her eyes off him; and seeing him prepare to leave the house, she opposed it with a persistency inspired by her filial love, and her fears and anguish for the fate which might befall her parent.

Don Carlo, a gentleman of about forty years of age, of an impetuous and violent temperament, but of a kind disposition, and affectionate towards his children, seeing Luisella thus hanging upon his neck, and feeling her heart beat, with the violence of her anxiety, against his own, was moved, and on the point of abandoning his resolution. Luisella, reading in his eyes the emotions which were passing in his heart, gave a final assault, saying:

"Dear father, I will not leave you: if you will go and combat, I will stand in front of you; I will be your shield; the balls shall first pass through your Luisella. Papa! dearest Papa!"—

Don Carlo pressed his daughter to his bosom, and was on the point of saying, "I will not go," when the bell rang violently, twice in succession. A servant ran to the door, and on opening it, there entered a young man of the name of Santilli, who impatiently hurried up to Don Carlo, and, without a word of salutation, or noticing Luisella, who had taken her arms from her father's neck, proudly summoned him to take his arms and accompany him from the house.

This Santilli was of a prepossessing exterior, showy in his dress, wore a beard and mustaches, and reminded one of the Grecian head and features of Alcibiades, or Epaminondas. He was the Hippias of Naples, and spent whole days and nights holding forth in the most frequented piazzas, to excite the peaceable laboring people to an exalted sense of the resurrection of Italy, and of the generous efforts made for its revival. Such was his vain conceit of his eloquence, that he seemed always to have a heavy charge of it in reserve, ready to explode on the shortest notice, like the cuttle-fish, which bespatters with its inky fluid, every point of rock, and every inequality which it touches in its lurking-place. At the tables of the great hotels, and at the counters of taverns; at Toledo, among the opulent stores, and at the Porta Capuana, among the dealers in vegetables; upon the square of the Castello and that of Santa Lucia, among the fishmongers, and the oyster criers; Santilli here, Santilli there, Santilli everywhere.

When Christina Trivulza, princess of Belgioioso, assembled those hundred and twenty knights-errant, who were to sail on board the *Virgilio*, to conquer Lombardy from the Austrians, Santilli leaped upon the binnacle and

harangued those heroes, like Jason did the Argonauts, or like Themistocles harangued the Greeks before the battle of Salamis.

When the Pezzilli, the Barberisi, and the Bellini wished to form a deputation to the palace, as representatives of the nation, to petition the king to send succor, by sea and land, to Venice, Santilli preached, and deafened people with such energy, that at last he drew together a band of young spendthrifts, who denominated themselves "the people, the kingdom, the nation."

We may well imagine that Santilli, in the presence of Don Carlo, whom he saw vacillating between the endearments of Luisella, and the love of his country's liberty, drew from the stores of his eloquence his most weighty arguments, and the most convincing exhortations. Don Carlo watched him attentively; Luisella wept, and besought her father with every gesture of affection; she stretched out her arms to him, clasped her hands, and pointed to her aged grandfather, who sat there, sad and despairing. But Santilli, taking Don Carlo's arm, led him to the window, and pointed to the active preparations of the conspirators; he described the barricades, which were already raised by the exertions, principally, of the Calabrians and Cilentani. Coaches, carts, and wagons were seized and piled together with furniture of every description. The night, he said, had been passed by the National Guard in the preparation of those defences, while Don Carlo had slept, unmindful of the glorious enterprise. The leaders of the cause were astonished at his supineness. Let him imitate Romeo, Cecilia, and Fiorentino, who appeared at every point, showing the example, both by word and deed. Many of the houses

of Toledo were supplied with arms; the balconies, roofs, and windows, swarmed with patriots. Let the satellites of tyranny come, they would find it an arduous task to subdue free hearts, that combat for the love of liberty.

Don Carlo was stunned by the torrent of fiery words which he poured forth, and looked down the streets, which swarmed with mobs of factions, of criminals and of rebels of every degree: he saw faces distorted with passion and rage, urged on to rebellion by the demon of impiety, and the fury of desperation. That dreadful sight filled him with horror: but among those fiendish countenances he saw his friends, who looked up to his windows as they passed, and called on him by signs to join them in the struggle. Santilli, at the end of his noisy speech, obtaining no answer, continued: "What are you thinking of? Why do you hesitate? Why do you doubt? Come along, trifier! let's away; take your rifle. Here, with your powder and balls, let's go."

Luisella, terrified at this outcry, rushed to the door, and clung to the bolt, and cried: "Ah, you robber of fathers, you destroyer of children! here you shall never pass." Santilli, assuming a composed air, and with a fiendish smile: "Beautiful young lady," said he, "our country calls us; hinder not its heroes from saving it. You yourself should take up arms in its defence; do you not know how many gentle and modest ladies are now at their posts, at their windows, upon the roofs and balconies, with arms in their hands?"

"No!" replied Luisella; "neither gentle nor honest ladies fight in the cause of traitors to the King, of the assassins of their country, and the enemies of God. Leave me my father; go you and fight in the ranks of

the other wretches, with your dancing and singing girls, and your abandoned women, for none other are or can be found capable of aiding in such a cause."

Shots were already heard in the Piazza Reale. Rage and fury filled the heart of the ferocious demagogue. He rushed upon Luisella, tore her hands from the door, and seizing her by the hair, dashed her to the ground, and threw open the door; he then laid hold of Don Carlo, pushed him to the head of the stairs, and drew him after him down the steps.

~~That fifteenth day of May rose deadly and frightful~~ over Naples, which was joyfully awaiting the opening of the Legislative Chambers of the Kingdom. But that terrible day had been foreseen by men of wisdom, dreaded by the good, longed for by the soldiers, who had been loaded with insults, resolved upon by the wicked, and predestined by God for the safety of the sovereign, of constitutional government, and of Italy.

The societies had some time past organized a singular species of telegraph, entitled among the conspirators the *White Express*. It consisted in the disseminating of sheets of white paper folded like letters, with superscriptions and directions, and bearing the stamp of the post-office, where they were posted, and of that where they were delivered. In these sheets the conspirators were in the practice of writing every species of invention to inflame the minds of the people, deceived and seduced by their perfidious trickery. No one need be told of the success which by these snares and falsehoods the conspirators obtained, to the injury of Naples and the whole kingdom. They narrated innumerable victories gained by the Lombards over the Austrians; depicted atrocious

cases of havoc, of butcheries, of plundering, of destruction, and levelling of cities, of burning of granaries, and of devastations of the country, committed by the Austrians, who threatened to consume the whole of Italy. Let the Neapolitans hasten to succor the oppressed; let them come without delay, with numerous legions, with well-appointed parks of artillery and powerful naval forces. Let the land forces march through the Romagnas, the fleet sail direct to Venice, or coast along the Adriatic, and support the legions on their march.

Such evil arts were used in the city with the intention of producing a spirit of discontent, to drive the king to remove the bulk of his troops from the capital; and thus leave the people weak and unprotected and unable to defend itself against the power of the conspiracy. The desired ends were obtained. A naval squadron set sail for Venice, and two land divisions commenced their march towards Lombardy, the first, under the command of General Giovanni Statella, consisting of eight battalions, a field battery, and a company of sappers: the second of about the same numerical force, led by Brigadier Nicoletti; one regiment of lancers and two of dragoons closed the march, under the orders of Marcantonio Colonna. Gulielmo Pepe was appointed General-in-chief of these thirteen thousand troops. The army was preceded by the Prince of Luperano, the Duke of Albano, Pallavicino di Prato, and the Prince of Colobrano, with others, sent as commissioners to the war in Upper Italy. The Pope's Allocution of the 29th of April, disclaiming all concurrence in the war against Austria, closed the passage to the Neapolitan legions; this, however, was afterwards reopened by the preponderance of

the ministry of Mamiani, which scornfully set at defiance the Allocution, and the protestations by which Pius IX. opposed it.

The tumults which occurred in Rome on the first of May, on occasion of the pontifical Allocution, and the wringing from the hands of the Pope the last thread by which he governed the Roman States, added immeasurably to the audacity of the conspirators of Naples, who confidently trusted to overthrow the constitution which on the 29th of January they had sworn to maintain, and with it to dethrone the king and destroy the present form of government.

Fifty peers of the realm were to be nominated on the 15th of May, and in conjunction with the Chamber of Deputies to form the Parliament: this, however, was a mere device to blind the ignorant to the machinations of the societies; for on the 13th, a numerous band of rebels rose in arms in Santa Maria di Capua, and in Aversa, threatening to march upon the city with all the fresh accessions to their numbers that they expected from the population of the neighboring country. But the peasantry, sound in their loyalty to the king, spurned their iniquitous solicitations; consternation spread among the traitors and disconcerted their plans.

In Naples, where the accession of auxiliaries was implicitly relied upon, the measures of the conspirators proceeded with amazing audacity; so that in the afternoon ninety-nine deputies, convened of their own accord, spread the report that the object of their deliberations was the form of the oath. This assembly at once constituted a tribunal to which flocked a dense crowd of conspirators, who, unable to find room in the interior of

the Montaliveto Palace, covered the steps, and the space round the fountain and under the Ricciardo Palace. The proposed form of the oath was vague, uncertain, and ambiguous; the king was to take an oath of which he knew not the extent; hence the answer of that loyal and sincere prince: "I swore to the Constitution of the 29th of January, before the whole kingdom: in May, my oath shall change neither upon my lips nor in my heart."

This noble declaration, which ought to have proved to the rebels the fruitlessness of their endeavors, was represented as a crime—the king was perjured, the kingdom betrayed. The miscreants of the Montaliveto, throwing off the mask, filled the hall with shouts of rage: "Let the king," cried they, "take the oath which we prescribe, or cease to be king. The cities and plains are in arms to support us—already the Cilentani are at the gate, led by Carducci; the Calabrians, the Basilicans, and the mountaineers of Abruzzo will arrive in a few hours. Let them who are not with us tremble!" Not satisfied with terrifying into compliance the rest of the members, they endeavored by dreadful menaces to strike terror into the peers of the realm assembled at the palace of the president, the Prince of Cariati.

In the mean time, Andrea and Stephano Romeo declared that assembly to be *permanent*; they created a president and secretaries, and decreed the "National Constituency." A considerable number of deputies, suspecting perfidy, had absented themselves; a full third of those present made their way out through the crowd, the infuriated demagogues alone formed the tribunal to the number of about sixty, extolling the people and imprecating the king.

The king, on being informed of their insolence, resolutely protested to the Prince of San Giacomo, that on the following day he would take the same oath that he had sworn in January, without changing one iota of its substance.

He had of his own accord bestowed the Constitution upon the kingdom; the liberals had accepted and sworn obedience to it with demonstrations of joy; they now repudiated it before the country, before Italy, and the world. Yet the time is not distant when the liberals of Italy and of Europe, facing about, will calumniate that monarch as disloyal; and to the perjured and perfidious demagogues will be awarded the praise of spotless good faith.* But as for iniquity, so a day will come for truth and justice (a day which infallibly comes to all); and when the fury and prejudices of party have died away, the world will admire good faith where intact and undoubted, and abhor felony under whatever mask of falsehood and fraud it may conceal itself.

When the Prince of San Giacomo related the resolute words of the king, there arose in the Chamber a confusion, a storm of cries so tempestuous, that it resembled rather a den of raging lions and tigers. A stentorian voice arose above the rest: "The king wishes to destroy the Constitution! there is no resource but the barricades—death to the traitor!"

~~"To the barricades! to the barricades!"~~ thundered from the benches of the deputies. "To the barricades!" was echoed from the floor. No sooner said than done.

* We have already read it a hundred times in the *Statuto* of Florence, and we read it yet, *usque ad nauseam*, in the *Risorgimento* of Turin, and in other moderate journals.

The leaders of Young Italy rushed from the Chamber, ran through the principal streets exclaiming that the country was betrayed; inviting, vamping—almost using force—with parties of workmen of every kind. “Sound the tocsin!” shouted the National Guard, which was waiting below for the outbreak of the conspirators. Gabriele Pepe, general of the National Guard, endeavored to appease that torrent of mutineers; but he was thrown to the ground, and with difficulty escaped assassination. In every street drums and trumpets sounded to arms: “To arms, brethren!” everywhere shouted the rebels; “we are betrayed! Come forth; hasten to save your country!”

In Toledo, the conspirators were seizing upon everything movable to barricade the streets. The garrison and reserve troops, at about an hour after midnight, received orders to leave their barracks and stand on guard at the Royal Palace, and keep possession of the principal piazzas of the city. The king called his commissaries, and sent them to cause the barricades and obstructions to be removed. They went, used every exertion, advised, begged, and prayed; at length the king was informed, “that if the garrison retired the barricades would be removed.” The king with great goodness and clemency, to avoid every motive for bloodshed, ~~condescended to this proposal, to the astonishment~~ of every one. The troops retired; but the faithless rebels, instead of adhering to this agreement, were only stimulated to increased audacity.

Pier Agnolo Fiorentino (who, after inflaming with all his energy the insurgents of Rome, during the first days of May, had hastened to Naples, to embolden the con-

spirators there), and Battista La Cecilia, another desperate character, lately returned, were, with the Calabrian Mileto, like an impetuous wind blowing up the flames. Hearing of the numerous messengers that were parleying with the men at the barricades, to persuade them to desist from their criminal intentions of civil war and bloodshed, they answered: "Tell the king that it is already too late. Let him abdicate the crown, give up to us the fortifications, and dismiss the garrison to a distance of forty miles: the people are king; let it alone reign and give laws."

At the news of such madness and frenzy, the king, who was strongly adverse to bloodshed, after a long struggle with the Chevalier Angelo d'Epiro, with Noya, and Letizia, who urged him to destroy the barricades by force, at length granted permission to a band of soldiers, without arms, to present themselves at the first barricade of the Nardones quarter, as simple citizens, to aid in removing it in a peaceable manner. Fifty grenadiers, of the Royal Guard, left the palace, accompanied by the artillery, Colonel d'Epiro, and Colonel Letizia, and the Syndic of Naples. The National Guard, on the approach of the soldiers, although they saw that they were unarmed, levelled their muskets from the top of the barricade, and shouted:

"Away, ye vile rabble, or we'll riddle you with balls!"

The soldiers withdrew, and returned to their posts at the king's palace, inflaming their comrades to avenge the insult which they had received.

The enraged grenadiers pointed their pieces, and seized their matches, resolved to overthrow those excrescences

of rebellion ; but General Scala, throwing himself before them, by commands and entreaties, restrained them. Cries passed from quarter to quarter, from company to company.

The troops were boiling with fury, and at length, about six in the morning, they were permitted to leave their stations. The Swiss regiments, with two squadrons of lancers, and two companies of the pontoon train, took possession of the square of the Castle, under the protection of the batteries of the Forte Nuovo : another Swiss regiment, with a squadron of lancers, and half a battery of cannon, drew out upon the esplanade of Mercatello ; the fourth Swiss regiment, with a section of artillery, posted themselves so as to command the heights towards the street, down to the foot of the steps of Santa Teresa degli Scalzi. Another section of artillery, with a squadron of lancers, protected the passage of the Vicaria, while the second regiment of hussars, of the Guard, was posted at the Mercato, under the guns of the Forte del Carmine : but in the mean time the first regiment of grenadiers took its station as a reserve, in the Granili ; also, a battalion of the second, and two battalions of chasseurs, a battalion of marines, a battery of horse artillery, the first regiment of hussars, and a battalion of sappers, encircled the royal palace, partly in close file, and partly as a vanguard in reserve, at the quarter of Santa Lucia, and at every outlet of the royal palace, to guard against surprise, and to defend its approaches.

During these movements, under the very eyes of the militia, as they stood in line at their posts, the conspirators continued to raise new barricades, to strengthen others, and to enlarge and complete those which were

unfinished. Pietro Mileto, in view of the royal palace, and in the presence of the soldiers, with unparalleled audacity, continued to block up Toledo, to fortify the palisades of San Ferdinando, while the troops could scarcely restrain their rage, on seeing themselves made objects of scorn before the whole of Naples, whose inhabitants had flocked to witness so extraordinary a spectacle. At this moment were seen disembarking from a steamship three hundred Sicilians, who, like hounds in full cry, sped through the streets and public places, raising cries of revolt, to excite the inhabitants to rebellion, and offering insults without end to the king's soldiers, to provoke them to battle.*

The anxious hours from six to ten were spent in fruitless negotiations and projects of peace, when at that hour one of the deputies, Vincenzo Lanza, spread the report down through Montaliveto, "that the king had yielded; that he retracted his former oath to the old ~~Constitution, of January, and affected to take another;~~ that ~~the Parliament should be opened, the barricades be removed, and the garrison return to its quarters."~~

Hereupon, a captain gave the word of command to the infantry and cavalry to leave their posts, and return to their quarters; but General Selvaggi, commandant of the Royal Guard, divining the treachery, and observing no signs of removing the barricades, galloped at full speed into the midst of the retiring squadrons, recalled them to their posts, and caused them to hold themselves in readiness for every event. This resolute devotedness

* We have received letters from Palermo, denying the truth of this statement of the arrival of three hundred Sicilians; but we find it confirmed in many accounts of that day's events, published in Naples.

was the salvation of the country. At a quarter past eleven, while the battalions of the Guard were standing at ease, in tranquil groups, and knots, and circles, conversing, with their elbows resting upon their bayonets, a shout of applause arose from behind the first barricade, and a sudden clapping of hands, which drew the attention of all; at the same moment, two sentinels of the National Guard fired, from the top of the barricade, upon the battalion of grenadiers, and from the windows of the third story of the Cirella Palace were fired other musket shots, upon the mass of the column.

At this fire, the soldiers, with ungovernable fury, broke through all restraint; they levelled their muskets at the barricades, and in a moment, two thousand shots re-echoed through the Piazza and the Royal Palace. The officers, who were scattered, rushed, at this outburst, to the head of their troops; the generals hurried from beneath the royal portico, and threw themselves among the ranks to stay the attack of their enraged soldiers; it was in vain: their men, reloading their muskets, discharged another volley, and, throwing themselves into column, rushed to the assault.

The soul of the king, when he heard the second discharge, was torn by deep emotions of compassion and horror.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "blood is shed! You are the judge and witnesses of all I have done to prevent it. Let this blood of my subjects fall upon the heads of those who thirsted for it, and provoked it. Oh, my God! aid the cause of justice! have mercy upon the city and the kingdom!"

God heard him, and accepted that prayer of that father,

the brother, and the friend of his beloved people. Impiety and perfidy have sought by every species of falsehood to cast upon the mild and clement sovereign the odium of that day of blood: but falsehood is dispelled by the rays of truth. The king had already yielded up to the conspirators almost every prerogative of the crown, but they were not to be satisfied, unless he would also sacrifice his conscience. But conscience is of more worth than a kingdom; and can be abandoned only to God, who has given a conscience to kings as well as to the meanest of their vassals.

The conspirators thirsted for blood, and found it in torrents that confounded them, and enveloped them in ruin and death. They labored incessantly during the night to block up the streets; they fortified the houses like so many citadels, pierced the shutters and doors for their rifles and muskets; piled mattresses, bedding, and sandbags in front of the parapets to weaken the force of the balls, and turned the peaceable people out of their habitations, to use them against the troops. Many of the inhabitants abandoned their houses to take refuge at a distance among their friends, leaving their furniture and valuable effects to the mercy of those robbers, who after they were defeated and overwhelmed by the royalists, laid to the charge of the latter, through the Italian press, the rapine and spoliation which they themselves had committed.

The terror of the peaceable inhabitants in their houses was indescribable. When the first discharge was heard at the barricades of Nardones and San Ferdinando consternation, horror, and mortal anguish filled the minds of the citizens. Those whom curiosity had attracted to the

Piazza Reale, the square of the Castello and of Montaliveto, vanished instantly, to take refuge in their houses ; others ran in confusion, not knowing where to flee ; they found the doors shut and the gates barred and bolted ; patrols and horsemen at full speed filled the streets, and the artillery rattled over the pavement to take up its position at the end of the streets, that they might sweep them with grape. If a son or a husband happened to be absent from their homes, cries of despair burst from the poor mothers and wives ; they threw open the windows, screamed to those at a distance, and waved their handkerchiefs, or made loud inquiries of their neighbors concerning them. At the same time the rebels were running through the streets ; some with swords and pikes ; others dragging along falconets and battering cannon, or carrying their rifles, which had arrived from England, and had been secretly purchased by the conspirators, who had distributed them the day before to their partisans. It is nevertheless still persisted in by many that this outbreak was the work of the treacherous police of Naples, to raise a civil war in the city.

Upon the Piazza Reale, after the first discharges of the garrison, General Carascosa, seeing that the soldiery could no longer be restrained, placed himself at their head in the assault, restored order in the ranks, and with other generals, marched in the form of a wedge against the barricade of San Ferdinando. The horse artillery rode up with the cannon, and a furious and bloody struggle commenced. A storm of balls hailed upon the assailants from the front of the barricade, and from the windows on every side : and Marshal Ischitella and Generals Selvaggi, Nunziante, and Carascosa, seeing the

destructive fire from the windows of the palace in front of San Ferdinando, ordered the pioneers of the Guard to break down the doors, and when this was effected, they invested it with the soldiers of the marine regiment, who rushed to the windows and balconies to direct their fire upon the windows opposite. A body of grenadiers having also gained possession of the palace of the Foresteria, covered the left flank of the column against the fire which was directed upon it from the Cirella Palace, and the large windows of the Church of St. Ferdinand.

The first regiment of Swiss threw themselves upon the front of the barricade, then dividing made way for the artillery, which poured its round and grape shot upon the obstructions and against the angles of the houses which kept up the most destructive and most obstinate fire; bursting in the walls, which fell crumbling to the ground. The artillery also of the Royal Piazza was pointed at the surrounding houses, from which the rebels had already wounded General Errico Statella. Those terrible balls crashed through the parapets, railings, and architraves of the windows, which fell with a horrible noise, dragging down the framework and walls together with the mangled and wounded conspirators, who fell or remained hanging among the ruins of the breach.

Marshal Lecca, pointing his battery at the barricade, poured upon it a terrific storm of balls, which shattered its defences, and seeing the fall of the breastwork, he sent a company of sappers with the pioneers and the chasseurs, who with handspikes, axes, and hatchets, in spite of a destructive fire from the houses, succeeded, after an hour of struggling and slaughter, in clearing a wide breach underneath. The enormous mass of stones,

logs, trunks of trees, and beams, then fell with a horrible crash; the soldiers raised a shout of joy, which was re-echoed by the troops upon the Piazza Reale, with cries of triumph and victory. The front ranks leaped upon the ruins of the barricade, and with their bayonets charged the National Guard, who sought to fly from the rage of the victors, but many fell, pierced through their backs, or with their heads and shoulders laid open by the swords of the pursuers.

When that great barrier was thus taken, the soldiers immediately rushed to the assault of the Cirella Palace, from the windows of which death and ruin had hailed so mercilessly down upon their brave and devoted ranks. Their fury soon reduced the doors to fragments; they poured like a foaming torrent into the halls and courts; climbed through the lower windows, and bounded up the stairs with levelled bayonets. The conspirators fired a few shots down from above, and planted themselves at the turns and upon the landings, at the doors and at the ends of the passages and outlets. But the soldiers, at the sight of the dead bodies of their comrades who had fallen upon the steps, sprang like raging lions into the apartments, and pierced with their bayonets, or cut down with their swords, every one that opposed their passage. There were in this den of miscreants upwards of a hundred; one-fourth of the number were foreigners of almost every nation, men of most desperate character; many of them were put to the sword, and the others, panic-stricken, pale and shivering with terror, casting off the uniform of the National Guard, crept under the beds, into the wardrobes and closets, and behind the curtains and tapestry. The soldiers hunted them out

of every hole and corner, and dragged them from their hiding-places by the heels and arms, covered with dust and cobwebs; but they were neither slain nor maltreated by their noble and generous victors, but after being disarmed, delivered by a strong escort to General Selvaggi and Marshal Lecca, who sent them on board an old frigate of the Darsena.

The soldiers, from the windows and balconies, and the marines, from the windows of the palace, directed their fire towards the second barricade, clearing Toledo in advance of the columns which were charging down upon it, and keeping in awe the rebels, who were firing from the windows. The storm of grape-shot again swept destructively over the barricade and the houses on each side, while two heavy cannon sent a destructive discharge through the front wall of the barricade, which, by these irresistible shocks, fell with a deafening crash to the ground. Again the grenadiers throw themselves within; they are reinforced by fresh squadrons, which rush into the houses, slay, disarm, and seize the conspirators; the street is now clear as far as the Vico Carminello. The third barricade was stormed with less difficulty, on account of the diminished numbers of the rebels, and the garrison remained masters of the ground as far as the other side of the Vico Tedeschi.

A company of grenadiers, which was marching round by the Marina, found upon the shore of Santa Lucia, a crowd of *lazzari* and fishermen, awaiting, with fearful anxiety, the result of the conflict; on hearing of the victory, and the ~~destruction of the barricades, they~~ raised a shout of joy: "Long live the king! The justice of God is with him against the robbers!" and with

these cries they ran to destroy the barricades, carrying away the beams, planks, wheels, and carts, and everything they could lay their hands upon.

While these assaults and fierce struggles were raging at the entrances of Toledo, a part of the fourth and the second Swiss regiment, hearing from the Carmine the first sound of the cannon, and seeing the signals for aid upon the watch-towers of the fortress of St. Elmo, of Castel Nuovo, and of Castel dell' Ovo, hastened to the square of the Castello, with half a battery of heavy artillery. Marshal Labrano, from the steps of the Gran Guardia, ordered the fourth to the assault of the barricade of Santa Brigida, to throw it down and force their way into Toledo, to join the first regiment, which was attacking the obstructions above San Ferdinando.

But they had not advanced above fifty paces up the street of Santa Brigida, when, from the hotel of the Giglio d'Oro, from the Monastery, and from the windows of all the houses on their flanks, a terrific fire of musketry was opened upon their dense ranks. Still advancing, they returned the fire of the barricade, in front, and of the houses on the side, with an incessant and rapid discharge. The Lieutenant Major, Edward Goumaens, rushed in front of his men, and was the first to leap upon the barricade, shouting to his brave grenadiers to follow him. They rushed like lions to the very top of the parapet, but Goumaens fell, and his followers were forced back with severe loss. At this sight, the bravery and fury of the company of grenadiers redoubled, but although they poured a perfect shower of balls at all the windows, they made but little impression upon their enemies, who delivered their fire from be-

hind thick quilts and matrasses, and in comparative security, dealt destruction upon the troops. Already, Frederick Konig, Ferdinand Scapter, Paul Grand, and other officers, were wounded and disabled. Rudolf Sturter, captain of fusiliers, who had been previously wounded in three places, was called by name, from a window of the Giglio d'Oro, and as he approached he was stretched lifeless by a ball which entered his forehead.

The colonel, seeing that the soldiers could make no impression in column, withdrew them; he ordered up the cannon, then placing his men in two files, on opposite sides, directed a cross fire upon the windows, and charged again upon the barricade. The artillery poured forth a destructive fire of round shot at the centre of the barricade, and swept the windows, along both sides, with canister, striking the balconies and other projections, and crushing everything in its course. It was a scene of horror and ruin. The sides of the barricade were battered to fragments, the National Guards were seen beyond, vainly endeavoring to fill up the gaps with beams, and earth, and fascines, but every renewed discharge sent into the air those obstructions, together with the men.

The barricade was at length forced, and the soldiers poured into Toledo, hotly pursuing the National Guards, now in headlong flight; but an unremitting fire of musketry still poured down from the windows; and among those who received wounds at this moment, were the officer Frederick Russilon and the colonel in command. The latter retired instantly to the Largo di Castello, and ordered the Lieutenant Colonel, Di Mu-

ralt, to take the command, and sent forward the second battalion to the relief of the first. The companies, infuriated at the view of the numerous dead, rushed along, under the walls of the houses, overturned every obstacle, and charged down the street, where resistance was now at an end; but in their headlong course Gabriel Eyman, of the first fusiliers, Stanpfi, of the chasseurs, and the Captain, Frederick Wattewill, were struck down at their head. Seeing their commanders weltering in their blood, the maddened soldiers, with ungovernable fury, breaking through all restraint, assaulted houses, shattered the doors with their axes, and rushing like lions upon the rebels within, slaughtered all that opposed them, sparing, however, all who laid down their arms and begged for mercy.

The press of Young Italy, however, filled the world with narrations of unheard-of barbarities, imputing to the soldiers a total disregard of age and sex, representing them as slaughtering infirm old men and women, innocent children, and infants at the breast. They represent them as seizing the helpless innocents by the feet, and dashing out their brains against the walls, or piercing them with their bayonets, and casting them, still living, from the windows. These same journals ~~preserve a crafty silence concerning the carnage inflicted upon the soldiery by the conspirators, from the sheltered positions in which they had entrenched themselves, and concerning their treachery and robberies; and, after plunging that peaceable and noble metropolis into such disorder, and flooding it with the blood of its citizens, they charge it upon its faithful soldiers, and treat them as assassins in the face of Europe.~~

One single innocent victim fell among those tragic scenes, and ~~that was the young and beautiful Constanza,~~ daughter of Marquis Vasaturo, from whose residence so active a fire had been kept up upon the soldiery. When the doors were broken down, the soldiers rushed up the stairs to stop the firing of the conspirators; they ran furiously from one apartment to another, and in entering one of the rooms they heard persons flying to the next and fastening the door on the other side, and in their rage a musket was discharged against the panel of the door. By a lamentable mischance, the terrified young lady, in endeavoring to secure the door, was pierced through the breast, and fell lifeless upon the floor. The soldiers, having forced open the door, beheld, to their sorrow, instead of one of the rebels, that noble young lady in the agonies of death. They raised her body from the floor, carried it to a bed, and carefully placed it upon the pillows, and with inexpressible grief they left that house of death.

Beloved flower of youth! thy fate has been mourned by the sincere and the noble, who saw thee cut down by the rage of civil discord; but party fury (afterwards so cool in Rome on the death of the learned Prelate Palma, who, like yourself, was slain by the rebels in the papal chambers) kindled at your death the lurid torch of calumny, aspersion against the faithful soldiers of your king.

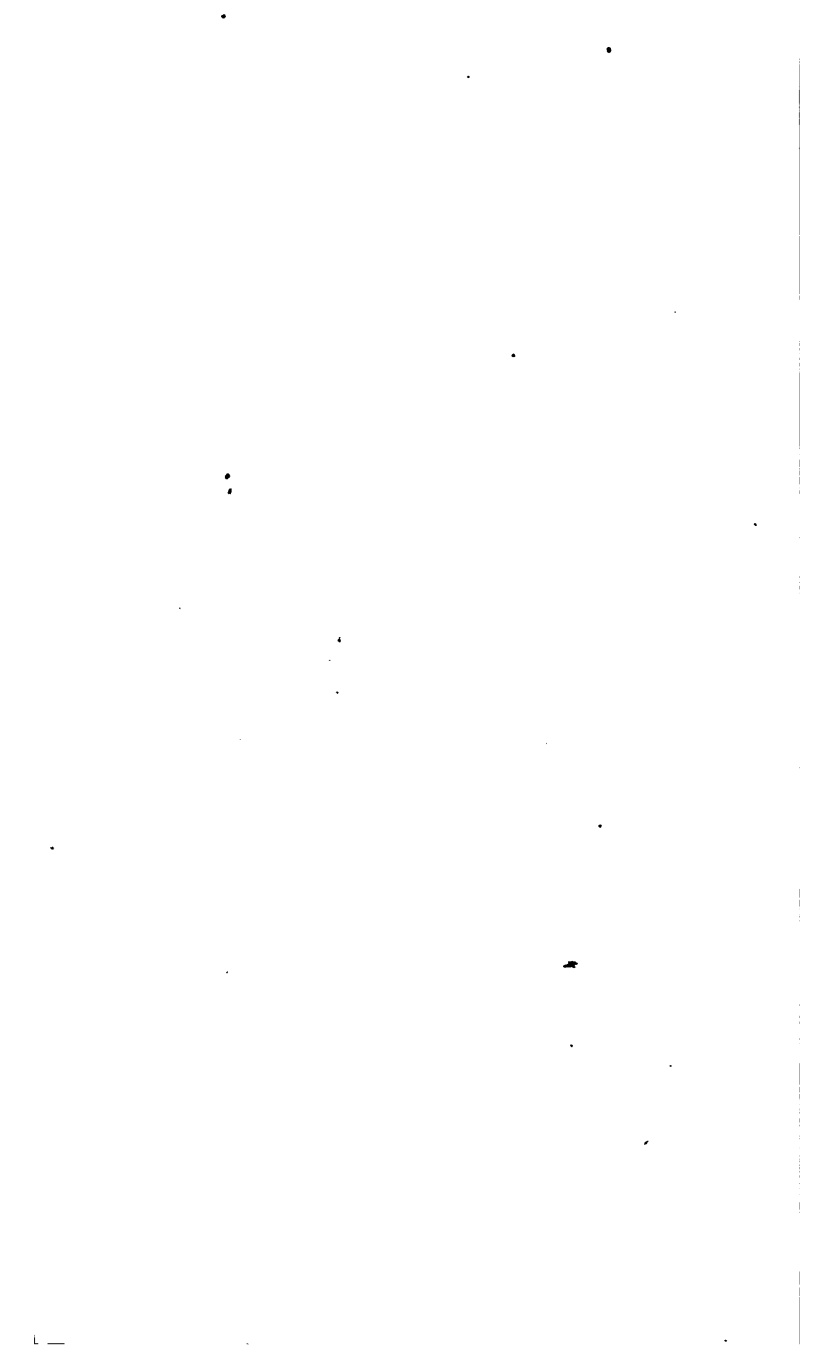
By these severe struggles the entrance and centre of Toledo were reduced; but, in the mean time, the conspirators, who had entrenched themselves at Montaliveto, were using every means to secure against the royalists the defence of that great stronghold, which

they had constructed with one end resting against the Ricciardi Palace, and the other against the wall of the house opposite. That barricade was a massive construction of stones and earth, flanked by heavy benches, confessionals, chests, and coaches filled with sand and tow. The regiment of grenadiers of the Guard came up from the Medina Fountain like a whirlwind, and filing off beneath the houses to keep up a cross-fire upon the windows, followed by a considerable body of hussars, commanded by the brave Duke di Sangro, fell upon the barricades, under a shower of bullets poured forth from its front, and from the windows. The pioneers tore down the wood-work, the sappers, with pickaxes, forks, and crowbars, broke and dug away the mound of stone and earth. Dense clouds of dust arose from the crashing ruin, and rendered everything around invisible. A tempest of balls was poured from the Ricciardi Palace upon the assailants. At length cannon was pointed at the door, which burst it in, and effected a large breach, by which the grenadiers rushed in upon the conspirators, but the resistance was more obstinate than they had expected, for those who found no means of escape, rendered desperate, made head against them at the top of the stairs and at the doors, firing rapidly upon the assailants, who, with bayonets in rest, forced their way into every apartment, struck down those that made opposition, and disarmed all that asked for quarter.

During the confusion, the rebels, who kept their printing press and secret documents and records in the palace, set fire to their most important papers, but hearing the thundering crash of the cannon at the door, they fled panic-stricken, and let themselves down from

the windows of the Vico Donnalbina, leaving the papers scattered upon the floor of the room. The flames which arose from them caught other papers upon the bookshelves, and from there passed to the window-curtains, whence they rapidly extended, and the whole quarter was wrapt in an inextinguishable conflagration.

Among the persons in the palace at the time of the assault was the Cardinal di Benevento. He was treated with the greatest respect by the soldiers; they even permitted a number of conspirators to pass who had placed themselves secretly among his suite, but his books, papers, and effects were consumed with the palace. The ladies met with the same treatment. The officers and captains protected the entrances of the private apartments, while the soldiers pursued the conspirators through the rest of the building. When the slaughter of their companions, and the insults offered to them by the conspirators are considered, the moderation of the soldiers presents a spectacle of generosity worthy of praise and admiration. The royalists are, nevertheless, unblushingly charged by the Italian liberal press with barbarities sought for in vain even in the history of the taking of Famagosta by the Turks, or the sacking of Rome by the Lutherans of Bourbon.





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